CLARISSA.

OR, THE

HISTORY

-0 F A

YOUNG LADY:

Comprehending

The most Important Concerns of Private LIFE.

And particularly shewing,

The Diffresses that may attend the MISCONDUCT Both of PARENTS and CHILDREN,

In Relation to MARRIAGE.

VOL. VIII.

The THIRD EDITION.

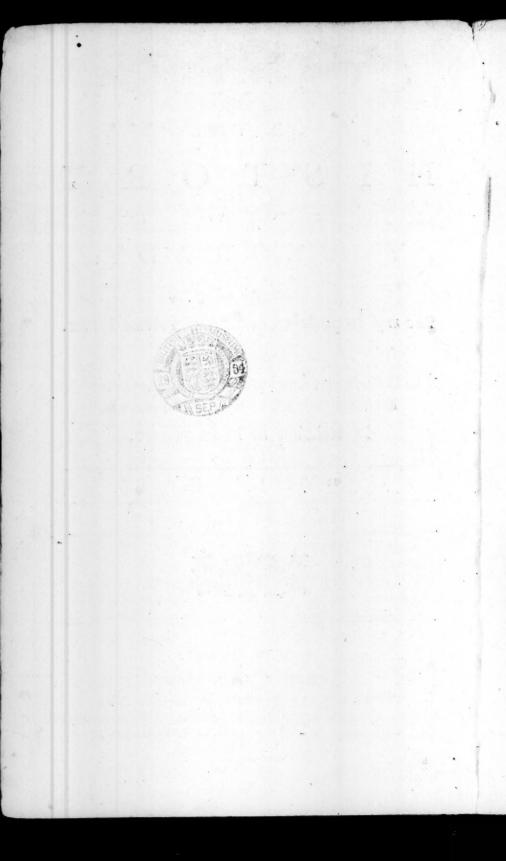


LONDON:

Printed for S. Richardson:

And Sold by John Osborn, in Pater-noster Row;
By Andrew Millar, over-against Catharine-street in the Strand;
By J. and J. Rivington, in St. Paul's Church-yard;
And by J. Leake, at Bath.

M. DCC.L.





THE

HISTORY

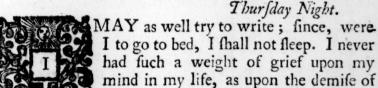
OF

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

VOL. VIII.

LETTER I.

Mr. Belford, To Robert Lovelace, Efq;



this admirable woman; whose foul is now rejoicing in the regions of light.

You may be glad to know the particulars of her happy Exit. I will try to proceed; for all is hush and still; the family retired; but not one of them, and least of all her poor Cousin, I dare say, to rest.

At Four o'clock, as I mentioned in my last, I was fent for down; and, as thou usedst to like my descriptions.

B 2 tions.

tions, I will give thee the woeful scene that presented

itself to me, as I approached the bed.

The Colonel was the first that took my attention, kneeling on the side of the bed, the Lady's right-hand in both his, which his face covered, bathing it with his tears; altho' she had been comforting him, as the women since told me, in elevated strains, but broken accents.

On the other fide of the bed fat the good Widow; her face overwhelmed with tears, leaning her head against the bed's head in a most disconsolate manner; and turning her face to me, as soon as she saw me, O Mr. Belford, cried she, with solded hands—The dear Lady—A heavy sob permitted her not to say more.

Mrs. Smith, with clasped fingers, and uplifted eyes, as if imploring help from the Only Power which could give it, was kneeling down at the bed's feet, tears in

large drops trickling down her cheeks.

Her Nurse was kneeling between the Widow and Mrs. Smith, her arms extended. In one hand she held an ineffectual cordial, which she had just been offering to her dying mistress; her face was swoln with weeping (tho' used to such scenes as this); and she turned her eyes towards me, as if she called upon me by them to join in the helpless sorrow; a fresh stream bursting from them as I approached the bed.

The Maid of the house, with her face upon her folded arms, as she stood leaning against the wainscot, more audibly expressed her grief than any of the others.

The Lady had been filent a few minutes, and speech-less as they thought, moving her lips without uttering a word; one hand, as I said, in her Cousin's. But when Mrs. Lovick on my approach pronounced my name, Oh! Mr. Belford, said she, with a saint inward voice, but very distinct nevertheless—Now!—Now![in broken periods she spoke]—I bless God for his mercies to his poor creature—will all soon be over—A few—A very few moments—will end this strife—And I shall be happy!

Comfort here, Sir—turning her head to the Colonel—Comfort my Coufin—See!—the blame—able kindnefs—He would not wifh me to be happy—fo foon!

Here she stopt, for two or three minutes, earnestly looking upon him: Then resuming, My dearest Cousin, said she, be comforted—What is dying but the common lot?—The mortal frame may seem to labour—But that is all!—It is not so hard to die, as I believed it to be!—The Preparation is the difficulty—I bless God, I have had time for That—The rest is worse to beholders, than to me!—I am all blessed hope—Hope itself.

She looked what she said, a sweet smile beaming over

her countenance.

After a short silence, Once more, my dear Cousin, said she, but still in broken accents, commend me most dutifully to my Father and Mother—There she stopt. And then proceeding—To my Sister, To my Brother, To my Uncles—And tell them, I bless them with my parting breath—for all their goodness to me—Even for their displeasure, I bless them—Most happy has been to me my punishment here!—Happy indeed!

She was filent for a few moments, lifting up her eyes, and the hand her Cousin held not between his. Then, O death! said she, where is thy sting! [The words I remember to have heard in the Burial-service read over my Uncle and poor Belton]. And after a pause—It is good for me that I was afflicted! Words of

Scripture, I suppose.

Then turning towards us, who were lost in speechless forrow—O dear, dear gentlemen, said she, you know not what foretastes—what assurances—And there she again stopt, and looked up, as if in a thankful rap-

ture, fweetly fmiling.

Then turning her head towards me—Do you, Sir, tell your friend, that I forgive him! And I pray to God to forgive him!—Again paufing, and lifting up her eyes, as if praying that He would Let him know how happily I die:—And that fuch as my own, I wish to be his last hour.

B 3 She

She was again filent for a few moments: And then refuming—My fight fails me!—Your voices only—[for we both applauded her christian, her divine frame, tho' in accents as broken as her own]; and the voice of grief is alike in all. Is not this Mr. Morden's hand? pressing one of his with that he had just let go. Which is Mr. Belford's? holding out the other. I gave her mine. God Almighty bless you both, said she, and make you both—in your last hour—for you must come

to this - happy as I am.

She paused again, her breath growing shorter; and, after a few minutes, And now, my dearest Cousin, give me your hand—Nearer—still nearer—drawing it towards her; and she pressed it with her dying lips—God protect you, dear, dear Sir—And once more, receive my best and most grateful thanks—And tell my dear Miss Howe—and vouchase to see, and to tell my worthy Norton—She will be one day, I fear not, tho' now lowly in her fortunes, a Saint in Heaven—Tell them both, that I remember them with thankful blessings in my last moments!—And pray God to give them happiness here for many, many years, for the sake of their friends and lovers; and an heavenly crown hereafter; and such assume of it, as I have, thro' the all-satisfying merits of my blessed Redeemer.

Her sweet voice and broken periods methinks still fill

my ears, and never will be out of my memory.

After a fhort filence, in a more broken and faint accent;—And you, Mr. Belford, preffing my hand, may God preferve you, and make you fenfible of all your errors—You fee, in me, how All ends—May you be—And down funk her head upon her pillow, fhe fainting away, and drawing from us her hands.

We thought she was then gone; and each gave way

to a violent burst of grief.

But foon shewing signs of returning life, our attention was again engaged; and I befought her, when a little recovered, to complete in my favour her half-

pronounced bleffing. She waved her hand to us both, and bowed her head fix several times, as we have fince recollected, as if distinguishing every person present; not forgetting the nurse and the maid-servant; the latter having approached the bed, weeping, as if crouding in for the divine Lady's last blefsing; and she spoke faltering and inwardly,—Bless—bless—bless—you All—And now—And now—[holding up her almost lifeless hands for the last time] Come—O come—Blessed Lord—IESUS!

And with these words, the last but half pronounced, expired: Such a smile, such a charming serenity over-spreading her sweet sace at the instant, as seemed to ma-

nifest her eternal happiness already begun.

O Lovelace!—But I can write no more!

I RESUME my pen to add a few lines.

While warm, tho' pulseless, we pressed each her hand with our lips; and then retired into the next room.

We looked at each other, with intent to speak: But, as if one motion governed, as one cause affected, both,

we turned away filent.

The Colonel fighed as if his heart would burst: At last, his face and hands uplifted, his back towards me, Good Heaven! said he to himself, support me!—And is it thus, O Flower of Nature!—Then pausing—And must we no more—Never more!—My blessed, blessed Cousin! uttering some other words, which his sighs made inarticulate:—And then, as if recollecting himself—Forgive me, Sir!—Excuse me, Mr. Belford! And, sliding by me, Anon I hope to see you, Sir—And down-stairs he went, and out of the house, leaving me a Statue.

When I recovered, I was ready to repine at what I then called an unequal dispensation; forgetting her happy preparation, and still happier departure; and that she had but drawn a common lot; triumphing in it, and

leaving behind her, every one less affured of happiness, tho' equally certain that the Lot would one day be their own.

She departed exactly at 40 minutes after Six o'clock,

as by her watch on the table.

And thus died Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE, in the bloffom of her youth and beauty: And who, her tender years confidered, has not left behind her her superior in extensive knowlege, and watchful prudence; nor hardly her equal for unblemished virtue, exemplary piety, fweetness of manners, discreet generosity, and true christian charity: And these all set off by the most graceful modesty and humility; yet on all proper occafions manifesting a noble prefence of mind and true magnanimity: So that she may be said to have been not only an ornament to her Sex, but to Human nature.

A better pen than mine may do her fuller justice. Thine, I mean, O Lovelace! For well dost thou know how much she excelled in the graces both of mind and person, natural and acquired, all that is woman. And thou also canst best account for the causes of her immature death, thro' those calamities which in so short a fpace of time from the highest pitch of felicity (every one in a manner adoring her) brought her to an Exit fo happy for herself, but, that it was so early, so much to be deplored by all who had the honour of her acquaint-

ance.

This task, then, I leave to thee: But now I can write no more, only that I am a sympathizer in every part of thy diffress, except (and yet it is cruel to say it) in That which arises from thy guilt.

One o'clock, Friday Morning.

LETTER II.

Mr. BELFORD, To ROBERT LOVELACE, E/q; Nine, Friday Morn.

T HAVE no opportunity to write at length, having necessary orders to give on the melancholy occasion. Joel,

Joel, who got to me by Six in the morning, and whom I dispatched instantly back with the Letter I had ready from last night, gives me but an indifferent account of the state of your mind. I wonder not at it; but Time (and nothing else can) will make it easier to you: If (that is to say) you have compounded with your conscience; else it may be heavier every day than other.

Tourville tells me what a way you are in. I hope you will not think of coming hither. The Lady in her Will defires you may not fee her. Four copies are making of it. It is a long one; for she gives her reafons for all she wills. I will write to you more particularly as soon as possibly I can.

THREE Letters are just brought by a servant in livery, directed To Miss Clarissa Harlowe. I will send copies of them to you. The contents are enough to make one mad. How would this poor Lady have rejoiced to receive them!—And yet, if she had, she would not have been enabled to say, as she nobly did (a), That God would not let her depend for comfort upon any but Himself—And indeed for some days past she had seemed to have got above all worldly considerations—Her fervent Love, even for her Miss Howe, as she acknowleged, having given way to supremer fervors (b).

LETTER III.

Mrs. NORTON, To Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Wednesday, Sept. 6.

A T length, my best beloved Miss Clary, every-thing is in the wished train: For all your relations are unanimous in your favour. Even your Brother and Sister are with the foremost to be reconciled to you.

I knew it must end thus! By patience, and persevering sweetness, what a triumph have you gained!

B 5 This

⁽a) See Vol. VII. Letter evi.

This happy change is owing to Letters received from your Physician, from your Cousin Morden, and from Mr. Brand.

Colonel Morden will be with you no doubt before this can reach you, with his pocket-book filled with money-bills, that nothing may be wanting to make you eafy.

And now, all our hopes, all our prayers, are, that this good news may restore you to spirits and health; and that (so long with-held) it may not come too late.

I know how much your dutiful heart will be raifed with the joyful tidings I write you, and still shall more particularly tell you of, when I have the happiness to see you: Which will be by next Saturday, at farthest; perhaps on Friday afternoon, by the time you can receive this.

For this day, being fent for by the general voice, I was received by every one with great goodness and condescension, and entreated (for that was the word they were pleased to use, when I needed no entreaty, Lam sure) to hasten up to you, and to affure you of all their affectionate regards to you: And your Father bid me say all the kind things that were in my heart to say, in order to comfort and raise you up; and they would

hold themselves bound to make them good.

How agreeable is this commission to your Norton! My heart will overslow with kind speeches, never fear! I am already meditating what I shall say, to chear and raise you up, in the names of every one dear and near to you. And sorry I am, that I cannot this moment set out, as I might, instead of writing, would they savour my eager impatience with their chariot; but as it was not offered, it would be presumption to have asked for it: And to-morrow a hired chaise-and-pair will be ready; but at what hour I know not.

How I long once more to fold my dear precious young Lady to my fend, my more than fend, my ma-

ternal bosom!

Your Sister will write to you, and send her Letter, with This, by a particular hand.

I must not let them see what I write, because of my

wish about the chariot.

Your Uncle Harlowe will also write, and (I doubt not) in the kindest terms: For they are all extremely alarmed and troubled at the dangerous way your Doctor represents you to be in; as well as delighted with the character he gives you. Would to Heaven the good gentleman had written sooner! And yet he writes, that you know not he has now written. But it is all our considence, and our consolation, that he would not have written at all, had he thought it too late.

They will prescribe no conditions to you, my dear young Lady; but will leave all to your own duty and discretion. Only your Brother and Sister declare, they will never yield to call Mr. Lovelace Brother: Nor will your Father, I believe, be easily brought to think

of him for a Son.

I am to bring you down with me as foon as your health and inclination will permit. You will be received with open arms. Every one longs to fee you. All the fervants please themselves, that they shall be permitted to kiss your hands. The pert Betty's note is already changed; and she now runs over in your just praises. What friends does prosperity make! What enemies adversity! It always was, and always will be so, in every state of life from the throne to the cottage.—But let all be forgotten now on this jubilee change: And may you, my dearest Miss, be capable of rejoicing in this good news; as I know you will rejoice, if capable of any-thing.

God preserve you to our happy meeting! And I will, if I may say so, weary Heaven with my incessant prayers

to preserve and restore you afterwards!

I need not fay how much I am, my dear young Lady, Your ever-affectionate and devoted

JUDITH NORTON.

An unhappy delay as to the chaife, will make it Saturday morning, before I can fold you to my fond heart.

LETTER IV.

Mis ARAB. HARLOWE, To Miss CL. HARLOWE.

Dear Sifter, Wedn. Morning, Sept. 6.

WE have just heard that you are exceedingly ill. We all loved you as never young creature was loved: You are sensible of That, Sister Clary. And you have been very naughty—But we could not be an-

gry always.

We are indeed more afflicted with the news of your being so very ill than I can express: For I see not but, after this separation (as we understand that your miffortune has been greater than your fault, and that, however unhappy, you have demeaned yourself like the good young creature you used to be) we shall love you

better, if possible, than ever.

Take comfort therefore, Sister Clary; and don't be too much cast down—Whatever your mortifications may be from such noble prospects over-clouded, and from the reslections you will have from within, on your faulty step, and from the sullying of such a charming character by it, you will receive none from any of us: And, as an earnest of your Papa's and Mamma's savour and reconciliation, they assure you by me of their Blessing and hourly prayers.

If it will be any comfort to you, and my Mother finds this Letter is received as we expect (which we shall know by the good effect it will have upon your health) she will herself go to town to you. Mean time, the good woman you so dearly love will be hastened up to you; and she writes by this opportunity, to acquaint

you of it, and of all our returning Love.

I hope you'll rejoice at this good news. Pray let us hear that you do. Your next grateful Letter on this occasion.

occasion, especially if it-gives us the pleasure of hearing you are better upon this news, will be received with the same (if not greater) delight, that we used to have in all your prettily-penn'd epistles. Adieu, my dear Clary! I am Your loving Sister, and true Friend,

ARABELLA HARLOWE.

LETTER V.

To his dear Niece Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Wedn. Sept. 6.

W E were greatly grieved, my beloved Miss Clary, at your fault; but we are still more, if possible, to hear you are so very ill; and we are sorry things

have been carried fo far.

We know your talents, my dear, and how movingly you could write, whenever you pleased; so that nobody could ever deny you any-thing; and, believing you depended on your pen, and little thinking you were so ill, and that you had lived so regular a life, and were so truly penitent, are much troubled every one of us, your Brother and all, for being so severe. Forgive my part in it, my dearest Clary. I am your Second-Papa, you know. And you used to love me.

I hope you'll foon be able to come down, and, after a while, when your indulgent parents can spare you, that you will come to me for a whole month, and rejoice my heart, as you used to do. But if, thro' illness, you cannot so soon come down as we wish, I will go up to you: For I long to see you. I never more longed to see you in my life; and you was always the darling

of my heart, you know.

My Brother Antony defires his hearty commendations to you, and joins with me in the tenderest assurance, that all shall be well, and, if possible, better than ever; for we now have been so long without you, that we know the miss of you, and even hunger and thirst, as I may say, to see you, and to take you once more to

our hearts: Whence indeed you was never banished so far, as our concern for the unhappy step made us think and you believe you were. Your Sister and Brother both talk of seeing you in town: So does my dear Sister your indulgent Mother.

God restore your health, if it be his will: Else, I

know not what will become of

Your truly loving Uncle, and Second-Papa, John Harlowe.

LETTER VI.

Mr. BELFORD, To ROBERT LOVELACE, Esq;

Friday Night, Sept. 8. paft Ten.

I Will now take up the account of our proceedings from my Letter of last night, which contained the

dying words of this incomparable Lady.

As foon as we had feen the last scene closed (so bless-edly for hersels!) we lest the body to the care of the good women, who, according to the orders she had given them that very night, removed her into that last house which she had display'd so much fortitude in providing.

In the morning, between 7 and 8 o'clock, according to appointment, the Colonel came to me here. He was very much indifposed. We went together, accompanied by Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith, into the deceased's chamber. We could not help taking a view of the lovely corpse, and admiring the charming serenity of her noble aspect. The women declared, they never saw death so lovely before; and that she looked as if in an easy slumber, the colour having not quite left her cheeks and lips.

I unlocked the drawer, in which (as I mentioned in a (a) former) she had deposited her papers. I told you in mine of Monday last, that she had the night before sealed up with three black seals a parcel inscribed, As soon as I am certainly dead, this to be broke open by Mr. Belford.

Belford. I accused myself for having not done it overnight. But really I was then incapable of any-thing.

I broke it open accordingly, and found in it no less than Eleven Letters, each sealed with her own seal and black wax, one of which was directed to me.

I will inclose a copy of it.

To JOHN BELFORD, Efq;

S I R, Sunday Evening, Sept. 3.

Take this last and solemn occasion to repeat to you my thanks for all your kindness to me at a time when I most needed countenance and protection.

A few confiderations I beg leave, as now at your perusal of This, from the dead, to press upon you,

with all the warmth of a fincere friendship.

By the time you will fee This, you will have had an inflance, I humbly trust, of the comfortable importance of a pacified conscience, in the last hours of one, who, to the last hour, will wish your eternal welfare.

The great Duke of Luxemburgh, as I have heard, on his death-bed, declared, That he would then much rather have had it to reflect upon, that he had administred a cup of cold water to a worthy poor creature in distress, than that he had won so many battles as he had triumphed for—And, as one well observes, All the sentiments of worldly grandeur vanish at that unavoidable moment which decides the destiny of men.

If then, Sir, at the tremendous hour, it be thus with the conquerors of armies, and the subduers of nations, let me in very few words (many are not needed) ask, What, at That period, must be the reflections of those (if capable of resection) who have lived a life of sense and offence; whose study and whose pride most ingloriously have been to seduce the innocent, and to ruin the weak, the unguarded, and the friendless; made still more friendless by their base seductions?—Oh! Mr. Belford, weigh, ponder, and reslect upon it, now, that in health, and in vigour of mind and body,

the reflections will most avail you—What an ungrateful, what an unmanly, what a meaner than reptile

pride is this!

In the next place. Sir, let me beg of you, for my fake, who AM, or, as now you will best read it. have been, driven to the necessity of applying to you to be the Executor of my Will, that you will bear, according to that generofity which I think to be in you. with all my friends, and particularly with my Brother (who is really a worthy young man, but perhaps a little too headstrong in his first resentments and conceptions of things) if any-thing, by reason of this Trust, should fall out difagreeably; and that you will fludy to make peace, and to reconcile all parties; and more especially, that you, who feem to have a great influence upon your fill more headstrong friend, will interpose, if occasion be, to prevent further mischief - For surely, Sir, that violent spirit may sit down satisfied with the evils he has already wrought; and, particularly, with the wrongs. the heinous and ignoble wrongs, he has in me done to my family, wounded in the tenderest part of its honour.

For your compliance with this request I have already your repeated promise. I claim the observance of it, therefore, as a debt from you: And tho' I hope I need not doubt it, yet was I willing, on this solemn, this

last occasion, thus earnestly to re-enforce it.

I have another request to make to you: It is only, That you will be pleased, by a particular messenger,

to forward the inclosed Letters as directed.

And now, Sir, having the presumption to think, that an useful member is lost to society by means of the unhappy step which has brought my life so soon to its period, let me hope, that I may be an humble instrument in the hands of Providence, to reform a man of your abilities; and then I shall think that loss will be more abundantly repaired to the world, while it will be, by God's goodness, my gain: And I shall have this farther hope, that once more I shall have an opportunity.

portunity, in a bleffed Eternity, to thank you, as I now repeatedly do, for the good you have done to, and the trouble you will have taken for, Sir,

Your obliged Servant,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

The other Letters are directed, To her Father, To her Mother, One to her two Uncles, To her Brother, To her Sister, To her Aunt Hervey, To her Cousin Morden, To Miss Howe, To Mrs. Norton, and lastly one to You, in performance of her promise, that a Letter should be sent you when she arrived at her Father's house!——I will with-hold this last till I can be assured, that you will be fitter to receive it than Tourville tells me you are at present.

Copies of all these are sealed up, and entitled, Copies of my Ten posthumous Letters, for J. Belford, Esq; and put in among the bundle of papers left to my direction, which I have not yet had leisure to open.

No wonder, while able, that she was always writing, fince thus only of late could she employ that time which heretofore, from the long days she made, caused so many beautiful works to spring from her singers. It is my opinion, that there never was a woman so young, who wrote so much, and with such celerity. Her thoughts keeping pace, as I have seen, with her pen, she hardly ever stopp'd or hesitated; and very seldom blotted out, or altered. It was a natural talent she was missress of, among many other extraordinary ones.

I gave the Colonel his Letter, and ordered Harry

instantly to get ready to carry the others.

Mean time (retiring into the next apartment) we opened the Will. We were both fo much affected in perusing it, that at one time the Colonel, breakingoss, gave it to me to read on; at another, I gave it back to him to proceed with; neither of us being able to read it through without such tokens of sensibility as affected the voices of each.

Mrs.

Mrs. Lovick, Mrs. Smith, and her Nurse, were fill more touched, when we read those articles in which they are respectively remembred: But I will avoid mentioning the particulars (except in what relates to the thread of my narration) as in proper time I shall

fend you a copy of it.

The Colonel told me, he was ready to account with me for the Money and Bills he had brought up from Harlowe-Place; which would enable me, as he faid, directly to execute the Legacy-parts of the Will; and he would needs at that instant force into my hands a paper relating to that subject. I put it in my pocketbook, without looking into it; telling him, That as I hoped he would do all in his power to promote a literal performance of the Will, I must beg his advice and affiftance in the Execution of it.

Her request to be buried with her ancestors, made a Letter of the following import necessary, which I prevailed upon the Colonel to write; being unwilling myfelf (so early at least) to appear officious in the eye of a family which probably wishes not any communica-

tion with me.

To JAMES HARLOWE jun. E/q;

SIR,

THE Letter which the bearer of this brings with him, will, I presume, make it unnecessary to acquaint You and my Coufins with the death of the most excellent of women. But I am requested by her Executor, who will foon fend you a copy of her last Will, to acquaint her Father (which I chuse to do by your means) that in it she earnestly desires to be laid in the family-vault, at the feet of her Grandfather.

If her Father will not admit of it, the has directed her body to be buried in the church-yard of the parish

where she died.

I need not tell you, that a speedy answer to This is neceffary. Her

Her Beatification commenced yesterday afternoon, exactly at 40 minutes after Six.

I can write no more, than that I am

Yours, &c.

Friday Morn. Sept. 8.

WM. MORDEN.

By the time this was written, and by the Colonel's leave transcribed, Harry came booted and spurred, his horse at the door; and I delivered him the Letters to the family, with those to Mrs. Norton and Miss Howe (Eight in all) together with the above of the Colonel to Mr. James Harlowe; and gave him orders to make the utmost dispatch with them.

The Colonel and I have bespoke mourning for our-

felves and fervants.

LETTER VII.

Mr. Belford, To Robert Lovelace, Efq; Sat. Ten o'Clock.

POOR Mrs. Norton is come. She was set down at the door; and would have gone up-stairs directly. But Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Lovick being together and in tears, and the former hinting too suddenly to the truly-venerable woman the satal news, she sunk down at her seet, in sits; so that they were forced to breathe a vein, to bring her to herself, and to a capacity of exclamation: And then she ran on to Mrs. Lovick and to me, who entered just as she recovered, in praise of the Lady, in lamentations for her, and invectives against you: But yet so circumscribed were her invectives, that I could observe in them the woman well educated, and in her lamentations the passion christianized, as I may say.

She was impatient to fee the corpfe. The women went up with her. But they owned, that they were too much affected themselves on this occasion to describe

her extremely affecting behaviour.

With

With trembling impatience she pushed aside the She bathed the face with her tears, and kissed her cheeks and forehead, as if she were living. It was She indeed, she faid! Her sweet young Lady! Her very Self! Nor had death, which changed all things, a power to alter her lovely features! She admired the ferenity of her aspect. She no doubt was happy, she said, as she had written to her she should be: But how many miserable creatures had she left behind her !—The good woman lamenting that she

herself had lived to be one of them.

It was with difficulty they prevailed upon her to quit the corpse; and when they went into the next apartment, I joined them, and acquainted her with the kind Legacy her beloved young Lady had left her: But This rather augmented, than diminished her concern. She ought, fhe faid, to have attended her in person. What was the world to her, wringing her hands, now the child of her bosom, and of her heart, was no more? Her principal confolation, however, was, that she should not long survive her. She hoped, she said, that the did not fin, in wishing she might not.

It was easy to observe by the similitude of sentiments shewn in This and other particulars, that the divine Lady owed to this excellent woman many of her good

notions.

I thought it would divert the poor gentlewoman, and not altogether unfuitably, if I were to put her upon furnishing mourning for herself; as it would rouse her, by a feafonable and necessary employment, from that difmal lethargy of grief, which generally succeeds the too violent anguish with which a gentle nature is accustomed to be torn upon the first communication of the unexpected loss of a dear friend. I gave her therefore the thirty guineas bequeathed to her and to her fon for mourning; the only mourning which the testatrix ha mentioned: And defired her to lose no time in preparing her own, as I doubted not, rhat she would accompany company the corpse, if it were permitted to be carried down.

The Colonel proposes to attend the herse, if his kindred give him not fresh cause of displeasure; and will take with him a copy of the Will. And being intent to give the family some favourable impressions of me, he desired me to permit him to take with him the copy of the posthumous Letter to me: Which I readily granted.

He is so kind us to promise me a minute account of all that shall pass on the melancholy occasion. And we have begun a friendship and settled a correspondence, which but one incident can possibly happen to interrupt to the end of our lives. And that I hope will not

happen.

But what must be the grief, the remorse, that will seize upon the hearts of this hitherto inexorable family, on the receiving of the posthumous Letters, and that of the Colonel apprising them of what has happened?

I have given requisite Orders to an Undertaker, on the supposition that the Body will be permitted to be carried down; and the women intend to fill the coffin

with aromatic herbs.

The Colonel has obliged me to take the Bills and Draughts which he brought up with him, for the confiderable sums accrued since the Grandsather's death from the Lady's Estate.

I could have shewn to Mrs. Norton the copies of the two Letters which she missed by coming up. But her grief wants not the heightenings which the reading of

them would have given her.

* * *

I HAVE been dipping into the copies of the post-humous Letters to the family, which Harry has carried down. Well may I call this Lady divine. They are all calculated to give comfort rather than reproach, tho their cruelty to her merited nothing but reproach. But were I in any of their places, how much rather had I, that she had quitted scores with me by the most

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fevere recriminations, than that she should thus nobly triumph over me by a generofity that has no example?

I will inclose some of them, which I desire you to

return as foon as you can.

LETTER VIII.

To the Ever-honoured JAMES HARLOWE fen. Efq: Most dear Sir!

WITH exulting confidence now does your emboldened daughter come into your awful presence by these lines, who dared not but upon This occasion to look up to you with hopes of favour and forgiveness; fince, when This comes to your hands, it will be out

of her power ever to offend you more.

And now let me bless you, my honoured Papa, and bless you, as I write, upon my knees, for all the benefits I have received from your indulgence: For your fond Love to me in the days of my prattling innocence: For the virtuous Education you gave me: And for, the Crown of all, the happy End, which, thro' Divine Grace, by means of that virtuous Education, I hope, by the time you will receive This, I shall have made. And let me beg of you, dear venerable Sir, to blot from your remembrance, if possible, the last unhappy Eight months; and then I shall hope to be remembred with advantage for the pleasure you had the goodness to take in your Clarissa.

Still on her knees, let your poor Penitent implore your forgiveness of all her faults and follies; more especially of that fatal error which threw her out of your

protection.

When you know, Sir, that I have never been faulty in my Will: That ever fince my calamity became irretrievable, I have been in a state of preparation: That I have the strongest assurances, that the Almighty has accepted my unfeigned repentance; and that by this time you will (as I humbly presume to hope) have

been the means of adding One to the number of the Blessed; you will have reason for joy rather than sorrow. Since, had I escaped the snares by which I was entangled, I might have wanted those exercises which I look upon now as so many mercies dispensed to wean me betimes from a world that presented itself to me with prospects too alluring: And in that case (too easily satisfied with worldly selicity) I might not have attained to that blessedness, in which now, on your reading of This, I humbly presume (thro' the Divine Goodness) I am rejoicing.

That the Almighty, in His own good time, will bring you, Sir, and my ever-honoured Mother, after a feries of earthly felicities, of which may my unhappy fault be the only interruption (and very grievous I know That must have been) to rejoice in the same

bleffed state, is the repeated prayer of, Sir,

Your now happy Daughter,
CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER IX.

To the Ever-honoured Mrs. HARLOWE.

Honoured Madam,

THE last time I had the boldness to write to you, it was with all the consciousness of a self-convicted criminal, supplicating her offended judge for mercy and pardon. I now, by these lines, approach you with more assurance; but nevertheless with the highest degree of reverence, gratitude, and duty. The reason of my assurance, my Letter to my Papa will give: And as I humbly on my knees implored his pardon, so now, in the same dutiful manner, do I supplicate yours, for the grief and trouble I have given you.

Every vein of my heart has bled for an unhappy rashness; which (altho' involuntary as to the act) from

the moment it was committed, carried with it its own punishment; and was accompanied with a true and

fincere penitence.

God, who has been a witness of my distresses, knows, that great as they have been, the greatest of all was the distress that I knew I must have given to you, Madam, and to my Father, by a step that had so very ugly an appearance in your eyes, and his; and indeed in the eyes of all my family: A step so unworthy of your daughter, and of the education you had given her!

But HE, I presume to hope, has forgiven me; and at the instant this will reach your hands, I humbly trust, I shall be rejoicing in the blessed fruits of His forgiveness. And be This your comfort, my ever-honoured Mamma, that the principal end of your pious care for me is attained, tho' not in the way so much

hoped for.

May the grief which my fatal error has given to you both, be the only grief that shall ever annoy you in this world!—May you, Madam, long live to sweeten the cares, and heighten the comforts, of my Papa!—May my Sister's continued, and, if possible, augmented duty, happily make up to you the Loss you have sustained of me! And whenever my Brother and she change their Single State, may it be with such Satisfaction to you both, as may make you forget my offence; and remember me only in those days, in which you took pleasure in me! And, at last, may a happy meeting with your forgiven penitent, in the eternal mansions, augment the bliss of her, who, purified by sufferings, already, when this salutes your hands, presumes she shall be

The Happy, and for ever happy

CLARISSA HARLOWE!

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LETTER X.

To JAMES HARLOWE jun. Efq;

SIR.

THERE was but one time, but one occasion, after the rash step I was precipitated upon, that I could hope to be excused looking up to you in the character of a Brother and a Friend. And NOW is that time, and THIS the occasion. Now, at reading This, will you pity your late unhappy Sister! NOW will you forgive her faults, both supposed and real! And NOW will you afford to her memory that kind concern which you resulted to her before!

I write, my Brother, in the first place, to beg your pardon for the offence my unhappy step gave to you

and to the rest of a family so dear to me.

Virgin purity should not so behave as to be suspected: Yet, when you come to know all my Story, you will find further room for pity, if not for more than

pity, for your late unhappy Sifter!

O that passion had not been deaf! That misconception would have given way to enquiry! That your rigorous heart, if it could not itself be softened (moderating the power you had obtained over every one) had permitted other hearts more indulgently to expand!

But I write not to give pain. I had rather you should think me faulty still, than take to yourself the consequence that will follow from acquitting me.

Abandoning therefore a subject which I had not intended to touch upon (for I hope, at the writing of this, I am above the spirit of recrimination) let me tell you, Sir, that my next motive for writing to you in this last and most solemn manner, is, To beg of you to forego any active resentments (which may endanger a life so precious to all your friends) against the man to whose elaborate baseness I owe my worldly ruin.

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For, ought an innocent man to run an equal risque with a guilty one?—A more than equal risque, as the guilty one has been long enured to acts of violence, and is skilled in the arts of offence?

You would not arrogate to yourself God's province, who has said, Vengeance is mine, and I will repay it. If you would, I tremble for the consequence: For will it not be suitable to the Divine Justice to punish the presumptuous Innocent (as you would be in this case) in the very error, and that by the hand of the Self-defending Guilty—Reserving him for a suture day of vengeance for his accumulated crimes?

Leave then the poor wretch to the Divine Justice. Let your Sister's fault die with her. At least, let it not be revived in blood. Life is a short stage where longest. A little time hence, the now green head will be grey, if it lives this little time: And if Heaven will afford him time for repentance, why should not you?

Then think, my Brother, what will be the confequence to your dear Parents, if the guilty wretch who has occasioned to them the loss of a Daughter, should likewise deprive them of their best hope, an only Son, more worth in the family-account than several Daughters?

Would you add, my Brother, to those distresses which you hold your Sister so inexcuseable for having (altho' from involuntary and undefigned causes) given?

Seek not then, I beseech you, to extend the evil consequences of your Sister's error. His Conscience, when it shall please God to touch it, will be sharper

than your Sword.

I have still another motive for writing to you in this solemn manner: It is, to entreat you to watch over your passions. The principal fault I know you to be guilty of, is, the violence of your temper when you think yourself in the right; which you would oftener be, but for that very violence.

You have several times brought your life into danger by it.

AM HAPPY.

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nger Is Is not the man guilty of a high degree of injustice, who is more apt to give contradiction, than able to bear it? How often, with you, has impetuosity brought

on abasement? A consequence too natural.

Let me then caution you, dear Sir, against a warmth of temper, an impetuosity when moved, and you so ready to be moved, that may hurry you into unfore-seen difficulties; and which it is in some measure a sin not to endeavour to restrain. God enable you to do it for the sake of your own peace and safety, as well present as suture! and for the sake of your family and friends, who all see your fault, but are tender of speaking to you of it!

As for me, my Brother, my punishment has been feasonable. God gave me grace to make a right use of my sufferings. I early repented. I never loved the man half so much as I hated his actions, when I saw what he was capable of. I gave up my whole heart to a better hope. God blessed my penitence and my reliance upon Him. And now I presume to say, I

May Heaven preserve you in safety, health, and honour, and long continue your life for a comfort and stay to your honoured Parents! And may you in the change of your Single State, meet with a wife as agreeable to every one else as to yourself, and be happy in a hopeful race, and not have one Clarissa among them, to embitter your comforts when she should give you most comfort! But may my example be of use to warn the dear creatures whom once I hoped to live to see, and to cherish, of the evils with which this deceitful

Your affectionate Sifter,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

world abounds! are the prayers of

LETTER XI.

To Miss HARLOWE.

NOW may you, my dear Arabella, unrestrained by the severity of your virtue, let fall a pitying tear on the past faults and sufferings of your late unhappy Sister; since, Now, she can never offend you more. The Divine Mercy, which first inspired her with repentance (an early repentance it was; since it preceded her sufferings) for an error which she offers not to extenuate, altho' perhaps it were capable of some extenuation, has now, at the instant that you are reading This, as I humbly hope, blessed her with the fruits of it.

Thus already, even while she writes, in imagination, purified and exalted, she the more fearlessly writes to her Sister; and NOW is affured of pardon for all those little occasions of displeasure which her frowarder youth might give you; and for the disgrace which her fall has fastened upon you, and upon her family.

May you, my Sister, continue to bless those dear and honoured relations, whose indulgence so well deferves your utmost gratitude, with those chearful instances of duty and obedience which have hitherto been so acceptable to Them, and praise-worthy in You! And may you, when a suitable proposal shall offer, fill up more worthily that chasm, which the loss they have sustained in me has made in their samily!

Thus, my Arabella! my only Sister! and for many happy years, my Friend! most fervently prays That Sister, whose affection for you, no acts of unkindness, no misconstruction of her conduct, could cancel! And who NOW, made perfect (as she hopes) thro' suf-

ferings, flyles herfelf,

The Happy

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

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LETTER XII.

To JOHN and ANTONY HARLOWE, Efgrs.

Honoured Sirs,

WHEN these lines reach your hands, your late unhappy Niece will have known the end of all her troubles; and, as she humbly hopes, will be rejoicing in the mercies of a gracious God, who has declared, that He will forgive the truly penitent of heart.

I write, therefore, my dear Uncles, and to you Both in one Letter (fince your fraternal Love has made you Both but as One person) to give you comfort, and not distress; for, however sharp my afflictions have been, they have been but of short duration; and I am betimes (happily as I hope) arrived at the end of a painful journey.

At the same time, I write to thank you both, for all your kind indulgence to me, and to beg your forgiveness of my last, my only great fault to you and to my

family.

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The ways of Providence are unfearchable. Various are the means made use of by It, to bring poor finners to a fense of their duty. Some are drawn by Love. others are driven by Terrors, to their Divine Refuge. I had for Eighteen years out of Nineteen rejoiced in the favour and affection of every one. No trouble came near my heart. I feemed to be one of those defigned to be drawn by the filken cords of Love. - But, perhaps, I was too apt to value myfelf upon the love and favour of every one: The merit of the good I delighted to do, and of the inclinations which were given me, and which I could not help having, I was, perhaps, too ready to attribute to myfelf; and now, being led to account for the cause of my temporary calamities, find, I had a fecret pride to be punished for, which I had not fathomed: And it was necessary per-C 3

haps that some fore and terrible misfortunes should befal me, in order to mortify that my pride, and that my

vanity.

Temptations were accordingly fent. I shrunk in the day of tryal. My discretion, which had been so cried up, was found wanting when it came to be weighed in an equal balance. I was betrayed, fell, and became the by-word of my companions, and a disgrace to my family, which had prided itself in me perhaps too much. But as my fault was not that of a culpable will, when my pride was sufficiently mortified, I was not suffered (altho' surrounded by dangers, and entangled in snares) to be totally lost: But, purified by sufferings, I was sitted for the change I have NOW, at the time you will receive This, so newly, and, as I humbly hope, so happily, experienced.

Rejoice with me then, dear Sirs, that I have weathered so great a storm. Nor let it be matter of concern, that I am cut off in the bloom of youth. There

' is no inquisition in the grave,' says the wise Man,
' whether we lived ten or an hundred years; and the

· day of death is better than the day of our birth.'

Once more, dear Sirs, accept my grateful thanks for all your goodness to me, from my early childhood, to the day, the unhappy day, of my error! Forgive that error!—And God give us a happy meeting in a bleffed Eternity! prays

Your most dutiful and obliged Kinswoman,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Mr. Belford gives the Lady's posthumous Letters to Mrs. Hervey, Miss Howe, and Mrs. Norton, at length likewise: But, altho' every Letter varies in style as well as matter from the others; yet, as they are written on the same subject, and are pretty long, it is thought proper to abstract them.

That to her Aunt Hervey is written in the same pious and generous strain with those preceding, seeking to give comfort rather than distress. 'The Almighty, 'I hope, says she, has received and blessed my penitence, and I am happy. Could I have been more than so, at the end of what is called a happy life of 20, or 30, or 40 years to come? And what are 20, or 30, or 40 years to look back upon? In half of any of these periods, what friends might I not have mourned for? what temptations from worldly prosperity might I not have encountered with? And in such a case, immersed in earthly pleasures, how little likelihood, that, in my last stage, I should have been blessed with such a Preparation and Resignation, as I have now been blessed with?'

She proceeds as follows: 'Thus much, Madam, of

She proceeds as follows: 'Thus much, Madam, of comfort to you and to myself from this dispensation. As to my dear Parents, I hope they will console themselves, that they have still many blessings left, which ought to balance the troubles my error has given them: That, unhappy as I have been to be the interrupter of their felicities, they never, till this ' my fault, knew any heavy evil: That afflictions patiently borne may be turned into bleffings: That uninterrupted happiness is not to be expected in this bife: That, after all, they have not, as I humbly prefume to hope, the probability of the everlasting perdition of their child to deplore: And that, in fhort, when my flory comes to be fully known, ' they will have the comfort to find, that my fufferings redound more to my honour than to my disgrace.

'These considerations will, I hope, make their temporary loss of but one child out of three (unhappily circumstanced too as she was) matter of greater consolation than affliction. And the rather, as we may hope for a happy meeting once more, never to

be separated either by time or offences.'

She concludes this Letter with an address to her Cousin Dolly Hervey, whom she calls her amiable Cousin; and thankfully remembers for the part she

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took in her afflictions.—'O my dear Cousin, let your worthy heart be guarded against those delusions, which have been fatal to my worldly happiness!—

That pity, which you bestowed upon me, demon-

frates a gentleness of nature, which may possibly fubiect you to missortunes, if your eye be permitted

to missead your judgment.—But a strict observance of your filial duty, my dearest Cousin, and the pre-

cepts of so prudent a Mother as you have the happi-

own family as I have fet) will, I make no doubt,

with the Divine Affistance, be your guard and se-

" curity."

The posthumous Letter to Miss Howe is extremely tender and affectionate. She pathetically calls upon her 'to rejoice that all her Clarissa's troubles are now

f at an end; that the state of temptation and tryal, of doubt and uncertainty, is now over with her; and

that she has happily escaped the snares that were laid

for her foul: The rather to rejoice, as that her miffortunes were of fuch a nature, that it was impossible

" fhe could be tolerably happy in this life."

She 'thankfully acknowleges the favours she had re-

ceived from Mrs. Howe and Mr. Hickman; and expresses her concern for the trouble she hasocca -

fioned to the former, as well as to her; and prays,

that all the earthly bleffings they used to wish to each

other, may fingly devolve upon her.'

She befeeches her, 'that she will not suspend the day, which shall supply to herself the friend she will

have loft in her, and give to herfelf a still nearer

and dearer relation.

She tells her, 'That her choice (a choicemade with the approbation of all her friends) has fallen upon a

fincere, an honest, a virtuous, and what is more

than all, a pious man; a man, who, altho' he ad-

· mires her person, is still more in love with the graces

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of her mind. And as those graces are improveable with every added year of life, which will impair the transitory ones of person, what a firm basis, infers she, has Mr. Hickman chosen to build his Love upon!

She prays, 'That God will bless them together:

And that the remembrance of her, and of what she has suffered, may not interrupt their mutual happines, she defires them to think of nothing but what

" she Now is; and that a time will come, when they

' shall meet again, never to be divided.'

'To the Divine Protection, mean time, she comimits her; and charges her, by the Love that has always subsisted between them, that she will not mourn too heavily for her; and again calls upon her, after a gentle tear, which she will allow her to let fall in memory of their uninterrupted friendship, to rejoice that she is so early released; and that she is purified by her sufferings, and is made, as she afsuredly trusts, by God's goodness, eternally happy.'

The posthumous Letters to Mr. Lovelace and Mr. Morden will be inserted hereafter: As will also the substance of that written to Mrs. Norton.

LETTER XIII.

Mr. BELFORD, To ROBERT LOVELACE, Efq;

Sat. Afternoon, Sept. 9.

I Understand, that thou breathest nothing but revenge against me, for treating thee with so much freedom; and against the accursed woman and her infernal crew. I am not at all concerned for thy menaces against myself. It is my design to make thee feel. It gives me pleasure to find my intention answered. And I congratulate thee, that thou hast not lost that sense.

As to the cursed crew, well do they deserve the fire bere that thou threateness them with, and the fire here-

after that seems to await them. But I have this moment received news which will, in all likelihood, save thee the guilt of punishing the old wretch for her share of wickedness as thy agent. But if that happens to her which is likely to happen, wilt thou not tremble for

what may befal the principal?

Not to keep thee longer in suspense; last night, it seems, the infamous woman got so heartily intoxicated with her beloved liquor, Arrack punch, at the expense of Colonel Salter, that, mistaking her way, she fell down a pair of stairs, and broke her leg: And now, after a dreadful night, she lies soaming, raving, roaring, in a burning sever, that wants not any other fire to scorch her into a feeling more exquisite and durable than any thy vengeance could give her.

The wretch has requested me to come to her: And lest I should refuse a common messenger, sent her vile associate Sally Martin; who not finding me at Soho, came hither; another part of her business being to procure the divine Lady's pardon for the old creature's

wickedness to her.

This devil incarnate, Sally, declares, that she never was so shocked in her life, as when I told her the Lady was dead.

She took out her falts to keep her from fainting; and when a little recovered, she accused herself for her part of the injuries the Lady had sustained; as she said Polly Horton would do for her's; and shedding tears, declared, that the world never produced such another woman. She called her the ornament and glory of her Sex; acknowleged, that her ruin was owing more to their instigations than even (savage as thou art) to thy own vileness; since thou wert inclined to have done her justice more than once, had they not kept up thy profligate spirit to its height.

This wretch would fain have been admitted to a fight of the corpse. But I refused her request with

execrations.

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She could forgive herself, she said, for every-thing but her insults upon the admirable Lady at Rowland's: Since all the rest was but in pursuit of a livelihood, to which she had been reduced, as she boasted, from better expectations, and which hundreds follow as well as she. I did not ask her, By whom reduced.

At going away, she told me, that the old monster's bruises are of more dangerous consequence than the fracture: That a mortification is apprehended: And that the vile wretch has so much compunction of heart, on recollecting her treatment of Miss Harlowe, and is so much set upon procuring her forgiveness, that she is sure the news she has to carry her, will hasten her end.

All these things I leave upon thy reslection.

LETTER XIV.

Mr. Belford, To Robert Lovelace, E/q;

Sat. Night.

YOUR fervant gives me a dreadful account of your raving unmanageableness. I wonder not at it. But as nothing violent is lasting, I dare say, that your habitual gaiety of heart will quickly get the better of your phrensy: And the rather do I judge so, as your fits are of the raving kind (suitable to your natural impetuosity) and not of that melancholy species which seizes slower souls.

For this reason I will proceed in writing to you, that my narrative may not be broken by your discomposure; and that the contents of it may find you, and help you to resection, when you shall be restored.

Harry is returned from carrying the posthumous Letters to the family and to Miss Howe; and that of the Colonel which acquaints James Harlowe with his Sister's death, and with her desire to be interred near her Grandfather.

Harry was not admitted into the presence of any of C 6 the

the family. They were all affembled together, it feems, at Harlowe-place, on occasion of the Colonel's Letter which informed them of the Lady's dangerous way (a); and were comforting themselves, as Harry was told with hopes, that Mr. Morden had made the worst of her state, in order to quicken their resolutions.

It is easy then to judge what must be their grief and surprize on receiving the satal news which the Letters

Harry fent in to them communicated.

He staid there long enough to find the whole house in confusion; the servants running different ways; lamenting and wringing their hands as they ran; the semale servants particularly; as if somebody (poor Mrs. Harlowe no doubt; and perhaps Mrs. Hervey

too) were in fits.

Every one was in fuch diforder, that he could get no commands, nor obtain any notice of himself. The fervants feemed more inclined to execrate than welcome him - O master! O young man! cried three or four together, what dismal tidings have you brought!-They helped him, at the very first word, to his horse; which with great civility they had put up on his arrival: And he went to an Inn; and purfued on foot his way to Mrs. Norton's; and finding her come to town, left the Letter he carried down for her with her fon (a fine youth); who, when he heard the fatal news, burst out into a flood of tears - first lamenting the Lady's death. and then crying out, What, what, would become of his poor Mother!-How would she support herself, when she should find on her arrival in town, that the dear Lady, who was fo deservedly the darling of her heart, was no more!

He proceeded to Miss Howe's, with the Letter for her. That Lady, he was told, had just given orders for a young man, a tenant's son, to post to London, to bring her news of her dear friend's condition, and

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⁽a) See the beginning of Letter cvii. in Vol. VII.

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whether she should herself be encouraged, by an account of her being still alive, to make her a visit; everything being ordered to be in readiness for her going up, on his return with the news she wished and prayed for with the utmost impatience. And Harry was just in

time to prevent the man's fetting out.

He had the precaution to desire to speak with Miss Howe's woman or maid, and communicated to her the satal tidings, that she might break them to her young Lady. The maid was herself so affected, that her old Lady (who, Harry said, seemed to be everywhere at once) came to see what ailed her; and was herself so struck with the communication, that she was forced to sit down in a chair: O the sweet creature! said she—And is it come to this!—O my poor Nancy!—How shall I be able to break the matter to my Nancy!

Mr. Hickman was in the house. He hastened in to comfort the old Lady—But he could not restrain his own tears. He feared, he said, when he was last in town, that this sad event would foon happen: But little thought it would be so very soon!—But she is happy,

I am fure, faid the good Gentleman.

Mrs. Howe, when a little recovered, went up, in order to break the news to her Daughter. She took the Letter, and her Salts in her hand. And they had occasion for the latter. For the housekeeper soon came hurrying down into the kitchen, her sace overspread with tears —Her young mistress had sainted away, she said—Nor did she wonder at it—Never did there live a Lady more deserving of general admiration and lamentation, than Miss Clarissa Harlowe! And never was there a stronger friendship dissolved by death than between her young Lady and her.

She hurried with a lighted wax-candle, and with feathers, to burn under the nose of her young mistres;

which shewed that she continued in fits.

Mr. Hickman afterwards, with his usual humanity, directed

directed that Harry should be taken care of all night; it being then the close of day. He asked him after my health. He expressed himself excessively afflicted, as well for the death of the most excellent of women, as for the just grief of the Lady whom he so passionately loves. But he called the departed Lady an Angel of Light. We dreaded, said he (tell your master) to read the Letter sent—But we needed not—'Tis a blessed Letter, written by a blessed hand!—But the consolation she aims to give, will for the present heighten the sense we all shall have of the loss of so excellent a creature! Tell Mr. Belford, that I thank God I am not the man who had the unmerited honour to call himself her Brother.

I know how terribly this great catastrophe (as I may call it, fince so many persons are interested in it) affects thee. I should have been glad to have had particulars of the distress which the first communication of it must have given to the Harlowes. Yet who but must pity

the unhappy Mother?

The Answer which James Harlowe returned to Colonel Morden's Letter of notification of his Sister's death, and to her request as to Interrment, will give a faint idea of what their concern must be. Here follows a copy of it.

To WILLIAM MORDEN, Esq;

Dear Cousin, Saturday, Sept. 9.

I Cannot find words to express what we all suffer on the most mournful news that ever was communicated to us.

My Sister Arabella (but, alas! I have now no other Sister) was preparing to follow Mrs. Norton up; and I had resolved to escorte her, and to have looked in

upon the dear creature.

God be merciful to us all! To what purpose did the Doctor write if she was so near her end?—Why, as every-body says, did he not send sooner?—or why at all?

The most admirable young creature that ever swerved!—Not one friend to be with her!—Alas! Sir, I fear my Mother will never get over this shock—She has been in hourly fits ever since she received the fatal news. My poor Father has the gout thrown into his stomach; and heaven knows—O Cousin, O Sir!—I meant nothing but the honour of the family; yet have I all the weight thrown upon me—[O this cursed Lovelace! may I perish if he escape the deserved vengeance!] (a).

We had begun to please ourselves that we should soon see her here—Good Heaven! that her next entrance into this house, after she abandoned us so pre-

cipitately, should be in a cossin!

We can have nothing to do with her Executor (another strange step of the dear creature's!): He cannot expect we will—nor, if he be a gentleman, will he think of acting. Do You therefore be pleased, Sir, to order an Undertaker to convey the body down to us.

My Mother fays she shall be for ever unhappy, if she may not in death see the dear creature whom she could not see in life: Be so kind therefore as to direct the lid to be only half-screwed down—that (if my poor Mother cannot be prevailed upon to dispense with so shocking a spectacle) she may be obliged—She was the darling of her heart!

If we know her Will in relation to the funeral, it shall be punctually complied with: As shall every thing in it that is fit or reasonable to be performed; and

This without the intervention of strangers.

Will you not, dear Sir, favour us with your presence at this melancholy time? Pray do;—and pity and excuse, with the generosity which is natural to the Brave and the Wise, what passed at our last meeting. Every one's respects attend you. And I am, Sir,

Your inexpressibly afflicted Cousin and Servant, JA. HARLOWE jun.

⁽a) The words thus inclosed [] were omitted in the transcript to Mr. Lovelace.

Every-thing that is Fit or Reasonable to be performed! Trepeated I to the Colonel from the above Letter on his reading it to me: That is every-thing which she has directed, that can be performed. I hope, Colonel, that I shall have no contention with them. I wish no more for their acquaintance than they do for mine. But you, Sir, must be the mediator between them and me; for I shall insist upon a literal performance in every article.

The Colonel was fo kind as to declare that he would

support me in my resolution.

LETTER XV.

Mr. Belford, To Robert Lovelace, E/q;

Sunday Morn. 8 o' Clock, Sept. 10.

I Staid at Smith's till I faw the Last of all that is mor-

tal of the divine Lady.

As she has directed Rings by her Will to several perfons, with her hair to be fet in crystal, the afflicted Mrs. Norton cut off, before the coffin was closed, four charming ringlets; one of which the Colonel took for a locket, which, he fays, he will cause to be made, and wear next his heart in memory of his beloved Coufin.

Between Four and Five in the morning, the corple was put into the herse; the coffin before being filled, as intended, with flowers and aromatic herbs, and proper care taken to prevent the corpse suffering (to the

eye) from the jolting of the herse.

Poor Mrs. Norton is extremely ill. I gave particular directions to Mrs. Smith's maid (whom I have ordered to attend the good woman in a mourning chariot) to take care of her. The Colonel, who rides with his fervants within view of the herfe, fays, that he will fee my orders in relation to her enforced.

When the herfe moved off, and was out of fight, I locked up the Lady's chamber, into which all that had

belonged to her was removed.

I expect to hear from the Colonel as foon as he is got down, by a fervant of his own.

LETTER XVI.

Mr. MOWBRAY, To JOHN BELFORD, E/q;

Dear Fack, Uxbridge, Sunday Morn. 9 o'Clock. I SEND you inclosed a Letter from Mr. Lovelace; which, tho' written in the curfed Algebra, I know to be fuch a one as will shew what a queer way he is in; for he read it to us with the air of a Tragedian. You will fee by it what the mad fellow had intended to do, if we had not all of us interposed. He was actually setting out with a Surgeon of this place, to have the Lady opened and embalmed.—Rot me if it be not my full persuasion, that if he had, her heart would have been found to be either iron or marble.

We have got Lord M. to him. His Lordship is also much afflicted at the Lady's death. His Sisters and Nieces, he fays, will be ready to break their hearts. What a rout's here about a woman! For after all she

was no more.

We have taken a pailful of black bull's blood from him; and this has lowered him a little. But he threatens Colonel Morden, he threatens You for your curfed reflections [Curfed reflections indeed, Tack !] and curfes all the world and himfelf, still.

Last night his mourning (which is full as deep, as for a wife) was brought home, and his fellows mourning too. And tho' 8 o'clock, he would put it on, and

make them attend him in theirs.

Every-body blames him on this Lady's account. But I see not for why. She was a Vixen in her virtue. What a pretty fellow has the ruined—Hay, Jack!—And her relations are ten times more to blame than he. I will prove this to the teeth of them all. If they could use her ill, why should they expect him to use her well?—You, or I, or Tourville, in his shoes, would have doneas he has

has done. Are not all the girls forewarned?— Has he done by her as that Caitiff Miles did to the farmer's daughter, whom he tricked up to town (a pretty girl also, just such another as Bob's Rosebud!) under a notion of waiting on a Lady? - Drill'd her on, pretending the Lady was abroad. Drank her lighthearted; then carried her to a Play; then it was too late, you know, to fee the pretended Lady: Then to a Bagnio: Ruined her, as they call it, and all the fame day. Kept her on (an ugly dog too!) a fortnight or three weeks; then left her to the mercy of the people of the Bagnio (never paying for any-thing); who stript her of all her cloaths, and because she would not take on, threw her into prison; where she died in want, and in despair!'-A true story, thou knowest, Jack-This fellow deserved to be damned. But has our Bob been fuch a villain as this?—And would he not have married this flinty-hearted Lady?— So he is justified very evidently.

Why then should such cursed quawms take him?—Who would have thought he had been such poor blood? Now [Rot the puppy!] to see him sit silent in a corner, when he has tired himself with his mock-majesty, and with his argumentation (who so fond of arguing as he?) and teaching his shadow to make mouths against the wainscot—The devil setch me, if I have patience with

him!

But he has had no rest for these ten days: That's the thing!—You must write to him; and pr'ythee coax him, Jack, and send him what he writes for, and give him all his way: There will be no bearing him else. And get the Lady buried as fast as you can; and don't let him know where.

This Letter should have gone yesterday. We told him it did. But were in hopes he would not have enquired after it again. But he raves as he has not any

answer.

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What he vouchsafed to read of other of your Letters has given my Lord such a curiosity, as makes him desire you to continue your accounts. Pray do: But not in your hellish Arabic; and we will let the poor fellow only into what we think fitting for his present way.

I live a cursed dull poking life here. With what I so lately saw of poor Belton, and what I now see of this charming sellow, I shall be as crazy as he soon, or as dull as thou, Jack; so must feek for better company in town than either of you. I have been forced to read sometimes to divert me; and you know I hate reading. It presently sets me into a fit of drowziness, and then I yawn and stretch like a devil.

Yet in Dryden's Palemon and Arcite have I just now met with a passage, that has in it much of our Bob's

case. These are some of the lines.

Mr. Mowbray then recites some lines from that poem describing a distracted man, and runs the parallel; and then priding himself in his performance, says,

Let me tell you, that had I begun to write as early as you and Lovelace, I might have cut as good a figure as either of you. Why not? But Boy or Man I ever hated a book. 'Tis a folly to lye. I loved action, my Boy. I hated droning; and have led in former days more boys from their book, than ever my master made to profit by it. Kicking and cuffing, and orchard-robbing, were my early glory.

But I am tired of writing. I never wrote such a long Letter in my life. My wrists and my fingers and thumb ake damnably. The pen is an hundred weight at least. And my eyes are ready to drop out of my head upon the paper.—The cramp but this minute in my fingers. Rot the goose and the goose-quill! I will write no more long Letters for a twelvemonth to come. Yet one word: We think the mad fellow coming to. Adieu.

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LETTER XVII.

Mr. Lovelace, To John Belford, Esq;

Jack, Uxbridge, Sat. Sept. 9.

I Think it absolutely right that my ever-dear and beloved Lady should be opened and embalmed. It must be done out of hand—this very afternoon. Your acquaintance Tomkins and old Anderson of this place, whom I will bring with me, shall be the Surgeons. I have talked to the latter about it.

I will fee every-thing done with that decorum which the case, and the sacred person of my Beloved require.

Every-thing that can be done to preferve the Charmer from decay, shall also be done. And when she will descend to her original dust, or cannot be kept longer, I will then have her laid in my family-vault between my own Father and Mother. Myself, as I am in my soul, so in person, chief mourner. But her beart, to which I have such unquestionable pretensions, in which once I had so large a share, and which I will prize above my own, I will have. I will keep it in spirits. It shall never be out of my sight. And all the charges of sepulture too shall be mine.

Surely nobody will dispute my right to her. Whose was she living? Whose is she dead, but mine?—Her cursed parents, whose barbarity to her, no doubt, was the true cause of her death, have long since renounced her. She left them for me. She chose me therefore: And I was her husband. What tho' I treated her like a villain? Do I not pay for it now? Would she not have been mine had I not? Nobody will dispute but she would. And has she not forgiven me?—I am then in statu quo prius with her—Am I not!—as if I had never offended? Whose then can she be but mine?

I will free you from your Executorship and all your cares.

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Take notice, Belford, that I do hereby actually difcharge you, and every-body, from all cares and troubles relating to her. And as to her last Testament, I will execute it myself.

There were no articles between us, no fettlements; and she is mine, as you see I have proved to a demonstration: Nor could she dispose of herself but as I pleased. Damnation seize me then if I make not good my right

against all opposers!

Her bowels, if her friends are very folicitous about them, and very humble and forrowful (and none have they of their own) shall be fent down to them—To be laid with her ancestors—unless she has ordered otherwise. For, except that he shall not be committed to the unworthy earth so long as she can be kept out of it, her Will shall be performed in every-thing.

I fend in the mean time for a lock of her hair.

I charge you stir not in any part of her Will, but by my express direction I will order every-thing myself. For am I not her husband? And being forgiven by her, am I not the chosen of her heart? What else signifies her forgiveness?

The two infufferable wretches you have fent me, plague me to death, and would treat me like a babe in strings. Damn the fellows, what can they mean by it? Yet that crippled monkey Doleman joins with them. And, as I hear them whisper, they have fent for Lord

M.—To controul me, I suppose.

What can they mean by this usage? Sure all the world is run mad but myself. They treat me as they ought every one of themselves to be treated. The whole world is but one great Bedlam. God consound it, and every thing in it, since now my beloved Clarissa Lovelace—no more Harlowe—Curse upon that name, and every one called by it!

What I write to you for is,

1. To forbid you intermeddling with any-thing relating to her. To forbid Morden intermeddling alfo.

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If I remember right, he has threatened me, and curfed me, and used me ill—And let him be gone from her, if he would avoid my resentments.

2. To fend me a lock of her hair instantly by the

bearer.

3. To engage Tomkins to have every-thing ready for the opening and embalming. I shall bring Anderson with me.

4. To get her Will and every-thing ready for my

perufal and confideration.

I will have possession of her dear heart this very night; and let Tomkins provide a proper receptacle and

spirits, till I can get a golden one made for it.

I will take her papers. And as no one can do her memory justice equal to myself, and I will not spare myself, Who can better shew the world what she was, and what a villain he, that could use her ill? And the world shall also see, what implacable and unworthy parents she had.

All shall be set forth in words at length. No mincing of the matter. Names undisguised as well as Facts. For as I shall make the worst figure in it myself, and have a right to treat myself as nobody else shall; who will control me? Who dare call me to account?

Let me know if the damn'd Mother be yet the subject of the devil's own vengeance—if the old wretch be dead or alive? Some exemplary mischief I must yet do. My revenge shall sweep away that devil, and all my opposers of the cruel Harlowe family, from the face of the earth. Whole hecatombs ought to be offered up to the Manes of my Clarissa Lovelace.

Altho' her Will may in some respects cross mine, yet I expect to be observed. I will be the interpreter of

hers.

Next to mine, hers shall be observed; for she is my wife; and shall be to all eternity. I will never have another.

Adieu, Jack. I am preparing to be with you. I charge

charge you, as you value my life or your own, do not oppose me in any-thing relating to my Clarissa Love-lace.

My temper is entirely altered. I know not what it is to laugh, or smile, or be pleasant. I am grown cho-

leric and impatient, and will not be controuled.

I write this in characters as I used to do, that nobody but you should know what I write. For never was any man plagued with impertinents, as I am.

R. LOVELACE.

In a separate paper inclosed in the above.

LET me tell thee, in characters still, that I am in a dreadful way just now. My brain is all boiling like a caldron over a fiery furnace. What a devil is the matter with me I wonder! I never was so strange in my life.

In truth, Jack, I have been a most execrable villain. And when I consider all my actions to this angel of a woman, and in her the piety, the charity, the wit, the beauty, I have helped to destroy, and the good to the world I have thereby been a means of frustrating; I can pronounce damnation upon myself. How then can I expect mercy any-where else!

I believe I shall have no patience with you when I see you. Your damn'd stings and resections have almost

turned my brain.

But here Lord M. they tell me, is come! Damn him,

and those who sent for him!

I know not what I have written. But her dear heart and a lock of her hair I will have, let who will be the gainfayers! For is fhe not mine? Whose else can she be? She has no Father nor Mother, no Sister, no Brother; no Relations but me. And my Beloved is mine; and I am hers: And that's enough.—But Oh!

She's out! The damp of death has quench'd her quite! Those spicy doors, her lips, are shut, close lock'd, Which never gale of life shall open more!

And is it so! Is it indeed so?-Good God!-Good God!-But they will not let me write on. I must go down to this officious Peer-Who the devil fent for him?

LETTER XVIII.

Mr. BELFORD, To RICHARD MOWBRAY, Ela;

Sunday, Sept 10. 4 in the Afternoon. I HAVE yours, with our unhappy friend's inclosed. I am glad my Lord is with him. As I prefume that his phrenfy will be but of short continuance, I most earnestly wish, that on his recovery he could be prevailed upon to go abroad. Mr. Morden, who is inconsolable, has seen by the Will (as indeed he suspected before he read it) that the case was more than a common seduction; and has dropt hints already, that he looks upon himself, on that account, as freed from his promifes made to the dying Lady, which were, that he would not feek to avenge her death.

You must make the recovery of his health the motive for urging him on this head; for, if you hint at his own fafety, he will not stir, but rather seek the Colonel.

As to the lock of hair, you may eafily pacify him (as you once faw the angel) with hair near the colour, if he

be intent upon it.

At my Lord's defire I will write on, and in my common hand; that you may judge what is, and what is not, fit to read to Mr. Lovelace at present. But as I shall not forbear reflections as I go along, in hopes to reach his heart on his recovery, I think it best to direct myself to him still; and that as if he were not difordered.

As I shall not have leifure to take copies, and yet am willing to have the whole subject before me, for my own future contemplation; I must insist upon a return of my Letters fome time hence. Mr. Lovelace knows that this is one of my conditions; and has hitherto complied with it.

Thy

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Thy Letter, Mowbray, is an inimitable performance. Thou art a strange impenetrable creature. But let me most earnestly conjure thee, and the idle slutterer Tourville, from what ye have seen of poor Belton's exit; from our friend Lovelace's phrensy, and the occasion of it; and from the terrible condition in which the wretched Sinclair lies; to set about an immediate change of life and manners. For my own part, I am determined, be your resolutions what they may, to take the advice I give.

As witness

J. BELFORD.

LETTER XIX.

Mr. BELFORD, To ROBERT LOVELACE, E/q;

O Lovelace! I have a scene to paint in relation to the wretched Sinclair, that, if I do it justice, will make thee seriously ponder and reslect, or nothing can. I will lead to it in order; and that in my usual hand, that thy compeers may be able to read it as well as thyself.

When I had written the preceding Letter; not knowing what to do with myfelf; recollecting, and in vain wishing for that delightful and improving conversation, which I had now for ever lost; I thought I had as good begin the task, which I had for some time past resolved to begin; that is to say, To go to church; and see if I could not reap some benefit from what I should hear there. Accordingly I determined to go to hear the celebrated preacher at St. James's church. But, as if the devil (for so I was then ready to conclude) thought himself concerned to prevent my intention, a visit was made me just as I was dressed, which took me off from my purpose.

From whom should this visit be, but from Sally Martin, accompanied by Mrs. Carter, the Sister of the infamous Sinclair! the same, I suppose I need not tell

you, who keeps the Pagnio near Bloomsbury.

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These told me that the Surgeon, Apothecary, and Physician, had all given the wretched woman over; but that she said, She could not die, nor be at rest, till she saw me: And they besought me to accompany them in the coach they came in, if I had one spark of charity, of Christian charity, as they called it, lest.

I was very loth to be diverted from my purpose by a request so unwelcome, and from people so abhorred; but at last went, and we got thither by Ten: Where a scene so shocking presented itself to me, that the death of poor desponding Belton is not, I think, to be com-

pared with it.

The old wretch had once put her leg out by her rage and violence, and had been crying, fcolding, curfing, ever fince the preceding evening, that the Surgeon had told her it was impossible to fave her; and that a mortification had begun to shew itself; infomuch that, purely in compassion to their own ears, they had been forced to fend for another Surgeon, purposely to tell her, tho' against his judgment, and (being a friend of the other) to feem to convince him, that he mistook her case; and that, if she would be patient, she might recover. But, nevertheless, her apprehensions of death, and her antipathy to the thoughts of dying, were fo strong, that their imposture had not the intended effect, and she was raving, crying, curfing, and even howling, more like a wolf than a human creature, when I came; fo that as I went up stairs, I faid, Surely this noise, this howling, cannot be from the unhappy woman! Sally faid it was; and affured me, that it was nothing to the noise the had made all night; and stepping into her room before me, Dear Madam Sinclair, said she, forbear this noise! It is more like that of a bull than a woman!-Here comes Mr. Belford; and you'll fright him away if you bellow at this rate.

There were no less than Eight of her cursed daughters furrounding her bed when I entered; one of her partners, Polly Horton, at their head; and now Sally, her other

other partner, and Madam Carter, as they called her (for they are all Madams with one another) made the number Ten: All in shocking dishabille, and without stays, except Sally, Carter, and Polly; who, not daring

to leave her, had not been in bed all night.

The other Seven seemed to have been but just up. risen perhaps from their customers in the fore-house. and their nocturnal Orgies, with faces, three or four of them, that had run, the paint lying in streaky feams not half blowz'd off, discovering coarse wrinkled skins: The hair of fome of them of divers colours, obliged to the black-lead comb where black was affected; the artificial jet, however, yielding apace to the natural brindle: That of others plastered with oil and powder; the oil predominating: But every one's hanging about her ears and neck in broken curls, or ragged ends; and each at my entrance taken with one motion, stroking their matted locks with both hands under their coifs, mobs. or pinners, every one of which was awry. They were all flip shoed; stockenless some; only under-petticoated all; their gowns, made to cover straddling hoops, hanging trolloppy, and tangling about their heels; but hastily wrapt round them, as foon as I came up-stairs. And half of them (unpadded, shoulder-bent, pallid-lipt, limber-jointed wretches) appearing, from a blooming Nineteen or Twenty perhaps over-night, haggard wellworn strumpets of Thirty-eight or Forty.

I am the more particular in describing to thee the appearance these creatures made in my eyes when I came into the room, because I believe thou never sawest any of them, much less a group of them, thus unprepared for being seen (a). I, for my part, never did before; nor had I now, but upon this occasion, been thus favoured. If thou hadst, I believe thou wouldst hate a profligate woman, as one of Swist's Yahoos, or Virgil's

obicene

⁽a) Whoever has feen Dean Swift's Lady's Dreffing-Room, will think this description of Mr. Belford not only more natural, but more decent painting, as well as better justified by the design, and by the use that may be made of it.

obscene Harpyes, squirting their ordure upon the Trojan trenchers; since the persons of such in their retirements are as filthy as their minds—Hate them as much as I do; and as much as I admire, and next to adore a truly-virtuous and elegant woman: For to me it is evident, that as a neat and clean woman must be an angel of a creature, so a sluttish one is the impurest animal in nature.

But these were the veterans, the chosen band; for now-and-then slitted in, to the number of half a dozen or more, by turns, subordinate sinners, under-graduates, younger than some of the chosen phalanx, but not less obscene in their appearance, tho' indeed not so much beholden to the plassering sucus; yet unpropt by stays, squalid, loose in attire, sluggish-haired, under-petticoated only as the former, eyes half-opened, winking and pinking, mispatched, yawning, stretching, as if from the unworn-off effects of the midnight revel; all armed in succession with supplies of cordials (of which every one present was either taster or partaker) under the direction of the busier Dorcas, who frequently popp'd in, to see her slops duly given and taken.

But when I approached the old wretch, what a spe-

Stacle presented itself to my eyes!

Her misfortune has not at all funk, but rather, as I thought, increased her slesh; rage and violence perhaps swelling her muscular features. Behold her then, spreading the whole tumbled bed with her huge quaggy carcase: Her mill-post arms held up; her broad hands clenched with violence; her big eyes, goggling and slaming-red as we may suppose those of a salamander; her matted griesly hair, made irreverend by her wickedness (her clouted head-dress being half off) spread about her fat ears and brawny neck; her livid lips parched, and working violently; her broad chin in convulsive motion; her wide mouth, by reason of the contraction of her forehead (which seemed to be half-lost in its own frightful surrows) splitting her sace, as it were,

into two parts; and her huge tongue hideously rolling in it; heaving, puffing, as if for breath; her bellows-shaped and various-coloured breasts ascending by turns to her chin, and descending out of sight, with the vio-

lence of her gaspings.

This was the spectacle, as recollection has enabled me to describe it, that this wretch made to my eye, when I approached her bed-side, surrounded, as I said, by her suffragans and daughters, who surveyed her with scouling frighted attention, which one might easily see had more in it of horror and self-concern (and self-condemnation too) than of love or pity; as who should say, See! what we ourselves must one day be!

As foon as the faw me, her naturally-big voice, more hoarfened by her ravings, broke upon me: O Mr. Belford! O Sir! fee what I am come to!—See what I am brought to!—To have fuch a curfed crew about me, and not one of them to take care of me! But to let me tumble down flairs fo diffant from the room I went from! fo diffant from the room I meant to go to!—Curfed, curfed be every careless devil!—May this or worse be their fate every one of them!

And then she cursed and swore more vehemently, and the more, as two or three of them were excusing themselves on the score of their being at that time as

unable to help themselves as she.

As foon as she had cleared the passage of her throat by the oaths and curses which her wild impatience made her utter, she began in a more hollow and whining strain to bemoan hersels. And here, said she—Heaven grant me patience! [clenching and unclenching her hands] am I to die thus miserably!—of a broken leg in my old age!—snatch'd away by means of my own intemperance! Self-do! Self-undone!—No time for my affairs! No time to repent!—And in a few hours (Oh!—Oh!—with another long howling O---h!—U—gh—o! a kind of screaming key terminating it) who knows, who can tell where I shall be?—Oh! that indeed I never, never, had had a being!

What could one say to such a wretch as this, whose whole life had been spent in the most diffusive wickedness, and who no doubt has numbers of souls to answer for? Yet I told her, She must be patient: That her violence made her worse: And that, if she would compose herself, she might get into a frame more proper

for her present circumstances.

Who, I? interrupted she: I get into a better frame! I, who can neither cry, nor pray! Yet already seel the torments of the damn'd! What mercy can I expect? What hope is lest for me?—Then, that sweet creature! That incomparable Miss Harlowe! She, it seems, is dead and gone! O that cursed man! Had it not been for him! I had never had This, the most crying of all my sins, to answer for!

And then she set up another howl.

And is she dead?—Indeed dead? proceeded she, when her how was over—O what an angel have I been the means of destroying! For tho' it was that wicked man's fault that ever she was in my house, yet it was Mine, and Yours, and Yours, and Yours, Devils as we all were [turning to Sally, to Polly, and to one or two more] that he did not do her justice! And That, That is my curse, and will one day be yours!

And then again she howled.

I still advised patience. I said, that if her time were to be so short as she apprehended, the more ought she to endeavour to compose herself: And then she would at least die with more ease to herself—and satisfaction to her friends, I was going to say—But the word die put her into a violent raving, and thus she broke in upon me.

Die, did you say, Sir?—Die!—I will not, I cannot die!—I know not how to die!—Die, Sir!—And must I then die?—Leave this world?—I cannot bear it!—And who brought You hither, Sir, [her eyes striking fire at me] Who brought you hither to tell me I must die, Sir?—I cannot, I will not leave this world. Let others die, who wish for another! who expect a better!

—I have had my plagues in This; but would compound for all future hopes, so as I may be nothing after This!

And then she howled and bellowed by turns.

By my faith, Lovelace, I trembled in every joint; and looking upon her who spoke This, and roared Thus, and upon the company round me, I more than once thought myself to be in one of the infernal mansions.

Yet will I proceed, and try for thy good if I can shock thee but half as much with my descriptions, as I

was shocked by what I saw and heard.

Sally !—Polly !—Sifter Carter! faid fhe, did you not tell me I might recover? Did not the Surgeon tell me

I might?

And so you may, cry'd Sally; Monsieur Garon says you may, if you'll be patient. But, as I have often told you this blessed morning, you are readier to take despair from your own sears, than comfort from all the hope we can give you.

Yet, cry'd the wretch, interrupting, does not Mr. Belford (and to him you have told the truth, tho' you won't to me; Does not he) tell me I shall die?—I cannot bear it! I cannot bear the thoughts of dying!

And then, but that half a dozen at once endeavoured to keep down her violent hands, would she have beaten herself; as it seems she had often attempted to do from the time the Surgeon popt out the word mortification to her.

Well, but to what purpose, said I (turning aside to her Sister, and to Sally and Polly) are these hopes given her, if the gentlemen of the faculty give her over? You should let her know the worst, and then she must submit; for there is no running away from death. If she has any matters to settle, put her upon settling them; and do not, by telling her she will live when there is no room to expect it, take from her the opportunity of doing needful things. Do the Surgeons actually give her over?

They do, whispered they. Her gross habit, they say, gives no hopes. We have sent for both Surgeons,

whom we expect every minute.

Both the Surgeons (who are French; for Mrs. Sinclair has heard Tourville launch out in the praise of French Surgeons) came in while we were thus talking. I retired to the farther end of the room, and threw up a window for a little air, being half-poisoned by the effluvia arising from so many contaminated carcases; which gave me no impersect idea of the stench of gaols, which corrupting the ambient air, gives what is called the prison-distemper.

I came back to the bed-fide when the Surgeons had inspected the fracture; and asked them, If there were

any expectation of her life?

One of them whispered me, There was none: That she had a strong sever upon her, which alone, in such a habit, would probably do the business; and that the mortification had visibly gained upon her since they were there six hours ago.

Will amputation fave her? Her affairs and her mind want fettling. A few days added to her life may be of

fervice to her in both respects.

They told me the fracture was high in her leg; that the knee was greatly bruised; that the mortification, in all probability, had spread half-way of the Femur: And then, getting me between them (three or four of the women joining us, and liftening with their mouths open, and all the figns of ignorant wonder in their faces, as there appeared of self-sufficiency in those of the artists) did they by turns fill my ears with an anatomical description of the leg and thigh, running over with terms of art; of the Tarfus, the Metatarfus, the Tibia, the Fibula, the Patella, the Os Tali, the Os Tibiæ, the Tibialis Posticus and Tibialis Anticus, up to the Os Femoris, to the Acetabulum of the Os Ischion, the Great Trochanter, Glutæus, Triceps, Lividus, and Little Rotators; in short, of all the muscles, cartilages, and bones,

bones, that constitute the leg and thigh from the great toe to the hip; as if they would shew me, that all their science had penetrated their heads no farther than their mouths; while Sally lifted up her hands with a Laud bless me! Are all Surgeons so learned!—But at last both the gentlemen declared, That if she and her friends would consent to amputation, they would whip off her leg in a moment.

Mrs. Carter asked, To what purpose, if the opera-

tion would not fave her?

Very true, they faid; but it might be a fatisfaction to the patient's friends, that all was done that could be done.

And so the poor wretch was to be lanced and quartered, as I may say, for an experiment only! And, without any hope of benefit from the operation, was to

pay the Surgeons for tormenting her!

I cannot but fay I have a mean opinion of both these gentlemen, who, tho' they make a figure it seems in their way of living, and boast not only French extraction, but a Paris education, never will make any in their practice.

How unlike my honest English friend Tomkins, a plain, serious intelligent man, whose art lies deeper than in words; who always avoids parade and jargon; and endeavours to make every one as much a judge of

what he is about as himfelf!

All the time that the Surgeons ran on with their anatomical process, the wretched woman most frightfully roared and bellowed; which the gentlemen (who shewed themselves to be of the class of those who are not affected with the evils they do not feel) took no other notice of, than by raising their voices to be heard, as she raised hers—Being evidently more solicitous to encrease their acquaintance, and to propagate the notion of their skill, than to attend to the clamours of the poor wretch whom they were called in to relieve; tho' by this very means, like the dog and the shadow in the sable, they

lost both aims with me; for I never was deceived in one rule, which I made early; to wit, That the stillest water is the deepest, while the bubbling stream only betrays shallowness; and that stones and pebbles lie there so near the surface, to point out the best place to ford a

river dry-shod.

As nobody cared to tell the unhappy wretch what every one apprehended must follow, and what the Surgeons convinced me soon would, I undertook to be the denouncer of her doom. Accordingly, the operators being withdrawn, I sat down by the bed-side, and said, Come, Mrs. Sinclair, let me advise you to forbear these ravings at the carelessness of those, who, I find, at the time, could take no care of themselves; and since the accident has happened, and cannot be remedied, to resolve to make the best of the matter: For all this violence but enrages the malady, and you will probably falls into a delirium, if you give way to it, which will deprive you of that reason which you ought to make the best of, for the time it may be lent you.

She turned her head towards me, and hearing me speak with a determined voice, and seeing me assume as determined an air, became more calm and attentive.

I went on, telling her, that I was glad, from the hints the had given, to find her concerned for her past missipent life, and particularly for the part she had had in the ruin of the most excellent woman on earth: That if she would compose herself, and patiently submit to the consequence of an evil she had brought upon herself, it might possibly be happy for her yet. Mean time, continued I, tell me, with temper and calmness, Why you was so desirous to see me?

She seemed to be in great confusion of thought, and turned her head this way and that; and at last, after much hesitation, said, Alas for me! I hardly know what I wanted with you. When I awoke from my intemperate trance, and sound what a cursed way I was in, my conscience smote me, and I was for catching,

like

like a drowning wretch, at every straw. I wanted to fee every-body and any-body but those I did see; everybody who I thought could give me comfort. Yet could I expect none from You neither: for you had declared yourself my enemy, altho' I had never done you harm: For what, Tackey, in her old tone, whining thro' her nose, was Miss Harlowe to you?-But she is happy !- But oh! what will become of me?-Yet tell me (for the Surgeons have told you the truth, no doubt) tell me, Shall I do well again? May I recover? If I may, I will begin a new course of life: As I hope to be faved, I will. I'll renounce you all-every one of you [looking round her] and scrape all I can together, and live a life of penitence; and when I die, leave it all to charitable uses-I will, by my foul-Every doit of it to charity-But this once, lifting up her rolling eyes, and folded hands (with a wry-mouthed earnestness, in which every muscle and feature of her face bore its part) this one time-Good God of heaven and earth, but this once! this once! repeating those words five or fix times, spare thy poor creature, and every hour of my life shall be passed in penitence and atonement: Upon my soul it shall !

Less vehement! a little less vehement! said I—It is not for me, who have led so free a life, as you but too well know, to talk to you in a reproaching strain, and to set before you the iniquity you have lived in, and the many souls you have helped to destroy. But as you are in so penitent a way, if I might advise, you should send for a good Clergyman, the purity of whose life and manners may make all these things come from him with

a better grace than they can from me.

How, Sir! What, Sir! interrupting me; Send for a Parson!—Then you indeed think I shall die! Then you think there is no room for hope!—A Parson, Sir!—Who sends for a Parson, while there is any hope left?—The Sight of a Parson would be death immediate to D: 6

me!—I cannot, cannot die!—Never tell me of it!—What! die!—What! cut off in the midst of my fins!

And then she began again to rave.

I cannot bear, faid I, rifing from my feat with a stern air, to fee a reasonable creature behave so outrageously !-Will this vehemence, think you, mend the matter? Will it avail you any-thing? Will it not rather shorten the life you are so desirous to have lengthened, and deprive you of the only opportunity you can ever have to fettle your affairs for both worlds?-Death is but the common lot: And if it will be yours foon, looking at her, it will be also yours, and yours, and yours, speaking with a raised voice, and turning to every trembling devil round her [for they all shook at my forcible application and mine also. And you have reason to be thankful, turning again to her, that you did not perish in that act of intemperance which brought you to this: For it might have been your neck, as well as your leg; and then you had not had the opportunity you now have for repentance - And, the Lord have mercy upon you! into what a State might you have awoke?

Then did the poor wretch fet up an inarticulate frightful howl, such a one as I never before heard uttered, as if already pangs insernal had taken hold of her; and seeing every one half-frighted, and me motioning to withdraw, O pity me, pity me, Mr. Belford, cried she, her words interrupted by groans—I find you think I shall die!—And what I may be, and where, in a very sew hours—Who can tell?

I told her it was in vain to flatter her: It was my

opinion she would not recover.

I was going to re-advise her to calm her spirits, and endeavour to resign herself, and to make the best of the opportunity yet left her; but this declaration set her into a most outrageous raving. She would have torn her hair, and beaten her breast, had not some of the wretches held her hands by sorce, while others kept her

as fleady as they could, left she should again put out her new-set leg: So that, seeing her thus incapable of advice, and in a persect phrensy, I told Sally Martin, that there was no bearing the room; and that their best way was to send for a Minister to pray by her, and to reason with her, as soon as she should be capable of it.

And so I left them; and never was so sensible of the benefit of fresh air, as I was the moment I entered the

ftreet.

Nor is it to be wondered at, when it is confidered, that to the various ill fmells, that will be always found in a close fick-bed room (for generally, when the Phyfician comes, the Air is shut out) This of Mrs. Sinclair was the more particularly offensive, as, to the scent of plaisfers, salves, and ointments, were added the stenches of spirituous liquors, burnt and unburnt, of all denominations: For one or other of the creatures, under pretence of colics, gripes, or qualms, were continually calling for supplies of these, all the time I was there. And yet this is thought to be a genteel house of the sort: And all the prostitutes in it are prostitutes of price, and their visitors people of note.

O Lovelace! what lives do most of us Rakes and Libertines lead! What company do we keep! And, for such company, what society renounce, or endeavour to

make like these!

What woman, nice in her person, and of purity in her mind and manners, did she know what miry wallowers the generality of men of our class are in themselves, and constantly trough and sty with, but would detest the thoughts of associating with such filthy sensualists, whose favourite taste carries them to mingle with the dregs of Stews, Brothels, and Common-sewers?

Yet, to such a choice are many worthy women betrayed, by that false and inconsiderate notion, raised and propagated, no doubt, by the author of all delusion, That a reformed Rake makes the best husband. We Rakes, indeed, are bold enough to suppose, that women in ge-

neral

neral are as much Rakes in their hearts, as the Libertines some of them suffer themselves to be taken with, are in their practice. A supposition therefore, which it behoves persons of true honour of that Sex, to discountenance, by rejecting the address of every man, whose character will not stand the test of that virtue which is the glory of a woman: And indeed, I may say, of a

man too: Why should it not?

How, indeed, can it be, if this point be duly weighed, that a man who thinks alike of all the Sex, and knows it to be in the power of a wife to do him the greatest dishonour man can receive, and doubts not her will to do it, if opportunity offer, and importunity be not wanting: That fuch a one, from principle, should be a good husband to any woman? And, indeed, little do innocents think, what a total revolution of manners, what a change of fixed habits, nay, what a conquest of a bad nature, and what a portion of divine GRACE, is required, to make a man a good husband, a worthy father, and true friend, from principle; especially when it is confidered, that it is not in a man's own power to reform when he will. This (to fay nothing of my own experience) thou, Lovelace, hast found in the progress of thy attempts upon the divine Miss Harlowe. For whose remorfes could be deeper, or more frequent, yet more transient than thine?

· Now, Lovelace, let me know if the word Grace
· can be read from my pen without a sneer from thee
· and thy associates? I own that once it sounded oddly

in my ears. But I shall never forget what a grave man once said on this very word—That with him it was a

Rake's Shibboleth (a). He had always hopes of one who could bear the mention of it without ridiculing

it; and ever gave him up for an abandoned man, who

· made a jest of it, or of him who used it.

Don't be disgusted, that I mingle such grave restections as these with my narratives. It becomes me, in my present way of thinking, to do so, when I see in Miss Harlowe, how all human excellence, and in poor Belton, how all inhuman libertinism, and am near seeing in this abandon'd woman, how all diabolical profligacy, end. And glad should I be for your own sake, for your splendid family's sake, and for the sake of all your intimates and acquaintance, that you were labouring under the same impressions, that so we, who have been companions in (and promoters of one another's) wickedness, might join in a general atonement to the

utmost of our power.

I came home reflecting upon all these things, more edifying to me than any Sermon I could have heard preached: And I shall conclude this long Letter with observing, that altho' I lest the wretched howler in a high phrensy-sit, which was excessively shocking to the by-standers; yet her phrensy must be the happiest part of her dreadful condition: For when she is herself, as it is called, what must be her reflections upon her past profligate life, throughout which it has been her constant delight and business, devil-like, to make others as wicked as herself! What must her terrors be (a Hell already begun in her mind!) on looking forward to the dreadful State she is now upon the verge of!—But I drop my trembling pen.

To have done with so shocking a subject at once, we shall take notice, That Mr. Belford, in a future Letter, writes, that the miserable woman, to the surprize of the operators themselves (thro' hourly encreasing tortures of body and mind) held out so long as till Thursday Sept. 21. And then died in such Agonies as terrified into a transitory penitence all the wretches about her.

LETTER XX.

Colonel Morden, To John Belford, Esq;

A Ccording to my promife, I fend you an account of matters here. Poor Mrs. Norton was so very ill upon the road, that, slowly as the herse moved, and the chariot followed, I was afraid we should not have got her to St. Alban's. We put up there as I had intended. I was in hopes that she would have been better for the stop: But I was forced to leave her behind me. I ordered the servant-maid you were so considerately kind as to send down with her, to be very careful of her; and lest the chariot to attend her. She deserves all the regard that can be paid her; not only upon my Cousin's account, but on her own—She is an excellent woman.

When we were within five miles of Harlowe-Place, I put on a hand-gallop. I ordered the herse to proceed more slowly still, the cross-road we were in being rough; and having more time before us than I wanted; for I wished not the herse to be in till near dusk.

I got to Harlowe-Place about Four o'clock. You may believe I found a mournful house. You desire me

to be very minute.

At my entrance into the court, they were all in motion. Every fervant whom I saw had swelled eyes, and looked with so much concern, that at first I apprehended some new disaster had happened in the samily.

Mr. John and Mr. Antony Harlowe and Mrs. Hervey were there. They all helped on one another's grief, as they had before done each other's hardness of heart.

My Cousin James met me at the entrance of the hall. His countenance expressed a fixed concern; and he desired me to excuse his behaviour the last time I was there.

My Cousin Arabella came to me full of tears and grief.

O Coufin!

O Cousin! said she, hanging upon my arm, I dare not ask you any questions!—

About the approach of the herse, I suppose she meant. I myself was full of grief; and without going farther

or speaking, fat down in the hall in the first chair.

The Brother fat down on one hand of me, the Sifter on the other. Both were filent. The latter in tears.

Mr. Antony Harlowe came to me foon after. His face was overspread with all the appearance of woe. He requested me to walk into the parlour; where, as he said, were all his fellow-mourners.

I attended him in. My Coufins James and Arabella

followed me.

A perfect concert of grief, as I may fay, broke out

the moment I entered the parlour.

My Cousin Harlowe, the dear creature's Father, as foon as he saw me, said, O Cousin, Cousin, of all our family, you are the only one who have nothing to reproach yourself with!—You are a happy man!

The poor Mother bowing her head to me in speechless grief, sat with her handkerchief held to her eyes, with one hand. The other hand was held by her Sister Hervey, between both hers; Mrs. Hervey weeping

upon it.

Near the window fat Mr. John Harlowe, his face and his body turned from the forrowing company; his

eves red and fwelled.

My Cousin Antony, at his re-entering the parlour, went towards Mrs. Harlowe—Don't—dear Sister, said he!—Then towards my Cousin Harlowe—Don't—dear Brother!—Don't thus give way—And without being able to say another word, went to a corner of the parlour, and, wanting himself the comfort he would fain have given, such into a chair, and audibly sobbed.

Miss Arabella followed her Uncle Antony, as he walked in before me; and seemed as if she would have spoken to the pierced Mother some words of comfort. But she was unable to utter them, and got behind her

Mother's

Mother's chair; and inclining her face over it on the unhappy Lady's shoulder, seemed to claim the consolation that indulgent parent used, but then was unable to afford her.

Young Mr. Harlowe with all his vehemence of spirit was now subdued. His self-reproaching conscience, no

doubt, was the cause of it.

And what, Sir, must their thoughts be, which, at that moment, in a manner deprived them of all motion, and turned their speech into fighs and groans! - How to be pitied, how greatly to be pitied, all of them! But how much to be curfed that abhorred Lovelace, who, as it feems, by arts uncommon, and a villainy without example, has been the fole author of a woe fo complicated and extensive ! - God judge me, as - But I stop -The man (the man can I fay?) is your friend!—He already suffers, you tell me, in his intellect - Restore him, Heaven, to That-If I find the matter come out, as I apprehend it will-Indeed her own hint of his usage of her, as in her Will, is enough-Nor think, my beloved Cousin, thou darling of my heart! that thy gentle spirit, breathing charity and forgiveness to the vilest of men, shall avail him!

But once more I stop—Forgive me, Sir!—Who could behold such a scene, who could recollect it in order to describe it (as minutely as you wished me to relate how this unhappy family were affected on this sad occa-ston) every one of the mourners nearly related to himself, and not be exasperated against the author of all?

As I was the only person (grieved as I was myself) from whom any of them, at that instant, could derive comfort; Let us not, said I, my dear Cousin, approaching the inconsolable Mother, give way to a grief, which however just, can now avail us nothing. We hurt ourselves, and cannot recall the dear creature for whom we mourn. Nor would you wish it, if you knew with what assurances of eternal happiness she left the world.—She

is happy, Madam! - Depend upon it, she is happy!

And comfort yourselves with that assurance.

O Cousin, Cousin! cried the unhappy Mother, withdrawing her hand from that of her Sister Hervey, and pressing mine with it, You know not what a Child I have lost!—Then in a lower voice, And how lost!—

That it is that makes the loss insupportable.

They all joined in a kind of melancholy chorus, and each accused him and herself, and some of them one another. But the eyes of all, in turn, were cast upon my Cousin James as the person who had kept up the general resentment against so sweet a creature. While he was hardly able to bear his own remorse: Nor Miss Harlowe hers; she breaking out into words, How tauntingly did I write to her! How barbarously did I insult her! Yet how patiently did she take it!—Who would have thought that she had been so near her end!—O Brother, Brother!—But for you!—But for you!

Double not upon me, said he, my own woes!—I have every-thing before me that has passed!—I thought only to reclaim a dear creature that had erred! I intended not to break her tender heart!—But it was the villainous Lovelace who did that—Not any of us!—Yet, Cousin, did she not attribute all to me?—I fear she did!—Tell me only, did she name me, did she speak of me, in her last hours? I hope she, who could forgive the greatest villain on earth, and plead that he may be safe from our vengeance; I bope she could forgive me.

She died bleffing you all; and juftified rather than

condemned your feverity to her.

Then they set up another general lamentation. We see, said her Father, Enough we see in her heart-piercing Letters to us, what a happy frame she was in a few days before her death—But did it hold to the last? Had she no repinings? Had the dear child no heart-burnings?

None at all!—I never faw, and never shall see, so blessed a departure: And no wonder; for I never heard

of such a preparation. Every hour for weeks together was taken up in it. Let this be our comfort: We need only to wish for so happy an end for ourselves, and for those who are nearest to our hearts. We may any of us be grieved for acts of unkindness to her: But had all happened that once she wished for, she could not have made a happier, perhaps not so happy an end.

Dear Soul! and dear fweet Soul! the Father, Uncles, Sifter, my Cousin Hervey, cried out all at once

in accents of anguish inexpressibly affecting.

We must for ever be disturbed for those acts of un-kindness to so sweet a child, cried the unhappy Mother!
—Indeed! indeed! [softly to her Sister Hervey] I have been too passive, much too passive, in this case!—The temporary quiet I have been so studious all my life to preserve, has cost me everlasting disquiet!—

There she stopt.

Dear Sifter! was all Mrs. Hervey could fay.

I have done but half my duty to the dearest and most meritorious of children, resumed the forrowing Mother!

Nay, not half!—How have we hardened our hearts against her!—

Again her tears denied passage to her words.

My dearest, dearest Sister! again was all Mrs. Her-

vey could fay.

Would to Heaven, proceeded, exclaiming, the poor Mother, I had but once feen her! Then turning to my Cousin James and his Sifter—O my Son! O my Arabella! If WE were to receive as little mercy—

And there again she stopt, her tears interrupting her further speech: Every one, all the time, remaining silent; their countenances shewing a grief in their hearts

too big for expression.

Now you see, Mr. Belford, that my dearest Cousin could be allowed all her merit!—What a dreadful thing is after-reflection upon a conduct so perverse and unnatural?

O this curfed friend of yours, Mr. Belford! This detefted Lovelace!—To him, To him is owing—

Pardon

Pardon me, Sir. I will lay down my pen till I have recovered my temper.

One in the Morning.

In vain, Sir, have I endeavoured to compose myself to rest. You wished me to be very particular, and I cannot help it. This melancholy subject fills my whole

mind. I will proceed, tho' it be midnight.

About Six o'clock the herse came to the outward gate—The parish-church is at some distance; but the wind sitting fair, the afflicted family were struck, just before it came, into a fresh sit of grief, on hearing the Funeral Bell tolled in a very solemn manner. A respect, as it proved, and as they all guessed, paid to the memory of the dear deceased out of officious love, as the herse passed near the church.

Judge, when their grief was so great in expectation

of it, what it must be when it arrived.

A fervant came in to acquaint us with what its lumbering heavy noise up the paved inner Court-yard apprised us of before.

He spoke not. He could not speak. He looked,

bowed, and withdrew.

I stept out. No one else could then stir. Her Brother, however, soon sollowed me.

When I came to the door, I beheld a fight very af-

fecting.

You have heard, Sir, how univerfally my dear Coufin was beloved. By the poor and middling fort especially, no young Lady was ever so much beloved. And with reason: She was the common patroness of all the

honest poor in her neighbourhood.

It is natural for us in every deep and fincere grief to interest all we know in what is so concerning to ourselves. The servants of the family, it seems, had told their friends, and those theirs, that the, living, their dear young Lady could not be received nor looked upon, her body was permitted to be brought home. The space of time was so confined, that those who knew when she

died, must easily guess near the time the herse was to come. A herse, passing thro' country villages, and from London, however slenderly attended (for the chariot, as I have said, waited upon poor Mrs. Norton) takes every one's attention. Nor was it hard to guess whose this must be, tho' not adorned by escutcheons, when the cross-roads to Harlowe-Place were taken, as soon as it came within six miles of it: so that the herse, and the solemn Tolling of the Pell, had drawn together at least sifty of the neighbouring men, women, and children, and some of good appearance. Not a soul of them, it seems, with a dry eye; and each lamenting the death of this admired Lady, who, as I am told, never stirred out, but somebody was the better for her.

These, when the cossin was taken out of the herse, crouding about it, hindered, for a few moments, its being carried in; the young people struggling who should bear it; and yet with respectful whisperings, rather than clamorous contention. A mark of veneration I had never before seen paid, upon any occasion, in all my travels, from the under-bred Many, from whom noise is generally inseparable in all their emulations.

At last Six maidens were permitted to carry it in by

the Six handles.

The corpse was thus borne, with the most solemn respect, into the hall, and placed for the present upon two stools there. The plates, and emblems, and infeription, set every one gazing upon it, and admiring it. The more, when they were told, that all was of her own ordering. They wished to be permitted a sight of the corpse; but rather mentioned this as their wish than as their hope. When they had all satisfied their curiosity, and remarked upon the emblems, they dispersed with blessings upon her memory, and with tears and lamentations; pronouncing her to be happy; and inferring, were She not so, what would become of Them? While others ran over with repetitions of the good she delighted to do. Nor were there wanting

those among them, who heaped curses upon the man who was the author of her fall.

They could not before: And that afforded a new scene of forrow: But a filent one; for they spoke only by their eyes, and by sighs, looking upon the lid, and upon one another, by turns, with hands listed up. The prefence of their young master possibly might awe them, and cause their grief to be expressed only in dumb shew.

As for Mr. James Harlowe (who accompanied me, but withdrew when he saw the croud) he stood looking upon the lid, when the people had left it, with a fixed attention: Yet, I dare say, knew not a symbol or letter upon it at that moment, had the question been asked him. In a profound reverie he stood, his arms solded, his head on one side, and marks of stupesaction im-

printed upon every feature.

But when the corpse was carried into the lesser parlour, adjoining to the hall, which she used to call her parlour, and put upon a table in the middle of the room, and the Father and Mother, the two Uncles, her Aunt Hervey, and her Sister, came in, joining her Brother and me, with trembling seet, and eager woe, the scene was still more affecting. Their forrow was heightened, no doubt, by the remembrance of their unforgiving severity: And now seeing before them the receptacle that contained the glory of their family, who so lately was driven thence by their indiscreet violence; never, never more to be restored to them! no wonder that their grief was more than common grief.

They would have with-held the Mother, it feems, from coming in: But when they could not, tho' undetermined before, they all bore her company, led on by an impulse they could not resist. The poor Lady but just cast her eye upon the cossin, and then snatched it away, retiring with passionate grief towards the window; yet addressing herself, with classed hands, as if to her beloved daughter; O my Child, my Child! cried she;

thou

thou pride of my hope! Why was I not permitted to fpeak pardon and peace to thee!—O forgive thy cruel Mother!

Her Son (his heart then foftened, as his eyes shewed) befought her to withdraw: And her woman looking in at that moment, he called her to affish him in conducting her Lady into the middle parlour: And then returning, met his Father going out at the door, who also had but just cast his eye on the cossin, and yielded to my entreaties to withdraw.

His grief was too deep for utterance, till he saw his Son coming in; and then, fetching a heavy groan, Never, said he, was forrow like my forrow!—O Son! Son!—in a reproaching accent, his face turned from

him.

I attended him thro' the middle parlour, endeavouring to confole him. His Lady was there in agonies. She took his eye. He made a motion towards her: O my dear, faid he—But turning fhort, his eyes as full as his heart, he haftened thro' to the great parlour: And when there, he defired me to leave him to himself.

The Uncles and the Sister looked and turned away, looked and turned away, very often upon the emblems, in filent forrow. Mrs. Hervey would have read to them the inscription—These words she did read, Here the wicked cease from troubling—But could read no farther. Her tears fell in large drops upon the plate she was contemplating; and yet she was desirous of gratifying a curiosity that mingled impatience with her grief because she could not gratify it, altho' she often wiped her eyes as they flowed.

Judge you, Mr. Belford (for you have great humanity) how I must be affected. Yet was I forced to try

to comfort them All.

But here I will close this Letter, in order to send it to you in the morning early. Nevertheless, I will begin another, upon supposition that my doleful prolixity will not be disagreeable to you. Indeed I am altogether indisposed

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disposed for rest, as I mentioned before. So can do nothing but write. I have also more melancholy scenes to paint. My pen, if I may so say, is untired. These scenes are fresh upon my memory: And I myself, perhaps, may owe to you the savour of a review of them, with such other papers as you shall think proper to oblige me with, when heavy grief has given way to milder melancholy.

My fervant, in his way to you with this Letter, shall call at St. Alban's upon the good woman, that he may inform you how she does. Miss Arabella asked me after her, when I withdrew to my chamber; to which she complaisantly accompanied me. She was much concerned at the bad way we left her in; and said her Mo-

ther would be more fo.

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No wonder that the dear departed, who foresaw the remorse that would fall to the lot of this unhappy family when they came to have the news of her death confirmed to them, was so grieved for their apprehended grief, and endeavoured to comfort them by her posthumous Letters. But it was still a greater generosity in her to try to excuse them to me, as she did when we were alone together, a sew hours before she died; and to aggravate more than (as far as I can find) she ought to have done, the only error she was ever guilty of. The more freely however perhaps (exalted creature!) that I might think the better of her friends, although at her own expence. I am, dear Sir,

Your faithful and obedient Servant, WM. MORDEN.

LETTER XXI.

Colonel MORDEN. In Continuation.

WHEN the unhappy mourners were all retired, I directed the lid of the coffin to be unfcrewed, and caused some fresh aromatics and flowers to be put into it.

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The corpfe was very little altered, notwithstanding

the journey. The fweet smile remained.

The maids who brought the flowers were ambitious of strewing them about it: They poured forth fresh lamentations over her; each wishing she had been so happy as to have been allowed to attend her in London. One of them particularly, who is, it seems, my Cousin Arabella's personal servant, was more clamorous in her grief than any of the rest; and the moment she turned her back, all the others allowed she had reason for it. I enquired afterwards about her, and sound, that this creature was set over my dear Cousin, when she was confined to her chamber by indiscreet severity.

Good heaven! that they should treat, and suffer thus to be treated, a young Lady, who was qualified to give

laws to all her family!

When my Cousins were told, that the lid was unferew'd, they pres'd in again, all but the mournful Father and Mother, as if by consent. Mrs. Hervey kissed her pale lips. Flower of the world! was all she could say; and gave place to Miss Arabella; who kissing the forehead of her whom she had so cruelly treated, could only say, to my Cousin James (looking upon the corpse, and upon him) O Brother!—While he, taking the fair lifeless hand, kissed it, and retreated with precipitation.

Her two Uncles were speechless. They seemed to wait each other's example, whether to look upon the corpse, or not. I ordered the lid to be replaced; and then they pressed forward, as the others again did, to take a last farewel of the casket which so lately con-

tained fo rich a jewel.

Then it was that the grief of each found fluent expression; and the fair corpse was addressed to, with all the tenderness that the sincerest love and warmest admiration could inspire; each according to their different degrees of relationship, as if none of them had before looked upon her. She was their very Niece, both Un-

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cles faid! The injured Saint, her Uncle Harlowe! The fame smiling Sister, Arabella!—The dear creature! all of them!—The same benignity of countenance! The same sweet composure! The same natural dignity!—She was questionless happy! That sweet smile betokened her being so! Themselves most unhappy!—And then, once more, the Brother took the lifeless hand, and vowed revenge upon it, on the cursed author of all this distress.

The unhappy parents proposed to take one last view and farewel of their once darling Daughter. The Father was got to the parlour-door, after the inconsolable Mother: But neither of them were able to enter it. The Mother said, She must once more see the child of her heart, or she should never enjoy herself. But they both agreed to refer their melancholy curiosity till the next day; and hand in hand retired inconsolable, and speechless both, their faces overspread with woe, and turned from each other, as unable each to behold the distress of the other.

When all were withdrawn, I retired, and fent for my Coufin James, and acquainted him with his Sister's request in relation to the discourse to be pronounced at her interrment; telling him how necessary it was, that the Minister, whoever he were, should have the earliest notice given him that the case would admit. He lamented the death of the reverend Dr. Lewen, who, as he said, was a great admirer of his Sister, as she was of him, and would have been the fittest of all men for that office.

He spoke with great asperity of Mr. Brand, upon whose light enquiry after his Sister's character in town, he was willing to lay some of the blame due to himself.

Mr. Melvill, Dr. Lewen's affishant, must, he said, be the man; and he praised him for his abilities, his elocution, and unexceptionable manners; and promised to engage him early in the morning.

He called out his Sifter, and she was of his opinion.

So I left this upon them.

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They both, with no little warmth, hinted their difapprobation of you, Sir, for their Sister's Executor, on the score of your intimate friendship with the author of her ruin.

You must not resent any-thing I shall communicate to you of what they say on this occasion: Depending that you will not, I shall write with the greater freedom.

I told them how much my dear Cousin was obliged to your friendship and humanity: The injunctions she had laid you under, and your own inclination to observe them. I said, That you were a man of honour: That you were desirous of consulting me, because you would not willingly give offence to any of them; and that I was very fond of cultivating your favour and correspondence.

They faid, There was no need of an Executor out of their family; and they hoped that you would relinquish so unnecessary a trust, as they called it. My Cousin James declared, that he would write to you as soon as the funeral was over, to desire that you would do so, upon proper assurances that all that the Will prescribed should be performed.

I said, You were a man of resolution: That I thought he would hardly succeed; for that you made a point of

honour of it.

I then shewed them their Sister's posthumous Letter to you; in which she confesses her obligations to you, and regard for you, and for your future welfare (a). You may believe, Sir, they were extremely affected

with the perusal of it.

They were surprised, that I had given up to you the produce of her Grandsather's Estate, since his death. I told them plainly, that they must thank themselves if any-thing disagreeable to them occurred from their Sister's devise; deserted, and thrown into the hands of strangers, as she had been.

They

They faid, they would report all I had faid to their Father and Mother; adding, That great as their trouble was, they found they had more still to come. But if Mr. Belford were to be the Executor of her Will, contrary to their hopes, they befought me to take the trouble of transacting every-thing with you; that a friend of the man to whom they owed all their calamity, might not appear to them.

They were extremely moved at the Text their Sifter had chosen for the subject of the funeral discourse (a). I had extracted from the Will that article, supposing it probable, that I might not so soon have an opportunity to shew them the Will itself, as would otherwise have been necessary, on account of the interrment: Which

cannot be delayed.

Monday Morning between Eight and Nine.

THE unhappy family are preparing for a mournful meeting at breakfast. Mr. James Harlowe, who has had as little rest as I, has written to Mr. Melvill, who has promised to draw up a brief Eulogium on the deceased. Miss Howe is expected here by-and-by, to see, for the last time, her beloved friend.

Miss Howe, by her messenger, desires she may not be taken any notice of. She shall not tarry Six minutes, was the word. Her desire will be easily granted her.

Her servant, who brought the request, if it were denied, was to return, and meet her; for she was ready to set out in her chariot, when he got on horseback.

If he met her not with the refusal, he was to stay

here till she came. I am, Sir,

Your faithful humble Servant,

WILLIAM MORDEN.

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LETTER XXII.

Colonel MORDEN. In Continuation.

SIR, Monday Afternoon, Sept. 11.

W E are such bad company here to one another, that it is some relief to retire, and write.

I was summoned to breakfast about half an hour after nine. Slowly did the mournful congress meet. Each, lifelesty and spiritless, took our places, with swoln eyes, enquiring, without expecting any tolerable account, how each had rested.

The forrowing Mother gave for answer, That she

should never more know what Rest was.

By the time we were well feated, the bell ringing, the outward gate opening, a chariot rattling over the pavement of the court-yard, put them into emotion.

I left them; and was just time enough to give Miss Howe my hand, as she alighted: Her maid in tears re-

maining in the chariot.

I think you told me, Sir, you never faw Miss Howe. She is a fine graceful young Lady. A fixed melancholy on her whole aspect, overclouded a vivacity and fire, which, nevertheless, darted now-and-then through the awful gloom. I shall ever respect her for her love to my dear Cousin.

Never did I think, faid she, as she gave me her hand, to enter more these doors: But, living or dead,

my Clarissa brings me after her any-whither!

She entered with me the little parlour; and feeing the coffin, withdrew her hand from mine, and with impatience pushed aside the lid. As impatiently she removed the face-cloth. In a wild air, she classed her uplisted hands together; and now looked upon the corpse, now up to Heaven, as if appealing to That. Her bosom heaved and fluttered discernible thro' her handkerchief, and at last she broke silence;—O Sir!—See you not here—the glory of her

Sex?—Thus by the most villainous of yours—Thus—laid low!

O my bleffed Friend! faid she—My sweet Companion!—my lovely Monitress!—kiffing her lips at every tender appellation. And is this All!—Is it All, of my

CLARISSA'S Story!

Then, after a short pause, and a prosound sigh, she turned to me, and then to her breathless friend.—But is she, can she be, really dead!—O no!—She only sleeps.—Awake, my beloved Friend! My sweet clay-cold Friend, awake! Let thy Anna Howe revive thee; by her warm breath revive thee, my dear creature! And, kissing her again, Let my warm lips animate thy cold ones!

Then, fighing again, as from the bottom of her heart, and with an air, as if disappointed that she answered not, And can such perfection end thus! —And art thou really and indeed flown from thine Anna Howe!

-O my unkind CLARISSA!

She was filent a few moments, and then, feeming to recover herself, she turned to me—Forgive, forgive, Mr. Morden, this wild phrensy!—I am not myself!—I never shall be!—You knew not the Excellence, no, not half the Excellence, that is thus laid low!—Repeating, This cannot, surely, be All of my CLARISSA's Story!

Again paufing, One tear, my beloved friend, didst thou allow me!—But this dumb forrow!—O for a tear to ease my full-swoln heart, that is just bursting!—

But why, Sir, why, Mr. Morden, was she sent hither? Why not to me?—She has no Father, no Mother, no Relations; no, not one!—They had all renounced her. I was her sympathizing friend—And had not I the best right to my dear creature's remains?— And must Names, without Nature, be preferred to such a Love as mine?

Again she kissed her lips, each cheek, her forehead;
—and sighed as if her heart would break—

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But why, why, said she, was I with-held from seeing my dearest dear friend, before she commenced Angel?—Delaying still, and too easily persuaded to delay, the friendly visit that my heart panted after; what pain will this reslection give me!—O my blessed Friend! Who knows, who knows, had I come in time, what my

cordial comfortings might have done for thee!

But—looking round her, as if she apprehended seeing fome of the family—One more kiss, my Angel, my Friend, my ever-to-be-regretted, lost Companion! And let me fly this hated house, which I never loved but for thy sake!—Adieu, then, my dearest Clarissa!—Thou art happy,—I doubt not, as thou affuredst me in thy last Letter!—O may we meet, and rejoice together, where no villainous Lovelaces, no hard-hearted Relations, will ever shock our innocence, or russe our felicity!

Again she was silent, unable to go, tho' seeming to intend it; struggling, as it were, with her grief, and heaving with anguish: At last, happily, a flood of tears gushed from her eyes—Now!—Now!—said she, shall I—shall I—be easier. But for this kindly relief, my heart would have burst asunder—More, many more tears than these are due to my Clarisa, whose counsel has done for me what mine could not do for her!—But why, looking earnessly upon her, her hands classed and listed up—But why do I thus lament the Happy? And that thou art so, is my comfort. It is, It is, my dear creature! kissing her again.

Excuse me, Sir [turning to me, who was as much moved as herself]; I loved the dear creature, as never woman loved another. Excuse my frantic grief. How has the Glory of her Sex fallen a victim to villainy,

and to hard-heartedness!

Madam, faid I, they All have it !- Now indeed they

have it -

And let them have it !—I should bely my Love for the friend of my heart, were I to pity them !—But how

how unhappy am I [looking upon her] that I faw her not before these Eyes were shut, before these Lips were for ever closed!—Oh! Sir, you know not the wisdom that continually flowed from these Lips when she spoke!

Nor what a Friend I have lost!

Then, furveying the lid, she seemed to take in at once the meaning of the emblems: And this gave her so much fresh grief, that tho' she several times wiped her eyes, she was unable to read the Inscription and Texts: Turning therefore to me, Favour me, Sir, I pray you, by a line, with the description of these emblems, and with these texts: And if I might be allowed a lock of the dear creature's hair—

I told her, that her Executor would order both; and would also fend her a copy of her last Will; in which she would find the most grateful remembrances of her Love for her, whom she calls The Sister of her Heart.

Justly, said she, does she call me so; for we had but one heart, but one soul, between us: And now my

better half is torn from me, -what shall I do?

But looking round her, on a fervant's stepping by the door, as if again she had apprehended it was some of the family—Once more, said she, a solemn, an everlasting adieu!—Alas for me! a solemn, an everlasting adieu!

Then again embracing her face with both her hands, and kissing it, and afterwards the hands of the dear deceased, first one, then the other, she gave me her hand; and, quitting the room with precipitation, rush'd into her chariot; and, when there, with profound sighs, and a fresh burst of tears, unable to speak, she bowed her head to me, and was driven away.

The inconsolable company saw how much I had been moved, on my return to them. Mr. James Harlowe had been telling them what had passed between him and me: And, finding myself unfit for company, and observing, that they broke off talk at my coming-in, I thought it proper to leave them to their consultations.

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And here I will put an end to this Letter; for indeed, Sir, the very recollection of this affecting scene has left me nearly as unable to proceed, as I was, just after it, to converse with my Cousins. I am, Sir, with great truth,

Your most obedient humble Servant,
WILLIAM MORDEN.

LETTER XXIII.

Colonel MORDEN. In Continuation.

Tuesday Morning, Sept. 12.

THE good Mrs. Norton is arrived, a little amended in her spirits: Owing to the very posthumous Letters, as I may call them, which you, Mr. Belford, as well as I, apprehended would have had fatal effects

upon her.

I cannot but attribute this to the right turn of her mind. It feems she has been enured to afflictions; and has lived in a constant hope of a better life; and, having no acts of unkindness to the dear deceased to reproach herself with, is most considerately resolved to exert her utmost fortitude in order to comfort the forrowing Mother.

O Mr. Belford, how does the character of my dear departed Cousin rise upon me from every mouth!—Had she been my own Child, or my Sister!—But do you think, that the man who occasioned this great, this

extended ruin-But I forbear.

The Will is not to be looked into, till the funeral rites are performed. Preparations are making for the folemnity; and the fervants as well as principals of all the branches of the family are put into close mourning.

I have feen Mr. Melvill. He is a ferious and fenfible man. I have given him particulars to go upon in the discourse he is to pronounce at the funeral: But had the less need to do this, as I find he is extremely well acquainted acquainted with the whole unhappy Story; and was a personal admirer of my dear Cousin, and a sincere lamenter of her missfortunes and death. The reverend Dr. Lewen, who is but very lately dead, was his particular friend, and had once intended to recommend him to her savour and notice.

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I AM just returned from attending the afflicted parents, in an effort they made to see the corpse of their beloved child. They had requested my company, and that of the good Mrs. Norton. A last leave, the Mo-

ther faid, the must take!

An effort, however, it was, and no more. The moment they came in fight of the coffin, before the lid could be put aside, O my dear, said the Father, retreating, I cannot, I find I cannot, bear it !- Had I-Had I—Had I never been hard-hearted!—Then turning round to his Lady, he had but just time to catch her in his arms, and prevent her finking on the floor. O my dearest life! said he, This is too much!—Too much indeed!—Let us, let us retire. Mrs. Norton, who (attracted by the awful receptacle) had but just left the good Lady, haftened to her - Dear, dear woman, cried the unhappy Parent, flinging her arms about her neck, Bear me, bear me, hence ! - O my child! my child! My own Clariffa Harlowe! Thou pride of my life so lately !- Never, never more, must I behold thee!

I supported the unhappy Father, Mrs. Norton the finking Mother, into the next parlour. She threw herfelf on a settee there: He into an elbow-chair by her: The good woman at her seet, her arms clasped round her waist. The two Mothers, as I may call them, of my beloved Cousin, thus tenderly engaged! What a variety of distress in these wosul scenes!

The unhappy Father, in endeavouring to comfort his Lady, loaded himself. Would to God, my dear, said he, would to God, I had no more to charge my-

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felf with, than you have !- You relented !- You would

have prevailed upon me to relent!

The greater my fault, faid the, when I knew that displeasure was carried too high, to acquiesce as I did! What a barbarous parent was I, to let two angry children make me forget that I was Mother to a third-To fuch a Third !-

Mrs. Norton used arguments and prayers to comfort her-O my dear Norton, answered the unhappy Lady, You was the dear creature's more natural Mother! Would to Heaven I had no more to answer for than

you have!

Thus the unhappy pair unavailingly recriminated, till my Cousin Hervey entered, and, with Mrs. Norton, conducted up to her own chamber the inconsolable Mother. The two Uncles, and Mr. Hervey, came in at the same time, and prevailed upon the afflicted Father to retire with them to his-Both giving up all thoughts of ever feeing more the child whose death was fo defervedly regretted by them.

Time only, Mr. Belford, can combat with advantage fuch a heavy deprivation as this. Advice will not do, while the loss is recent. Nature will have way given to it (and so it ought) till forrow has in a manner exhaufted itself; and then Reason and Religion will come in feafonably with their powerful aids, to raife

the drooping heart.

I fee here no face that is the fame I faw at my first arrival. Proud and haughty every countenance then. unyielding to entreaty: Now, how greatly are they humbled!—The utmost distress is apparent in every protracted feature, and in every burfting muscle, of each disconsolate mourner. Their eyes, which so lately flashed anger and resentment, now are turned to every one that approaches them, as if imploring pity! - Could ever wilful hard-heartedness be more severely punished?

The following lines of Juvenal are, upon the whole, applicable applicable to this House and Family: And I have revolved them many times since Sunday evening:

Humani generis mores tibi nosse volenti Sufficit una domus: paucos consume dies, & Dicere te miserum, postquam illinc veneris, aude.

Let me add, That Mrs. Norton has communicated to the family the posthumous Letter sent her. This Letter affords a foundation for future consolation to them; but at present it has new-pointed their grief, by making them restect on their cruelty to so excellent a Daughter, Niece, and Sister (a). I am, dear Sir,

Your faithful humble Servant,

WM. MORDEN.

LETTER XXIV.

Colonel MORDEN. In Continuation.

Thursday Night, Sept. 14.

W E are just returned from the solemnization of the last mournful Rite. My Cousin James and his Sister, Mr. and Mrs. Hervey, and their daughter, a young Lady whose affection for my departed Cousin shall ever bind me to her; my Cousins John and Antony Harlowe, myself, and some other more distant relations

(a) This Letter contains in substance: 'Her thanks to the good woman for her care of her in her infancy; for her good instructions, and the excellent example she had set her: With self-accusations of a

vanity and prefumption, which lay lurking in her heart unknown to herself, till her calamities (obliging her to look into herself) brought

them to light.
She expatiates upon the benefit of afflictions to a mind modeft.

fearful, and diffident.

She comforts her on her early death; having finished, as she says, her probatory course, at so early a time of life, when many are not ripened by the Sunshine of Divine Grace for a better, till they are

· Fifty, Sixty, or Seventy years of age.

I hope, fays she, that my Father will grant the request I have made to him in my last Will, to let you pass the remainder of your days at my Dairy bouse, as it used to be called, where once I promised myself to be happy in you. Your discretion, prudence, and occonomy,

relations of the names of Fuller and Allinson (who, to testify their respect to the memory of the dear deceased, had put themselves in mourning) self-invited, attended it.

The Father and Mother would have joined in these last honours, had they been able: But they were both

very much indisposed; and continue to be so.

The inconfolable Mother told Mrs. Norton, that the two Mothers of the fweetest Child in the world ought not, on this occasion, to be separated. She

therefore defired her to flay with her.

The whole folemnity was performed with great decency and order. The distance from Harlowe-Place to the Church is about half a mile. All the way the corpse was attended by great numbers of people of all conditions.

It was Nine when it entered the church; every corner of which was crouded. Such a profound, such a filent respect did I never see paid at the suneral of princes. An attentive sadness overspread the sace of All.

The Eulogy pronounced by Mr. Melvill was a very

- my dear good woman, proceeds she, will make your presiding over the
- concerns of that house as beneficial to them, as it can be convenient to you. For your sake, my dear Mrs. Norton, I hope they will make
- you this offer. And, if they do, I hope you will accept of it, for theirs.'

She remembers herself to her Foster-brother in a very kind manner:
And charges her, for his sake, that she will not take too much to heart
what has befallen her.

She concludes as follows:

- Remember me, in the last place, to all my kind well-wishers of your acquaintance; and to those whom I used to call My Poor. They
- will be God's Poor, if they trust in Him. I have taken such care,
- that I hope they will not be lofers by my death. Bid them therefore
- rejoice; and do you also, my reverend comforter and sustainer (as well in my darker, as in my fairer days) likewise rejoice, that I am so soon
- delivered from the evils that were before me; and that I am NO W.
- when this comes to your hand, as I humbly truft, exulting in the
- mercies of a gracious God, who has conducted me thro' the greatest
- trials in fafety, and put so happy an end to all my temptations and differess: And who, I most humbly trust, will, in his own good time,
- give us a joyful meeting in the regions of eternal bleffedness.

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pathetic one. He wiped his own eyes often, and made every-body present still oftener wipe theirs.

The auditors were most particularly affected, when he told them, that the solemn Text was her own choice.

He enumerated her fine qualities, naming with ho-

nour their late worthy Pastor for his authority.

Every enumerated excellence was witnessed to in different parts of the church in respectful whispers by different persons, as of their own knowlege, as I have been since informed.

When he pointed to the pew where (doing credit to Religion by her example) fhe used to fit or kneel, the whole auditory, as one person, turned to the pew with the most respectful solemnity, as if she had been herself there.

When the gentleman attributed condescension and mingled dignity to her, a buzzing approbation was given to the attribute throughout the church; and a poor neat woman under my pew added, 'That she was 'indeed all graciousness, and would speak to any-body.'

Many eyes ran over, when he mentioned her charities, her well-judged charities. And her reward was decreed from every mouth, with fighs and fobs from fome, and these words from others, 'The poor will

dearly miss her.'

The chearful giver, whom God is said to love, was allowed to be her: And a young Lady, I am told, said, It was Miss Clarissa Harlowe's care to find out the unhappy, upon a sudden distress, before the sighing

heart was overwhelmed by it.

She had a fet of poor people, chosen for their remarkable honesty and ineffectual industry. These voluntarily paid their last attendance on their benefactress; and mingling in the church as they could croud near the eyle where the corpse was on Stands, it was the less wonder that her praises from the Preacher met with such general and such grateful whispers of approbation.

Some it feems there were who knowing her unhappy

ftory, remarked upon the dejected looks of the Brother, and the drowned eyes of the Sister; 'O what would 'they now give, they'd warrant, had they not been 'fo hard-hearted!'—Others pursued, as I may say, the severe Father, and unhappy Mother, into their chambers at home.—'They answered for their relenting, now, that it was too late!—What must be their 'grief!—No wonder they could not be present!'

Several expressed their astonishment, as people do every hour, 'that a man could live whom such perfections could not engage to be just to her;' To be humane, I may say.—And who, her rank and fortune considered, could be so disregardful of his own interest,

had he had no other motive to be just !-

The good Divine, led by his text, just touched upon the unhappy step that was the cause of her untimely fate. He attributed it to the State of things below, in which there could not be absolute perfection. He very politely touched upon the noble distain she shewed (tho' earnestly solicited by a whole splendid family) to join interests with a man, whom she sound unworthy of her esteem and considence; and who courted her with the utmost earnestness to accept of him.

What he most insisted upon was, the happy End she made; and thence drew consolation to her relations,

and instruction to the auditory.

In a word, his performance was fuch as heightened the reputation which he had before in a very eminent

degree obtained.

When the corpse was to be carried down into the vault (a very spacious one, within the church) there was great crouding to see the cossin-lid, and the devices upon it. Particularly two gentlemen, mussled up in cloaks, pressed forward. These, it seems, were Mr. Mullins and Mr. Wyerley; both of them professed admirers of my dear Cousin.

When they came near the coffin, and cast their eyes upon the lid, 'In that little space, said Mr. Mullins,

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' is included all human excellence!'—And then Mr. Wyerley, unable to contain himself, was forced to quit the church; and we hear is very ill.

It is faid, that Mr. Solmes was in a remote part of the church, wrapped round in a horseman's coat: And that he shed tears several times. But I saw him not.

Another gentleman was there incognito, in a pew near the entrance of the vault, who had not been taken notice of, but for his great emotion when he looked over his pew, at the time the coffin was carried down to its last place. This was Miss Howe's worthy Mr. Hickman.

My Coufins John and Antony, and their Nephew James, chose not to descend into the vault among their

departed ancestors.

Miss Harlowe was extremely affected. Her Confcience, as well as her Love, was concerned on the occasion. She would go down with the corpse of her dear, her only Sister, she said: But her Brother would not permit it. And her overwhelmed eye pursued the cossin till she could see no more of it: And then she threw herself on the seat, and was near fainting away.

I accompanied it down, that I might not only fatisfy myself, but you, Sir, her Executor, that it was deposited, as she had directed, at the seet of her Grand-

father.

Mr. Melvill came down, contemplated the lid, and fhed a few tears over it. I was so well satisfied with his discourse and behaviour, that I presented him on the solemn spot with a ring of some value; and thanked him for his performance.

And here I left the Remains of my beloved Cousin; having bespoken my own place by the side of her

coffin.

On my return to Harlowe-Place, I contented myfelf with fending my compliments to the forrowing parents, and retired to my chamber. Nor am I ashamed to own, that I could not help giving way to

a repeated fit of humanity, as foon as I entered it. I

SIR.

Your most faithful and obedient Servant,

WM. MORDEN.

P. S. You will have a Letter from my Coufin James, who hopes to prevail upon you to relinquish the Executorship. It has not my encouragement.

LETTER XXV.

Mr. BELFORD, To WILLIAM MORDEN, E/q; Saturday, Sept. 16. Dear Sir.

T Once had thoughts to go down privately, in order, difguifed, to fee the last solemnity performed. But there was no need to give myfelf this melancholy trouble, fince your last Letter so naturally describes all that

passed, that I have every scene before my eyes.

You croud me, Sir, methinks, into the filent flow procession-Now with the facred Bier do I enter the awful Porch: Now measure I, with solemn paces, the venerable Eyle: Now, ambitious of a relationship to her, placed in a near pew to the eye-attracting coffin, do I listen to the moving Eulogy: Now, thro' the buz of gaping, eye-fwoln crouds, do I descend into the clammy vault, as a true Executor, to fee that part of her Will performed with my own eyes. There, with a foul filled with mufing, do I number the furrounding monuments of mortality, and contemplate the present stillness of so many once busy vanities, crouded all into one poor vaulted nook, as if the living grudged room for the corpfe of those, for which, when animated, the earth, the air, and the waters, could hardly find room. Then feeing her placed at the feet of him whose earthly delight she was; and who, as I find, ascribes to the pleasure she gave him, the prolongation of his own life (a); fighing, and with averted face, I quit the folemn mansion, the symbolic coffin, and, for ever, the glory of her Sex; and ascend with those, who, in a few years, after a very short blaze of life, will fill up other spaces of the same vault, which now (while they mourn only for her, whom they jointly

perfecuted) they press with their feet.

Nor do your affecting descriptions permit me here to stop: But, ascended, I mingle my tears and my praises with those of the numerous spectators. I accompany the afflicted mourners back to their uncomfortable mansion; and make one in the general concert of unavailing woe; till retiring, as I imagine, as they retire, like them, in reality, I give up to new scenes of solitary and sleepless grief; reslecting upon the perfections I have seen the end of; and having no relief but from an indignation, which makes me approve of the resentments of others against the unhappy man, and those equally unhappy relations of hers, to whom the irreparable loss is owing.

Forgive me, Sir, these reflections; and permit me, with This, to send you what you declined receiving

till the Funeral was over-

He gives him then an account of the money and effects which he fends him down by this opportunity, for the Legatees at Harlowe-Place, and in its neighbourhood; which he desires him to dispose of accord-

ing to the Wall.

He also sends him an account of other steps he has taken in pursuance of the Will; and desires to know, if Mr. Harlowe expects the discharge of the funeral expences from the effects in his hands; and the reimbursement of the sums advanced to the Testatrix since her Grandsather's death.

These expeditious proceedings, says he, will convince Mr. James Harlowe, that I am resolved to see the Will completely executed; and yet, by my manner of doing it, that I desire not to give unnecessary mortifica-

mortifications to the family, fince every-thing that relates to them shall pass thro' your hands.

LETTER XXVI.

Mr. James Harlowe, To John Belford, Efq;

SIR, Harlowe-Place, Friday Night, Sept. 15.

I Hope from the character my worthy Cousin Morden gives you, that you will excuse the application I make to you, to oblige a whole family in an affair that much concerns their peace, and cannot equally concern any-body else. You will immediately judge, Sir, that This is the Executorship of which my Sister has given you the trouble by her Last Will.

We shall all think ourselves extremely obliged to you, if you please to relinquish this Trust to our own family; the reasons which follow pleasing for our ex-

pectation of this favour from you:

First, Because she never would have had the thought of troubling you, Sir, if she had believed any of her near relations would have taken it upon themselves.

Secondly, I understand, that she recommends to you in the Will to trust to the honour of any of our family, for the performance of such of the articles as are of a domestic nature. We are any of us, and all of us, if you request it, willing to stake our honours upon this occasion: And all you can desire, as a man of honour, is, That the Trust be executed.

We are the more concerned, Sir, to wish you to decline this office, because of your short and accidental knowlege of the dear Testatrix, and long and intimate acquaintance with the man to whom she owed her ruin, and we the greatest loss and disappointment (her manifold excellencies considered) that ever besel a family.

You will allow due weight, I dare say, to this plea, if you make our case your own: And so much the readier, when I assure you, that your interfering in this matter so much against our inclinations (Excuse,

Sir,

Sir, my plain-dealing) will very probably occasion an opposition in some points, where otherwise there might be none.

What therefore I propose is, Not that my Father should assume this Trust: He is too much afflicted to undertake it—Nor yet myself—I might be thought too much concerned in interest: But that it may be allowed to devolve upon my two Uncles; whose known honour, and whose affection to the dear deceased, nobody ever doubted: And they will treat with you, Sir, thro' my Cousin Morden, as to the points they will undertake to perform.

The trouble you have already had, will well entitle you to the legacy she bequeaths you, together with the reimbursement of all the charges you have been at, and allowance of the legacies you have discharged, altho' you should not have qualified yourself to act as an Executor; as I presume you have not yet done; nor

will now do.

Your compliance, Sir, will oblige a family (who have already distress enough upon them) in the circumstance that occasions this application to you; and more particularly, Sir,

Your most bumble Servant,

JAMES HARLOWE jun.

I fend this by one of my fervants, who will attend your dispatch.

LETTER XXVII.

Mr. Belford, To James Harlowe jun. Efq;

Y OU will excuse my plain-dealing in turn: For I must observe, that if I had not the just opinion I have of the facred nature of the office I have undertaken, some passages in the Letter you have favoured me with, would convince me that I ought not to excuse myself from acting in it.

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I need name only one of them. You are pleased to fay, That your Uncles, if the Trust be relinquished to them, will treat with me, thro' Colonel Morden,

as to the points they will undertake to perform.

Permit me, Sir, to fay, That it is the duty of an Executor to fee every point performed, that can be performed. Nor will I leave the performance of mine to any other per'ons, especially where a qualifying is fo directly intimated, and where all the branches of your family have shewn themselves, with respect to the incomparable Lady, to have but one mind.

You are pleased to urge, that she recommends to me, the leaving to the honour of any of your family fuch of the articles as are of a domestic nature. But admitting this to be fo, does it not imply that the other articles are still to obtain my care? - But even these, you will find by the Will, she gives not up; and to

that I refer you.

I am forry for the hints you give of an opposition, where, as you fay, there might be none, if I did not interfere. I fee not, Sir, why your animofity against a man who cannot be defended, should be carried to fuch a height against one who never gave you offence: And This only, because he is acquainted with that man. I will not fay all I might fay, on this occasion.

As to the Legacy to myself, I assure you, Sir, that neither my circumstances nor my temper will put me upon being a gainer by the Executorship. I shall take pleasure to tread in the steps of the admirable Testatrix in all I may; and rather will encrease than diminish her

Poors Fund.

With regard to the trouble that may attend the Execution of the Trust, I shall not, in honour to her memory, value ten times more than this can give me. I have indeed two other Executorships on my hands; but they fit light upon me. And furvivors cannot better or more charitably bestow their time.

I conceive that every article, but that relating to

the Poors Fund (such is the Excellence of the Disposition of the most excellent of Women) may be perform-

ed in two months time, at farthest.

Occasions of litigation or offence shall not proceed from me. You need only apply to Col. Morden, who shall command me in every-thing that the Will allows me to oblige your family in. I do assure you, that I am as unwilling to obtrude myself upon it, as any of it can wish.

I own, that I have not yet proved the Will; nor shall I do it till next week at soonest, that you may have time for amicable objections, if such you think sit to make thro' the Colonel's mediation. But let me observe to you, Sir, 'That an Executor's power, in such instances as I have exercised it, is the same before the Probate, as after it. He can even, without taking that out, commence an Action, altho' he cannot declare upon it: And these Acts of Administration make him liable to Actions himself.' I am therefore very proper in the steps I have taken in part of the Execution of this facred Trust; and want not allowance on the occasion.

Permit me to add, That when you have perused the Will, and coolly considered every-thing, it is my hope, that you will yourself be of opinion, that there can be no room for dispute or opposition: And that if your samily will join to expedite the Execution, it will be the most natural and easy way of shutting up the whole affair, and to have done with a man, so causefly, as to his own particular, the object of your dislike, as is, Sir,

Your very humble Servant (notwithstanding)

JOHN BELFORD.

The WILL.

To which the following preamble, written on a separate paper, was stitched with black filk.

To my Executor.

Hope I may be excused for expatiating, in divers parts of this solemn last Act, upon subjects of · importance. For I have heard of fo many instances of confusion and disagreement in families, and so much doubt and difficulty, for want of absolute cleare ness in the Testaments of departed persons, that I have often concluded (were there to be no other reafons but those which respect the peace of surviving friends) that this Last Act as to its designation and operation, ought not to be the Last in its compofition or making; but should be the result of cool deliberation; and (as is more frequently than justly faid) of a found mind and memory; which too feldom are to be met with, but in found health. All pretences of infanity of mind are likewife prevented, when a testator gives reasons for what he wills; all cavils about words are obviated; the obliged are affured; and They enjoy the benefit for whom the benefit was intended. Hence have I for some time past employed myself in penning down heads of such a disposition; which, as reasons offered, I have altered and added to; fo that I never was abfolutely destitute of a Will, had I been taken off ever so suddenly. These minutes and imperfect sketches enabled · me, as God has graciously given me time and sedatenefs, to digest them into the form in which they appear.'

I CLARISSA HARLOWE, now, by strange melancholy accidents, lodging in the parish of St. Paul Covent-Garden, being of sound and perfect mind and memory, as I hope these presents, drawn up by myself,

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and written with my own hand, will testify; do [this fecond day of September (a)] in the year of our Lord - (b) make and publish this my Last Will

and Testament, in manner and form following:

In the first place, I defire, that my body may lie unburied three days after my decease, or till the pleafure of my Father be known concerning it. But the occasion of my death not admitting of doubt, I will not, on any account, that it be opened; and it is my defire, that it shall not be touched but by those of my own Sex.

I have always earnefly requested, that my body might be deposited in the family vault with those of my ancestors. If it might be granted, I could now wish. that it might be placed at the feet of my dear and honoured Grandfather. But as I have, by one very unhappy step, been thought to disgrace my whole lineage, and therefore this last honour may be refused to my corpse; in this case, my desire is, that it may be interred in the church-yard belonging to the parish in which I shall die; and that in the most private manner, between the hours of Eleven and Twelve at night: attended only by Mrs. Lovick, and Mr. and Mrs. Smith, and their maid fervant.

But it is my defire, that the same fees and dues may be paid which are usually paid for those who are laid in the best ground, as it is called, or even in the chancel.—And I bequeath five pounds, to be given at the discretion of the church-wardens, to twenty poor people the Sunday after my interrment; and This whether

I shall be buried here or elsewhere.

I have already given verbal directions, that after I am dead (and laid out in the manner I have ordered) I may be put into my coffin as foon as possible: It is my defire that I may not be unnecessarily exposed to

(b) The date of the year is left blank for particular reasons.

⁽a) A blank, at the writing, was left for this date; and filled up on this day. See Letter Ixxxv. of Vol. VII.

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the view of any-body; except any of my relations should vouchfafe, for the last time, to look upon me.

And I could wish, if it might be avoid d without making ill-will between Mr. Lovelace and my Executor, that the former might not be permitted to fee my corpse. But if, as he is a man very uncontroulable, and as I am Nobody's, he infift upon viewing her dead, whom he ONCE before faw in a manner dead, let his gay curiofity be gratified. Let him behold, and triumph over the wretched Remains of one who has been made a victim to his barbarous perfidy: But let some good person, as by my defire, give him a paper, whilst he is viewing the ghaftly spectacle, containing these few words only-" Gay, cruel heart! behold here the 66 Remains of the once ruined, yet now happy, Clarissa Harlowe!-See what thou thyself must quickly be; -and REPENT!-"

Yet, to shew that I die in persect charity with all the world, I do most fincerely forgive Mr. Lovelace

the wrongs he has done me.

If my Father can pardon the error of his unworthy child, fo far as to suffer her corpse to be deposited at the feet of her Grandfather, as above requested, I could wish (my misfortunes being so notorious) that a short discourse might be pronounced over my Remains before they be interred. The subject of the discourse I shall determine before I conclude this writing.

So much written about what deferves not the least consideration, and about what will be Nothing when this writing comes to be opened and read, will be excused when my present unhappy circumstances and absence from all my natural friends are considered.

And now, with regard to the worldly matters which I shall die possessed of, as well as to those which of right appertain to me, either by the Will of my faid Grandfather, or otherwise; Thus do I dispose of them.

In the first place, I give and bequeath all the real Estates Estates in or to which I have any claim or title by the said Will, to my ever-honoured Father James Harlowe, Esq; and that rather than to my Brother and Sister, to whom I had once thoughts of devising them, because, if they survive my Father, those Estates will assuredly vest in them, or one of them, by virtue of his favour and indulgence, as the circumstances of things with regard to marriage-settlements, or otherwise, may require; or, as they may respectively merit

by the continuance of their duty.

The house late my Grandfather's, called The Grove, and by him, in honour of me, and of some of my voluntary employments, my Dairy-house, and the furniture thereof as it now stands (the pictures and large iron chest of old plate excepted) I also bequeath to my faid Father; only begging it as a favour, that he will be pleased to permit my dear Mrs. Norton to pass the remainder of her days in that house; and to have and enjoy the apartments in it known by the name of The Housekeeper's apartments, with the furniture in them; and which (plain and neat) was bought for me by my Grandfather, who delighted to call me his housekeeper: and which therefore in his life-time I used as such: The office to go with the apartments. And I am the more earnest in this recommendation, as I had once thought to have been very happy there with the good woman; and because I think her prudent management will be as beneficial to my Father, as his favour can be convenient to her.

But with regard to what has accrued from that Estate, since my Grandsather's death, and to the sum of Nine hundred and seventy pounds, which proved to be the moiety of the money that my said Grandsather had by him at his death, and which moiety he bequeathed to me for my sole and separate use [as he did the other moiety in like manner to my Sister (a)]; and which sum (that I might convince my Brother and F 2 Sisters

Sifter, that I wished not for an independence upon my Father's pleasure) I gave into my Father's hands, together with the management and produce of the whole Estate devised to me-These sums, however considerable when put together, I hope I may be allowed to dispose of absolutely, as my Love and my Gratitude (not confined wholly to my own family, which is very wealthy in all it's branches) may warrant: And which therefore I shall dispose of in the manner hereafter But it is my Will, and express direction, mentioned. that my Father's account of the above-mentioned produce may be taken and established absolutely (and without contravention or question) as he shall be pleased to give it to my Coufin Morden, or to whom else he shall chuse to give it; so as that the said account be not subject to litigation, or to the controul of my Executor. or of any other person.

My Father, of his love and bounty, was pleafed to allow me the same quarterly sums that he allowed my Sister for apparel and other requisites; and (pleased with me then) used to say, that those sums should not be deducted from the estate and essects bequeathed to me by my Grandsather: But having mortally offended him (as I fear it may be said) by one unhappy step, it may be expected that he will reimburse himself those sums—It is therefore my will and direction, that he shall be allowed to pay and satisfy himself for all such quarterly or other sums, which he was so good as to advance me from the time of my Grandsather's death; and that his account of such sums shall likewise be taken without questioning; the money, however, which I lest behind me in my escritoire, being to be taken in part of those

disbursements.

My Grandfather, who, in his goodness and favour to me, knew no bounds, was pleased to bequeath to me all the family pictures at his late house, some of which are very masterly performances; with command, that if I died unmarried, or if married and had no descendents, descendents, they should then go to that Son of his (if more than one should be then living) whom I should think would set most value by them. Now, as I know that my honoured Uncle, John Harlowe, Esq; was pleased to express some concern that they were not left to him, as eldest Son; and as he has a gallery where they may be placed to advantage; and as I have reason to believe, that he will bequeath them to my Father, if he survive him; who, no doubt, will leave them to my Brother; I therefore bequeath all the said family pictures to my said Uncle John Harlowe. In these pictures, however, I include not one of my own, drawn when I was about sourteen years of age; which I shall hereaster in another article bequeath.

My faid honoured Grandfather having a great fondness for the old family plate, which he would never
permit to be changed, having lived, as he used to say,
to see a great deal of it come into request again in the
revolution of fashions; and having left the same to
me, with a command to keep it entire; and with
power at my death to bequeath it to whomsoever I
pleased that I thought would forward his desire; which
was, as he expresses it, that it should be kept to the end
of time; this samily plate, which is deposited in a large
iron chest, in the strong room at his late dwellinghouse, I bequeath entire to my honoured Uncle Antony Harlowe, Esq; with the same injunctions which
were laid on me; not doubting but he will confirm

I bequeath to my ever-valued friend Mrs. Judith Norton, to whose piety and care, seconding the piety and care of my ever-honoured and excellent Mother, I owe, morally speaking, the qualifications, which, for Eighteen years of my life, made me beloved and respected, the full sum of Six hundred pounds, to be paid

her within three months after my death.

and strengthen them by his own last Will.

I bequeath also to the same good woman Thirty guineas, for mourning, for her and for her Son, my Foster-brother.

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To Mrs. Dorothy Hervey, the only Sister of my honoured Mother, I bequeath the sum of Fifty guineas, for a ring; and I beg of her to accept of my thankful acknowlegements for all her goodness to me from my infancy; and particularly for her patience with me, in the several altercations that happened between my Brother and Sister, and me, before my unhappy departure from Harlowe-Place.

To my kind and much-valued Cousin Miss Dolly Hervey, Daughter of my Aunt Hervey, I bequeath my watch and equipage, and my best Mechlin and Brussels head-dresses and russes; also my gown and petticoat of slowered silver of my own work; which having been made up but a few days before I was con-

fined to my chamber, I never wore.

To the same young Lady I bequeath likewise my harpsichord, my chamber-organ, and all my musicbooks.

As my Sister has a very pretty library; and as my beloved Miss Howe has also her late Father's, as well as her own; I bequeath all my books in general, with the cases they are in, to my said Cousin Dolly Hervey. As they are not ill-chosen for a woman's library, I know that she will take the greater pleasure in them (when her friendly grief is mellowed by time into a remembrance more sweet than painful) because they were mine; and because there are observations in many of them of my own writing; and some very judicious ones, written by the truly reverend Dr. Lewen.

I also bequeath to the same young Lady Twenty-five guineas for a ring, to be worn in remembrance of

her true friend,

If I live not to see my worthy Cousin William Morden, Esq; I desire my humble and grateful thanks may be given to him for his favours and goodness to me; and particularly for his endeavours to reconcile my other friends to me, at a time when I was doubtful whether he would forgive me himself. As he is in

great circumstances, I will only beg of him to accept of two or three trifles, in remembrance of a Kinswoman who always honoured him as much as he loved her. Particularly, of that piece of flowers which my Uncle Robert, his Father, was very earnest to obtain, in order to carry it abroad with him.

I defire him likewise to accept of the little miniature picture set in gold, which his worthy Father made me sit for to the samous Italian master whom he brought over with him; and which he presented to me, that I might bestow it, as he was pleased to say, upon the man whom I should be one day most inclined to sayour.

To the same gentleman I also bequeath my rose diamond ring, which was a present from his good Father to me; and will be the more valuable to him on that

account.

I humbly request Mrs. Annabella Howe, the Mother of my dear Miss Howe, to accept of my respectful thanks for all her favours and goodness to me, when I was so frequently a visitor to her beloved daughter;

and of a ring of Twenty-five guineas price.

My picture at full length, which is in my late Grand-father's closet (excepted in an article above from the family pictures) drawn when I was near fourteen years of age; about which time my dear Miss Howe and I began to know, to distinguish, and to love one another—so dearly—I cannot express how dearly—I bequeath to that Sister of my heart; of whose friendship, as well in adversity as prosperity, when I was deprived of all other comfort and comforters, I have had such instances, as that our Love can only be exceeded in that State of Persection, in which I hope to rejoice with her hereafter, to all Eternity.

I bequeath also to the same dear friend my best diamond ring, which, with other jewels, is in the private drawer of my escritoire: As also all my finished and framed pieces of needle-work; the flower-piece excepted, which I have already bequeathed to my Cousin Morden.

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These pieces have all been taken down, as I have heard (a); and my relations will have no heart to put them up again: But if my good Mother chuses to keep back any one piece (the above capital piece, as it is called, excepted) not knowing but some time hence she may bear the sight of it; I except that also from this general bequest; and direct it to be presented to her.

My whole-length picture in the Vandyke taste (b), that used to hang in my own parlour, as I was permitted to call it, I bequeath to my Aunt Hervey, ex-

cept my Mother shall think fit to keep it herself.

I bequeath to the worthy Charles Hickman, Esq; the locket, with the miniature picture of the Lady he best loves, which I have constantly worn, and shall continue to wear near my heart till the approach of my last hour (c). It must be the most acceptable present that can be made him, next to the hand of the dear original. And, O my dear Miss Howe, let it not be long before you permit his claim to the latter—

for indeed you know not the value of a virtuous

mind in that Sex; and how preferable fuch a mind

is to one distinguished by the more dazling slights of unruly wit; altho' the latter were to be joined by

that specious outward appearance which too-too often

attracts the hasty eye, and susceptible heart.'

Permit me, my dear friends, this folemn Apostrophe, in this last folemn Ast, to a young Lady so deservedly dear to me!

I make it my earnest request to my dear Miss Howe, that she will not put herself into mourning for me. But I desire her acceptance of a ring with my hair; and that Mr. Hickman will also accept of the like; each of the value of Twenty-five guineas.

I bequeath to Lady Betty Lawrance, and to her Sifter Lady Sarah Sidleir, and to the right honourable Lord M. and to their worthy Nieces Miss Charlotte

and

⁽a) See Vol. III. p. 259. (b) Ibid. (c) See Letter cvii. of Vol. VII.

and Miss Martha Montague, each an enamelled ring, with a cypher Cl. H. with my hair in crystal, and round the inside of each, the day, month, and year of my death: Each ring, with brilliants, to cost Twenty guineas. And this as a small token of the grateful sense I have of the honour of their good opinions and kind wishes in my favour; and of their truly noble offer to me of a very considerable annual provision, when they apprehended me to be entirely destitute of any.

To the reverend and learned Dr. Arthur Lewen, by whose instructions I have been equally delighted and benefited, I bequeath Twenty guineas for a Ring. If it should please God to call him to Himself, before he can receive this small bequest, it is my Will, that his

worthy Daughter may have the benefit of it.

In token of the grateful sense I have of the civilities paid me by Mrs. and Miss Howe's domestics, from time to time in my visits there, I bequeath Thirty guineas to be divided among them, as their dear young mistress shall think proper.

To each of my worthy companions and friends Miss-Biddy Lloyd, Miss Fanny Alston, Miss Rachel Biddulph, and Miss Cartwright Campbell, I bequeath Five

guineas for a ring.

To my late maid-servant Hannah Burton, an homest, faithful creature, who loved me, reverenced my Mother, and respected my Sister, and never sought to do any-thing unbecoming of her character; I bequeath the sum of Fifty pounds, to be paid within one month after my decease; she labouring under ill health: And if that ill health continue, I commend her for farther assistance to my good Mrs. Norton, to be put upon my Poor's fund, hereafter to be mentioned.

To the Coachman, Groom, and Two Footmen, and Five Maids, at Harlowe-Place, I bequeath Ten-

pounds each; To the Helper Five pounds.

To my Sister's maid Betty Barnes, I-bequeath Ten.

F 5 pounds,

pounds, to shew that I resent not former disobligations; which I believe were owing more to the insolence of office, and to natural pertness, than to personal ill-will.

All my wearing apparel, of whatever fort, that I have not been obliged to part with, or which is not already bequeathed (my linen excepted) I defire Mrs.

Norton will accept of.

The trunks and boxes in which my cloaths are fealed up, I defire may not be opened, but in presence of Mrs. Norton (or of some one deputed by her) and of Mrs. Lovick.

To the worthy Mrs. Lovick above-mentioned, from whom I have received great civilities, and even maternal kindnesses; and to Mrs. Smith (with whom I lodge) from whom also I have received great kindnesses; I bequeath all my linen, and all my unfold laces; to be divided equally between them, as they shall agree; or, in case of disagreement, the same to be fold, and the money arising to be equally shared by them.

And I bequeath to the same two good women, as a further token of my thankful acknowlegements of their kind love and compassionate concern for me, the sum of Twenty guineas each.

To Mr. Smith, the husband of Mrs. Smith abovenamed, I bequeath the sum of Ten guineas, in ac-

knowlegement of his civilities to me.

To Katharine, the honest maid-servant of Mrs. Smith, to whom (having no servant of my own) I have been troublesome, I bequeath Five guineas; and Ten guineas more, in lieu of a suit of my wearing-apparel, which once, with some linen, I thought of leaving to her. With this she may purchase what may be more suitable to her liking and degree.

To the honest and careful widow Anne Shelburne, my Nurse, over and above her wages, and the customary perquisites that may belong to her, I bequeath the sum of Ten guineas. Hers is a careful, and (to per-

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fons of fuch humanity and tenderness) a melancholy employment, attended in the latter part of life with great watching and fatigue, which is hardly ever

enough confidered.

The few books I have at my present lodgings, I defire Mrs. Lovick to accept of; and that she be permitted, if she please, to take a copy of my book of Meditations, as I used to call it; being extracts from the best of books; which she seemed to approve of, although suited particularly to my own case. As for the book itself, perhaps my good Mrs. Norton will be glad to have it, as it is written all with my own hand.

In the middle drawer of my escritoire at Harlowe-Place, are many Letters and Copies of Letters, put up according to their dates, which I have written or received in a course of years (ever fince I learned to write) from and to my Grandfather, my Father and Mother, my Uncles, my Brother and Sifter, on occasional little absences; my late Uncle Morden, my Cousin Morden; Mrs. Norton, and Miss Howe, and other of my companions and friends before my confinement at my Father's: As also from the three reverend gentlemen, Dr. Blome, Mr. Arnold, and Mr. Tomkins, now with God, and the very reverend Dr. Lewen, on ferious subjects. As these Letters exhibit a correspondence that no person of my Sex need to be ashamed of, allowing for the time of life when mine were written; and as many excellent things are contained in those written to me; and as Miss Howe, to whom most of them have been communicated, wished formerly to have them, if the survived me: For these reasons, I bequeath them to my faid dear friend Miss Anna Howe; and the rather, as she had for some years past a very confiderable share in the correspondence.

I do hereby make, constitute, and ordain, John Belford, of Edgware in the County of Middlesex, Esq; the sole Executor of this my Last Will and Testament; having previously obtained his leave so to do. I

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have given the reasons which induced me to ask this gentleman to take upon him this trouble, to Miss

Howe. I therefore refer to her on this subject.

But I do most earnestly beg of him the said Mr. Belford, that, in the execution of this truft, he will (as he has repeatedly promifed) studiously endeavour to promote peace with, and suppress refentments in, every one; fo as that all farther mischiefs may be prevented, as well from as to his friend. And in order to this, I beseech him to cultivate the friendship of my worthy Cousin Morden; who, as I presume to hope (when he understands it to be my dying request) will give him his advice and affiftance in every article where it may be necessary; and who will perhaps be so good as to interpole with my relations, if any difficulty should arise about carrying any of the articles of this my Last Will into execution, and to foften them into the wished-for condescension: - For it is my earnest request to Mr. Belford, that he will not feek by Law, or by any fort of violence, either by word or deed, to extort the performance from them. If there be any articles of a merely domestic nature, that my relations shall think unfit to be carried into execution; fuch articles I leave entirely to my faid Coufin Morden and Mr. Belford to vary, or totally diffense with, as they shall agree upon the matter; or, if they two differ in opinion, they will be pleased to be determined by a third person, to be chosen by them both.

Having been pressed by Miss Howe and her Mother. to collect the particulars of my fad Story, and given expectation that I would, in order to do my character justice with all my friends and companions; but not having time before me for the painful talk; it has been a pleasure to me to find, by extracts kindly communicated to me by my faid Executor, that I may fafely trust my fame to the justice done me by Mr. Lovelace, in his Letters to him my faid Executor. And as Mr. Belford has engaged to contribute what is in his power towards

towards a compilement to be made of all that relates to my Story, and knows my whole mind in this respect; it is my desire, that he will cause two copies to be made of this collection; one to remain with Miss Howe, the other with himself; and that he will shew or lend his copy, if required, to my Aunt Hervey, for the satisfaction of any of my family; but under such restrictions as the said Mr. Belford shall think sit to impose; that neither any other person's safety may be endangered, nor his own honour suffer, by the communication.

I bequeath to my faid Executor, the fum of One hundred guineas, as a grateful, tho' infufficient acknowlegement of the trouble he will be at in the execution of the truft he has so kindly undertaken. I desire him likewise to accept of Twenty guineas for a ring: And that he will reimburse himself for all the charges and expences which he shall be at in the execution of this trust.

In the worthy Dr. H. I have found a Physician, a Father, and a Friend. I beg of him, as a testimony of my gratitude, to accept of Twenty guineas for a

ring.

I have the same obligations to the kind and skilful Mr. Goddard, who attended me as my Apothecary. His very moderate bill I have discharged down to yesterday. I have always thought it incumbent upon Testators to shorten all they can the trouble of their Executors. I know I under-rate the value of Mr. Goddard's attendances, when over and above what may accrue from yesterday, to the hour that will finish all, I desire Fisteen guineas for a ring may be presented to him.

To the reverend Mr. —— who frequently attended me, and prayed by me in my last stages, I also bequeath Fifteen guineas for a ring.

There are a fet of honest indigent people, whom I used to call My Poor, and to whom Mrs. Norton con-

vevs relief each month (or at shorter periods) in proportion to their necessities, from a sum I deposited in her hands, and from time to time recruited, as means accrued to me; but now nearly, if not wholly, expended: Now, that my fault may be as little aggravated as possible by the fufferings of the worthy people whom Heaven gave me a heart to relieve; and as the produce of my Grandfather's Estate (including the moiety of the fums he had by him, and was pleafed to give me, at his death, as above-mentioned) together with what I shall further appropriate to the same use in the subsequent articles, will, as I hope, more than answer all my legacies and bequests; it is my will and desire, that the remainder, be it little or much, shall become a fund to be appropriated, and I hereby direct that it be appropriated, to the like purposes with the fums which I put into Mrs. Norton's hands, as aforefaid-And this under the direction and management of the faid Mrs. Norton, who knows my whole mind in And in case of her death, or of her this particular. defire to be acquitted of the management thereof, it is my earnest request to my dear Miss Howe, that she will take it upon herfelf, and at her own death that the will transfer what shall remain undisposed of at the time, to such perfons, and with such limitations, restrictions, and provisoes, as she shall think will best anfwer my intention. For, as to the management and distribution of all or any part of it, while in Mrs. Norton's hands, or her own; I will, that it be entirely discretional, and without account, either to my Executor, or any other person.

Altho' Mrs. Norton, as I have hinted, knows my whole mind in this respect; yet it may be proper to mention, in this last solemn Act, that my intention is, that this fund be entirely set apart and appropriated to relieve temporarily, from the interest thereof (as I dare say it will be put out to the best advantage) or even from the principal, if need be, the honest, industrious,

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labouring Poor only; when sickness, lameness, unforeseen losses, or other accidents, disable them from following their lawful callings; or to affist such honest people of large families as shall have a child of good inclinations to put out to service, trade, or husbandry.

It has always been a rule with me in my little donations, to endeavour to aid and fet forward the fober and industrious poor. Small helps, if seasonably afforded, will do for such; and so the sund may be of more extensive benefit; an ocean of wealth will not be sufficient for the idle and dissolute: Whom, therefore, since they will be always in want, it will be no charity to relieve, if worthier creatures would by relieving the others be deprived of such assistance as may fet the wheels of their industry going, and put them in a sphere of useful action.

But it is my express will and direction, that let this fund come out to be ever so considerable, it shall be applied only in support of the temporary exigencies of the persons I have described; and that no one samily or person receive from it, at one time, or in one year,

more than the fum of Twenty pounds.

It is my will and defire, that the fet of jewels which was my Grandmother's, and presented to me, soon after her death, by my Grandfather, be valued; and the worth of them paid to my Executor, if any of my family chuse to have them; or otherwise, that they be sold, and go to the augmentation of my Poor's Fund.—But if they may be deemed an equivalent for the sums my Father was pleased to advance to me since the death of my Grandfather, I desire, that they may be given up to him.

I presume, that the diamond necklace, solitaire, and buckles, which were properly my own, presented by my Mother's Uncle Sir Josias Brookland, will not be purchased by any one of my family, for a too obvious reason: In this case I desire, that they may be sent to my Executor; and that he will dispose of them to the

best

best advantage: and apply the money to the uses of my Will.

In the beginning of this tedious writing, I referred to the latter part of it, the naming of the subject of the discourse which I wished might be delivered at my funeral, if permitted to be interred with my ancestors. I think the following will be suitable to my case. I hope the alteration of the words her and she, for him and he, may be allowable.

" Let not her that is deceived trust in vanity; for vanity shall be her recompence. She shall be accomplished before her time; and her branch

" shall not be green. She shall shake off her un-"ripe grape as the vine, and shall cast off her

" flower as the olive (a)."

But if I am to be interred in town, let only the

usual Burial-service be read over my corpse.

If my body be permitted to be carried down, I bequeath Ten pounds to be given to the poor of the parish, at the discretion of the church-wardens, within a

fortnight after my interrment.

If any necessary matter be omitted in this my Will; or if any-thing appear doubtful or contradictory, as possibly may be the case; since, besides my inexperience in these matters, I am now, at this time, very weak and ill; having put off the finishing hand a little too long, in hopes of obtaining the last forgiveness of my honoured friends; in which case I should have acknowleged the favour with a suitable warmth of duty, and filled up some blanks which I lest to the very last (b), in a more agreeable manner to myself, than now I have been enabled to do—In case of such omissions and impersections, I desire that my Cousin Morden will be so good as to join with Mr. Belford in considering them, and in comparing them with what I have more explicitly written; and if, after that, any doubt

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(6) Job xv. 31, 32, 33. (b) See Letter lxxxv. of Vol.VII.

remain, that they will be pleafed to apply to Miss Howe, who knows my whole heart: And I defire that the construction of these three may be established: And I hereby establish it, provided it be unanimous, and direct it to be put in force, as if I had so written and

determined myself.

And Now, O my bleffed REDEFMER, do I, with a lively faith, humbly lay hold of Thy meritorious Death and Sufferings; hoping to be washed clean in Thy precious Blood from all my fins: In the bare hope of the happy confequences of which, how light do those sufferings seem (grievous as they were at the time) which, I confidently trust, will be a means, by Thy Grace, to work out for me a more exceeding and eternal weight of glory!

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Signed, fealed, published, and declared, the day and year above-written, by the faid Clarissa Harlowe, as her Last Will and Testament; contained in Seven sheets of paper, all written with her own hand, and every sheet figned and sealed by herself, in the presence of Us,

John Williams. Arthur Bedall, Elizabeth Swanton.

LETTER XXVIII.

Colonel MORDEN, To JOHN BELFORD, E/q;

Sat. Sept. 16.

I Have been employed in a most melancholy task. In

reading the Will of the dear deceased.

The unhappy Mother and Mrs. Norton chose to be absent on the affecting occasion. But Mrs. Harlowe made it her earnest request, that every article of it should be fulfilled.

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They were all extremely touched with the preamble. The first words of the Will- I Clarissa Harlowe, onow by strange melancholy accidents, lodging, &c.

drew tears from fome, fighs from all.

The directions for her funeral, in case she were or were not permitted to be carried down; the mention of her orders having been given for the manner of her being laid out, and the presence of mind so visible throughout the whole, obtained their admiration, expreffed by hands and eyes lifted up, and by falling tears.

When I read the direction, 'That her body was onot to be viewed, except any of her relations should " vouchfafe for the last time to look upon her; they turned away, and turned to me, three or four times alternately. Mrs. Hervey and Miss Arabella sobbed; the Uncles wiped their eyes; the Brother looked down; the Father wrung his hands.

I was obliged to flop at the words, 'That she was

Nobody's.

But when I came to the address to be made to the accurfed man, 'if he were not to be diverted from feeing her dead, whom once before he had feen in a manner dead'—execration, and either vows or wishes of revenge, filled every mouth.

These were still more fervently renewed, when they came to hear re'd her forgiveness of even this man.

You remember, Sir, on our first reading of the Will in town, the observations I made on the foul play which it is evident the excellent creature met with from this abandoned man, and what I faid upon the occasion.

I am not used to repeat things of that nature.

The dear creature's noble contempt of the Nothing, as she as nobly calls it, about which she had been giving fuch particular directions, to wit, her Body; and her apologizing for the particularity of those directions from the circumstances she was in-had the same, and as strong an effect upon me, as when I first re'd the

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animated paragraph; and, pointed by my eye (by

turns cast upon them all) affected them all.

When the article was read which bequeathed to the Father the Grandfather's Estate, and the reason assigned for it (so generous and so dutiful) the Father could fit no longer; but withdrew, wiping his eyes, and listing up his spread hands at Mr. James Harlowe; who arose to attend him to the door, as Arabella likewise did—All he could say—O Son! Son!—O Girl! Girl!—as if he reproached them for the parts they had acted, and put him upon acting.

But yet, on some occasions, this Brother and Sister

shewed themselves to be true Will-disputants.

Let tongue and eyes express what they will, Mr. Belford, the first reading of a Will, where a person dies worth any-thing considerable, generally affords a

true test of the relations love to the deceased.

The cloaths, the thirty guineas for mourning to Mrs. Norton, with the recommendation of the good woman for housekeeper at The Grove, were thought sufficient, had the article of 600 l. which was called monstrous, been omitted. Some other passages in the Will were called flights, and such whimsies as distinguish people of imagination from those of judgment.

My Cousin Dolly Hervey was grudged the Library. Miss Harlowe said, That as she and her Sister never bought the same books, she would take That to herself, and would make it up to her Cousin Dolly one way or

other.

I intend, Mr. Belford, to fave you the trouble of interposing —The Library shall be my Cousin Dolly's.

Mrs. Hervey could hardly keep her seat. On this occasion, however, she only said, That her late dear and ever dear Niece, was too good to her and hers. But, at another time, she declared, with tears, that she could not forgive herself for a Letter she wrote (a) [looking at Miss Arabella, whom, it seems, unknown to anybody.

body, she had consulted before she wrote it] and which, she said, must have wounded a spirit, that now, she saw, had been too deeply wounded before.

O my Aunt, said Arabella, no more of that !—Who would have thought that the dear creature had been such

a penitent?

Mr. John and Mr. Antony Harlowe were so much affected with the articles in their favour (bequeathed to them without a word or hint of reproach or recrimination) that they broke out into self-accusations; and lamented, that their sweet Niece, as they called her, was now got above all grateful acknowlegement and returns.

Indeed, the mutual upbraidings and grief of all prefent, upon those articles in which every one was remembred for good, so often interrupted me, that the reading took up above Six hours. But curses upon the accursed man were a refuge to which they often resorted,

to exonerate themselves.

How wounding a thing, Mr. Belford, is a generous and well-diffinguished forgiveness! What Revenge can be more effectual, and more noble, were Revenge intended, and were it wished to strike remorse into a guilty or ungrateful heart! But my dear Cousin's motives were all Duty and Love. She seems indeed to have been, as much as mortal could be, Love itself. Love sublimed by a purity, by a true delicacy, that hardly any woman before her could boast of. O Mr. Belford, what an Example would she have given in every station of life (as Wise, Mother, Mistress, Friend) had her lot sallen upon a man blessed with a mind like her own!

The 600 l. bequeathed to Mrs. Norton, the Library to Miss Hervey, and the Remembrances to Miss Howe, were not the only articles grudged. Yet to what purpose did they regret the pecuniary bequests, when the Poors fund, and not themselves, would have had the

benefit, had not those legacies been bequeathed?

But enough passed to convince me, that my Cousin was absolutely right in her choice of an Executor out of

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the family. Had she chosen one in it, I dare say, that her Will would have been no more regarded than if it had been the Will of a dead King; than that of Louis XIV. in particular; so flagrantly broken thro' by his Nephew the Duke of Orleans before he was cold. The only Will of that Monarch, perhaps, which was ever disputed.

But little does Mr. James Harlowe think, that while he is grasping at hundreds, he will, most probably, lose thousands, if he be my survivor. A man of a spirit so:

felfish and narrow shall not be my heir.

You will better conceive, Mr. Belford, than I can express, how much they were touched at the hint, that the dear creature had been obliged to part with some of her cloaths.

Silent reproach feized every one of them, when I came to the passage where she mentions, that she deferred filling up some blanks, in hopes of receiving their

last blessing and forgiveness.

I will only add, that they could not bear to hear re'd the concluding part, so solemnly addressed to her Redeemer. They all arose from their seats, and crouded out of the apartment we were in: And then, as I afterwards found, separated, in order to seek that consolation in solitary retirement, which, tho' they could not hope for from their own resections, yet, at the time, they had less reason to expect in each other's company. I am, SIR,

Your faithful and obedient Servant,
WM. MORDEN.

LETTER XXIX.

Mr. BELFORD, To the Right Honourable Lord M.

My Lord, London, Sept. 14.

I AM very apprehensive, that the affair between Mr.
Lovelace and the late excellent Miss Clarissa Harlowe will be attended with farther bad consequences,

I would therefore humbly propose, that your Lordship and his other relations will forward the purpose your kinsman lately had to go abroad; where I hope he will stay till all is blown over. But as he will not stir, if he know the true motives of your wishes, the avowed inducement, as I hinted once to Mr. Mowbray, may be such as respects his own health both of person and mind. To Mr. Mowbray and Mr. Tourville all countries are alike; and they perhaps will accompany him.

I am glad to hear that he is in a way of recovery: But this the rather induces me to press the matter. And

I think no time should be lost.

Your Lordship has heard, that I have the honour to be the Executor of this admirable Lady's Last Will. I transcribe from it the following paragraph.

He then transcribes the article which so gratefully mentions this Nobleman, and the Ladies of his family, in relation to the rings she bequeaths them, about which he desires their commands.

LETTER XXX.

Miss Montague, To John Belford, Esq;

M. Hall, Friday, Sept. 15.

MY Lord having the gout in his right-hand, his Lordship, and Lady Sarah, and Lady Betty, have commanded me to inform you, that before your Letter came, Mr. Lovelace was preparing for a foreign Tour. We shall endeavour to hasten him away on the

motives you suggest.

We are all extremely affected with the dear Lady's death. Lady Betty and Lady Sarah have been indifposed ever fince they heard of it. They had pleased themselves, as had my Sister and self, with the hopes of cultivating her acquaintance and friendship after he was gone abroad, upon her own terms. Her kind re-

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membrance of each of us has renewed, tho' it could not heighten, our regrets for so irreparable a loss. We shall order Mr. Finch, our goldsmith, to wait on you. He has our directions about the rings. They will be long, long worn in memory of the dear Testatrix.

Every-body is affured, that you will do all in your power to prevent farther ill consequences from this melancholy affair. My Lord desires his compliments to

you. Iam, SIR,

Your humble Servant,

CH. MONTAGUE:

THIS cellection having run into a much greater length than was wished, it is thought proper to omit several Letters that passed between Colonel Morden, Miss Howe, Mr. Belford, and Mr. Hickman, in relation to the execution of the Lady's Will, &c.

It is however necessary to observe on this subject, That the unhappy Mother, being supported by the two Uncles, influenced the afflicted Father to over-rule all his Son's objections, and to direct a literal observation of the Will; and at the same time to give up all the sums which he was impowered by it to reimburse himself; as also to take upon himself to desray the suneral ex-

pences.

Mr. Belford so much obliged Miss Howe by his steadiness, equity, and dispatch, and by his readiness to contribute to the directed collection, that she voluntarily entered into a correspondence with him, as the representative of her beloved friend. In the course of which, he communicated to her (in considence) the Letters which passed between him and Mr. Lovelace, and, by Colonel Morden's consent, those which passed between that gentleman and himself.

He sent with the first parcel of Letters which he had transcribed out of short-hand for Miss How, a Letter to Mr. Hickman, dated the 16th of September, in

which he expresses himself as follows:

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But I ought, Sir, in this parcel to have kept out one Letter. It is that which relates to the Interview between yourself and Mr. Lovelace, at Mr. Dormer's (a). In which Mr. Lovelace treats you with an air of levity, which neither your person, your character, nor your commission, deserved; but which was his usual way of treating every one whose business be was not pleased with. I hope, Sir, you have too much greatness of mind, to be disturbed at the contents of this Letter, should Miss Howe communicate them to you; and the rather, as it is impossible that you should suffer with her on that account.

Mr. Belford then excuses Mr. Lovelace, as a goodnatured man with all his faults; and gives instances of

his still greater freedoms with himself.

To this Mr. Hickman answers, in his Letter of the

18th: 'As to Mr. Lovelace's treatment of me in the Letter you are pleased to mention, I shall not be concerned at it, whatever it be. I went to him prepared to expect odd behaviour from him; and was not difappointed. I argue to myself, in all such cases as this, as Miss Howe, from her ever-dear friend, argues; . That if the reflections thrown upon me are just, I ought " not only to forgive them, but to endeavour to profit by them: If unjust, that I ought to despise them, and the reflector too; since it would be inexcuseable to strengthen by anger an enemy whose malice might be disarmed by contempt. And, moreover, I should be almost forry to find myself spoken well of by a man who could treat as he treated a Lady who was an ornament to

her Sex, and to human nature.

'I thank you, however, Sir, for your confideration for me in this particular; and for your whole Letter, which gives me so desirable an instance of the friend-

fhip which you affured me of, when I was last in

town; and which I as cordially embrace, as wish to cultivate.

Miss Howe, in hers of the 20th, acknowleging the receipt of the Letters, and Papers, and Legacies, sent with Mr. Belford's Letter to Mr. Hickman, affures him, 'That no use shall be made of his communications, but what he shall approve of.'

He had mentioned with compassion the distresses of the Harlowe family— Persons of a pitiful nature, says

- think, pity them. I am not one of those. You, I think, pity the infernal man likewise; while I from
- 'my heart grudge him his phrenfy, because it deprives him of that remorfe, which, I hope, on his recovery,
- will never leave him. At times, Sir, let me tell you,
- that I hate your whole Sex for his fake; even men of unblameable characters; whom at those times I cannot
- but look upon as persons I have not yet found out.

 If my dear creature's personal jewels be sent up to
- you for fale, I defire that I may be the purchaser of them, at the highest price—Of the necklace and solitaire particularly.
- O what tears did the perusal of my Beloved's Will cost me!—But I must not touch upon the heart-piercing subject. I can neither take it up, nor quit
- it, but with execration of the man whom all the

world must execrate.'

Mr. B. Iford, in his answer, promises, that she shall be the purchaser of the jewels, if they come into his hands.

He acquaints her, that the family had given Col. Morden the keys of all that belonged to the dear departed: That the unhappy Mother had (as the Will allows) ordered a piece of needlework to be fet afide for her, and had defired Mrs. Norton to get the little book of Meditations transcribed, and to let her have the original, as it was all of her dear daughter's hand-writing; and as it might, when she could bear to look into it, Vol. VIII.

administer consolation to herself. And that she had likewise reserved for herself her picture in the Vandyke taste.

Mr. Belford fends with this Letter to Miss Howe the Lady's memorandum-book; and promises to send her copies of the several posthumous Letters. He tells her, that Mr. Lovelace being upon the recovery, he had inclosed the posthumous Letter directed for him to Lord M. that his Lordship might give it to him, or not, as he should find he could bear it. The following is a copy of that Letter.

To Mr. LOVELACE.

Thursday, Aug. 24.

I Told you, in the Letter I wrote to you on Tuesday last (a), that you should have another sent you when I had got to my Father's house.

I presume to say, that I am now, at your receiving of This, arrived there; and I invite you to follow me, as soon as you can be prepared for so great a journey.

Not to allegorize further—My fate is now, at your perusal of this, accomplished. My doom is unalterably fixed: And I am either a miserable or a happy Being to all Eternity. If happy, I owe it solely to the Divine mercy: If miserable, to your undeserved cruelty.—And consider now, for your own sake, gay, cruel, sluttering, unhappy man! consider, whether the barbarous and persidious treatment I have met with from you, was worthy of the hazard of your immortal soul; since your wicked views were not to be effected but by the

(a) See her Letter, inclosed in Mr. Lovelace's, N° lii. of Vol. VII. The Reader may observe, by the date of this Letter, that it was written within two days of the allegorical one, to which it refers, and while the Lady was labouring under the increased illness occasioned by the hurries and terrors into which Mr. Lovelace had thrown her, in order to avoid the visit he was so earnest to make her at Smith's—So early written, perhaps, that she might not be surprised by death into a seeming breach of her word.

High as her Christian spirit soars in this Letter, the Reader has seen, in Letter xcviii. of Vol. VII. and in other places, that that exalted spirit carried her to kill more divine elevations, as she drew nearer to her end.

wilful breach of the most solemn vows that ever were made by man; and those aided by a violence and base-

ness unworthy of a human creature.

In time then, once more, I wish you to consider your ways. Your golden dream cannot long laft. Your present course can yield you pleasure no longer than you can keep off thought or reflection. A hardened infenfibility is the only foundation on which your inward tranquillity is built. When once a dangerous fickness feizes you; when once effectual remorfe breaks in upon you; how dreadful will be your condition! How poor a triumph will you then find it, to have been able, by a feries of black perjuries, and studied baseness, under the name of Gallantry or Intrigue, to betray poor unexperienced young creatures, who perhaps knew nothing but their duty till they knew you !- Not one good action in the hour of languishing to recollect, not one worthy intention to revolve, it will be all reproach and horror; and you will wish to have it in your power to compound for annihilation.

Reflect, Sir, that I can have no other motive in what I write, than your good, and the fafety of other innocent creatures, who may be drawn in by your wicked arts and perjuries. You have not, in my wishes for your future welfare, the wishes of a suppliant wise, endeavouring for her own sake, as well as for yours, to induce you to reform those ways. They are wholly as disinterested, as undeserved. But I should mistrust my own penitence, were I capable of wishing to recompense evil for evil—if, black as your offences have been against me, I could not forgive, as I wish to be for-

given.

I repeat, therefore, that I do forgive you. And may the Almighty forgive you too! Nor have I, at the writing of this, any other effential regrets than what are occasioned by the grief I have given to parents, who, till Iknew you, were the most indulgent of parents; by the seandal given to the other branches of my family;

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by the difreputation brought upon my Sex; and by the

offence given to Virtue in my fall.

As to myfelf, you have only robbed me of what once were my favourite expectations in the transient life I shall have quitted when you receive This. You have only been the cause that I have been cut off in the bloom of youth, and of curtailing a life, that might have been agreeable to myself, or otherwise, as had suited the defigns and ends of Providence. I have reason to be thankful, for being taken away from the evil of fupporting my part of a yoke with a man fo unhapty, I will only fay, that, in all probability, every hour I had lived with him might have brought with it some new trouble. And I am (indeed thro' sharp afflictions and distresses) indebted to you, secondarily, as I humbly prefume to hope, for so many years of glory, as might have proved years of danger, temptation, and anguish, had they been added to my mortal life.

So, Sir, tho' no thanks to your intention, you have done me real service; and in return, I wish you happy. But such has been your life hitherto, that you can have no time to lofe, in fetting about your repentance. Repentance to fuch as have lived only carelefly, and in the omission of their regular duties, and who never aimed to draw any poor creatures into evil, is not fo eafy a talk, nor so much in our own power, as some imagine. How difficult a grace then to be obtained, where the

guilt is premeditated, wilful, and complicated!

To fay I once respected you with a preference, is what I ought to blush to own, fince at the very time, I was far from thinking you even a moral man; tho' I little thought that you, or indeed that any man breathing, could be-what you have proved yourfelf to be. it, indeed, Sir, I have long been greatly above you:

from my heart I have despised you, and all your ever fince I faw what manner of man you were. is it to be wondered, that I should be able so to that preference was not grounded on ignoble motives.

motives. For I was weak enough, and prefumptuous enough, to hope to be a means in the hand of Providence to reclaim a man, whom I thought worthy of the attempt.

Nor have I yet, as you will fee by the pains I take, on this folemn occasion, to awaken you out of your fensual dream, given over all hopes of this nature.

Hear me therefore, O Lovelace! as one speaking from the dead—Lose no time—Set about your repentance instantly—Be no longer the instrument of Satan, to draw poor souls into those subtile snares, which at last shall entangle your own feet. Seek not to multiply your offences, till they become beyond the power, as I may say, of the Divine Mercy to forgive; since justice, no less than mercy, is an attribute of the Almighty.

Tremble and reform, when you read what is the portion of the wicked man from God. Thus it is written:

'The triumphing of the wicked is short, and the ' joy of the hypocrite but for a moment. He is cast into a net by his own feet -He walketh upon a fnare. ' Terrors shall make him afraid on every side, and shall drive him to his feet. His strength shall be hungerbitten, and destruction shall be ready at his side. The first-born of death shall devour his strength. His remembrance shall perish from the earth; and he shall have no name in the streets. He shall be chased out of the world. He shall neither have Son nor Nephew among his people. They that have feen him shall ' fay, Where is he? He shall fly away as a dream: He shall be chased away as a vision of the night. His meat is the gall of asps within him. He shall flee from the iron weapon, and the bow of steel shall frike him thro'. A fire not blown shall confume him. The heaven shall reveal his iniquity, and the earth shall rife up against him. The worm shall feed fweetly on him. He shall be no more remembred.

Whenever you shall be inclined to consult the Sacred Oracles, from whence the above threatenings are extracted, you will find doctrines and texts which a truly penitent and contrite heart may lay hold of for its confolation.

May yours, Mr. Lovelace, become such! And may you be enabled to escape the sate denounced against the abandoned man, and be entitled to the mercies of a long-suffering and gracious God, is the sincere prayer of

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XXXI.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

M. Hall, Thursday, Sept. 14.

E VER fince the fatal seventh of this month, I have been lost to myself, and to all the joys of life. I might have gone farther back than that fatal seventh; which, for the suture, I will never see anniversarily revolve but in sables; only till that cursed day I had some gleams of hope now-and-then darting in upon me.

They tell me of an odd Letter I wrote to you (a). I remember I did write. But very little of the contents

of what I wrote, do I remember.

I have been in a cursed way. Methinks something has been working strangely retributive. I never was such a sool as to disbelieve a Providence: Yet am I not for resolving into judgments every-thing that seems to wear an avenging sace. Yet if we must be punished either here or hereaster for our misdeeds, better here, say I, than hereaster. Have I not then an interest to think my punishment already not only begun, but completed; since what I have suffered, and do suffer, passes all description?

To give but one instance of the retributive—Here I, who was the barbarous cause of the loss of senses for a week together to the most inimitable of women, have

been

To

been punished with the loss of my own—Preparative to
—Who knows what?—When, O when, shall I know

a joyful hour?

I am kept excessively low; and excessively low I am. This sweet creature's posthumous Letter sticks close to me. All her excellencies rise up hourly to my remembrance.

Yet dare I not indulge in these melancholy restections. I find my head strangely working again.—Pen, begone!

Friday, Sept. 15.

I RESUME, in a sprightly vein, I hope—Mowbray and Tourville have just now—

But what of Mowbray and Tourville !- What's the

world?-What's any-body in it?-

Yet they are highly exasperated against thee, for the last Letter thou wrotest to them (a)—Such an unfriendly, such a merciless—

But it won't do!—I must again lay down my pen.

O Belford! Belford! I am still, I am still, most miserably absent from mysels! Shall never, never more
be what I was!

SATURDAY, Sunday, Nothing done. Incapable of any-thing.

Monday, Sept. 18.

HEAVY, damnably heavy, and fick at foul, by Jupiter! I must come into their expedient. I must see

what change of climate will do.

You tell these sellows, and you tell me, of repenting and reforming: But I can do neither. He who can, must not have the extinction of a Clarissa Harlowe to answer for.—Harlowe!—Curse upon the name!—And curse upon myself for not changing it, as I might have done!—Yet have I no need of urging a curse upon mysels—I have it effectually.

(a) This Letter appears not.

"To fav I once respected you with a preference (a)" -In what stiff language does maidenly modesty on these nice occasions express itself !- To fay Lonce loved you, is the English; and there is truth and ease in the expression.- 'To say I once loved you,' then let it be; is what I ought to blush to own.'

And dost thou own it !- Excellent creature! and dost thou then own it !- What music in these words from fuch an angel!-What would I give that my Clariffa were in being, and could and would own that

the loved me?

But indeed, Sir, I have long been greatly above

vou,

Long, my bleffed Charmer !- Long indeed-For you have been ever greatly above Me, and above your Sex, and above all the World.

· That preference was not grounded on ignoble mo-

tives.

What a wretch was I, to be fo distinguished by her. and yet to be so unworthy of her hope to reclaim me!

Then, how generous her motives! Not for her own fake merely, not altogether for mine, did she hope to reclaim me; but equally for the fake of innocents who

might otherwise be ruined by me.

And now, why did she write this Letter, and why direct it to be given me when an event the most deplorable had taken place, but for my good, and with a view to the fafety of innocents she knew not?—And when was this Letter written? Was it not at the time. at the very time, that I had been pursuing her, as I may fay, from place to place; when her foul was bowed down by calamity and perfecution; and herfelf was denied all forgiveness from relations the most implacable?

Exalted creature !- And couldft thou at fuch a time, and fo early, and in fuch circumstances, have so far subdued thy own just refentments, as to wish happiness to the principal author of all thy diffresses? With happiness to him who had robbed thee ' of all thy favourite ' expectations in this life?' To him who had been the cause, ' that thou wert cut off in the bloom of youth?'

Heavenly aspirer!—What a frame must thou be in, to be able to use the world ONLY, in mentioning these important deprivations!—And as this was before thou puttedst off mortality, may I not presume, that thou now,

Not derogating from thy perfect bliss,
Surveyst all heav'n around, and wishest for me?

Consider my ways'—Dear life of my life! Of what avail is consideration now, when I have lost the dear creature, for whose sake alone it was worth while to have consideration?—Lost her beyond retrieving—Swallowed up by the greedy grave—For ever lost her—That, that's the sting—Matchless woman!—How does this reslection wound me!

Your golden dream cannot long last.'—Divine prophetes! my golden dream is already over. 'Thought and reflection are no longer to be kept off.'—No longer continues that 'hardened insensibility' thou chargest upon me.—'Remorse has broken in upon me. '—Dreadful is my condition!—It is all reproach and horror with me!'—A thousand vulturs in turn are

preying upon my heart!

But no more of these fruitless restections—Since I am incapable of writing any-thing else; since my pen will slide into this gloomy subject, whether I will or not; I will once more quit it; nor will I again resume it, till

I can be more its master, and my own.

All I took pen to write for, is however unwritten. It was, in few words, to wish you to proceed with your communications, as usual. And why should you not?—Since, in her ever-to-be-lamented death, I know every-thing shocking and grievous—Acquaint me, then, with all thou knowest, which I do not know: How her relations, her cruel relations, take it; and whether,

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now, the barbed dart of after-reflection flicks not in their hearts, as in mine, up to the very feathers.

I WILL foon quit this kingdom. For now my Clariffa is no more, what is there in it (in the world indeed) worth living for?—But should I not first, by some mafterly mischief, avenge her and myself upon her

curfed family?

The accurfed woman, they tell me, has broken her leg. Why was it not her neck?—All, all, but what is owing to her relations, is the fault of that woman, and of her hell-born nymphs. The greater the virtue. the nobler the triumph, was a sentence for ever in their mouths. - I have had it feveral times in my head to fet fire to the execrable house; and to watch at the doors and windows, that not a devil in it escape the consuming flames. Had the house stood by itself. I had certainly done it.

But, it feems, the old wretch is in the way to be rewarded, without my help. A shocking Letter is received of somebody's, in relation to her-Yours, I suppole-Too shocking for me, they say, to see at prefent (a).

They govern me as a child in strings: Yet did I suffer fo much in my fever, that I am willing to bear with

them, till I can get tolerably well.

At prefent I can neither eat, drink, nor fleep. Yet are my diforders nothing to what they were: For-Jack, my brain was on fire day and night: And had it not been of the Albestos kind, it had all been confumed.

I had no distinct ideas, but of dark and confused mifery: It was all remorfe and horror indeed! Thoughts of hanging, drowning, shooting; then rage, violence, mischief, and despair, took their turns with me. lucid int rvals still worse, giving me to reslect upon what I was the hour before, and what I was likely to be the next, and perhaps for life—The sport of enemies!

the laughter of fools! and the hanging-sleev'd, gocarted property of hired slaves; who were perhaps to find their account in manacling, and (abhorred thought!)

in personally abusing me by blows and stripes!

Who can bear such reflections as these? To be made to fear only, to such a one as me, and to sear such wretches too!—What a thing was this, but remotely to apprehend! And yet, for a man to be in such a state as to render it necessary for his dearest friends to suffer this to be done for his own sake, and in order to prevent further mischief!—There is no thinking of these things!

I will not think of them, therefore: But will either get a train of chearful ideas, or hang myfelf, by to-

morrow morning.

Were paradife, to such a life as mine.

LETTER XXXII.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Efq;

Wedn. Sept. 20.

I Write to demand back again my last Letter. I own it was my mind at the different times I wrote it; and, whatever ailed me, I could not help writing it. Such a gloomy impulse came upon me, and increased as I wrote, that, for my soul, I could not forbear running into the Miserable.

'Tis strange, very strange, that a man's conscience should be able to force his fingers to write whether he will or not; and to run him into a subject he more than once, at the very time, resolved not to think of.

Nor is it less strange, that (no new reason occurring) he should, in a day or two more, so totally change his mind; have his mind, I should rather say, so wholly illuminated by gay hopes, and rising prospects, as to be ashamed of what he had written.

For, on reperusal of a copy of my Letter, which fell into my hands by accident, in the hand-writing of my

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Cousin Charlotte, who, unknown to me, had tranfcribed it, I find it to be such a Letter as an enemy

would rejoice to fee.

This I know, that were I to have continued but one week more in the way I was in when I wrote the latter part of it, I should have been confined, and in straw, the next: For I now recollect, that all my distemper was returning upon me with irresistible violence—and

that in spite of water-gruel and soupe-maigre.

I own, that I am still excessively grieved at the disappointment this admirable woman made it so much her whimsical choice to give me. But, since it has thus fallen out; since she was determined to leave the world; and since she actually ceases to be; ought I, who have such a share of life and health in hand, to indulge gloomy restections upon an event that is passed; and being passed, cannot be recalled?—Have I not had a specimen of what will be my case, if I do?

For, Belford ('tis a folly to deny it) I have been, to

use an old word, quite bestraught.

Why, why, did my Mother bring me up to bear no controul? Why was I so educated, as that to my very tutors it was a request, that I should not know what contradiction or disappointment was?—Ought she not to have known what cruelty there was in her kindness?

What a punishment, to have my first very great disappointment touch my intellect!—And intellects once touched—But that I cannot bear to think of—Only thus far; The very repentance and amendment wished me so heartily by my kind and cross dear, have been invalidated and postponed, who knows for how long? the amendment at least:—Can a madman be capable of either?

Once touch'd therefore, I must endeavour to banish those gloomy reslections, which might otherwise have brought on the right turn of mind; and this, to express myself in Lord M's style, that my wits may not be sent a wool-gathering.

For, let me moreover own to thee, that Dr. Hale, who was my good Aftolfo [You read Ariosto, Jack] and has brought me back my wit-jar, had much ado, by starving diet, by profuse phlebotomy, by staying blisters, eylet-hole-cupping, a dark room, a midnight solitude in a mid-day sun, to effect my recovery. And now, for my comfort, he tells me, that I may still have returns upon sull moons—Horrible! most horrible!—and must be as careful of myself at both Equinoctials, as Cæsar was warned to be of the ides of March.

How my heart fickens at looking back upon what I was! Denied the Sun, and all comfort: All my visitors, low-born, tiptoe attendants: Even those tiptoe slaves never approaching me but periodically, armed with gallipots, bolus's, and cephalic draughts; delivering their orders to me in hated whispers; and answering other curtain-holding impertinents, enquiring how I was, and how I took their execrable potions, whisperingly too! What a cursed Still-life was this!—Nothing active in me, or about me, but the worm that never dies.

Again I hasten from the recollection of scenes, which will, at times, obtrude themselves upon me.

Adieu, Belford!

But return me my last Letter—and build nothing upon its contents. I must, I will, I have already, overcome these fruitless gloominesses. Every hour my constitution rises stronger and stronger to be friend me; and, except a tributary sigh now-and-then to the memory of my heart's beloved, it gives me hope, that I shall quickly be what I was—Life, spirit, gaiety, and once more the plague of a Sex, that has been my plague, and will be every man's plague, at one time or other of his life.

I repeat my desire, however, that you will write to me as usual. I hope you have good store of particulars by you to communicate, when I can better bear to hear of the dispositions that were made for all that was mortal of my beloved Clarissa. But But it will be the joy of my heart to be told, that her implacable friends are plagued with remorfe. Such things as those you may now send me: For company in misery is some relief; especially when a man can think those he hates as miserable as himself.

Once more adieu, Jack!

LETTER XXXIII.

Mr. Lovelace, To John Belford, Esq;

I Am preparing to leave this kingdom. Mowbray and Tourville promise to give me their company in a month or two.

I'll give thee my route.

I shall first to Paris; and, for amusement and diverfion sake, try to renew some of my old friendships:
Thence to some of the German courts: Thence, perhaps, to Vienna: Thence descend thro' Bavaria and
the Tyrol to Venice, where I shall keep the carnival:
Thence to Florence and Turin: Thence again over
mount Cenis to France: And, when I return again to
Paris, shall expect to see my friend Belsord, who by
that time, I doubt not, will be all crusted and bearded
over with penitence, self-denial, and mortification; a
very anchoret, only an itinerant one, journeying over
in hope to cover a multitude of his own sins, by proselyting his old companion.

But let me tell thee, Jack, if stock rifes on, as it has done fince I wrote my last Letter, I am afraid thou wilt find a difficult task in succeeding, should such be

thy purpose.

Nor, I verily think, can thy own penitence and reformation hold. Strong habits are not so easily rooted out. Old Satan has had too much benefit from thy faithful services, for a series of years, to let thee so easily get out of his clutches. He knows what will do with thee. A fine strapping Bona Roba, in the Chartrestaste, but well-limb'd, clear-complexion'd, and Turkish-

ey'd; Thou the first man with her, or made to believe fo, which is the fame thing; how will thy frosty face shine upon such an object! How will thy triffful visage be illumined by it! A composition will be made between thee and the grand tempter: Thou wilt promife to do him fuit and fervice till old age and inability come. And then will he, in all probability, be fure of thee for ever. For, wert thou to outlive thy present reigning appetites, he will trump up some other darling sin, or make a now fecondary one darling, in order to keep thee firmly attached to his infernal interests. Thou wilt continue refolving to amend, but never amending, till grown old before thou art aware (a dozen years after thou art old with every-body else) thy for-time-built tenement having lasted its allotted period, he claps down upon thy grizzled head the universal trap-door: And then all will be over with thee in his own way.

Thou wilt think these hints uncharacteristic from me. But yet I cannot help warning thee of the danger thou art actually in; which is the greater, as thou seemest not to know it. A few words more, therefore, on this

fubie&.

Thou hast made good resolutions. If thou keepest them not, thou wilt never be able to keep any. But, nevertheless, the devil and thy time of life are against thee: And Six to One thou failest. Were it only that thou hast resolved, Six to One thou failest. And if thou dost, thou wilt become the scoff of men, and the triumph of devils.—Then how will I laugh at thee! For this warning is not from principle. Perhaps I wish it were: But I never lyed to man, and hardly ever said truth to woman. The first is what all free livers cannot say: The second, what every one can.

I am mad again, by Jupiter!—But, thank my stars, not gloomily so!—Farewel, farewel, farewel, for the third or fourth time, concludes Thy LOVELACE.

deducated to boos val he facilities

I believe Charlotte and you are in private league together. Letters, I find, have passed between her, and you, and Lord M. I have been kept strangely in the dark of late; but will soon break upon you all, as the Sun upon a midnight thief.

Remember, that you never sent me the copy of my

Beloved's Will.

LETTER XXXIV.

Mr. Belford, To Robert Lovelace, Esq.

Friday, Sept. 22.

JUST as I was fitting down to answer yours of the 14th to the 18th, in order to give you all the consolation in my power, came your revoking Letter of Wednesday.

I am really concerned, and disappointed, that your

first was so soon followed by one so contrary to it.

The shocking Letter you mention, which your friends with-hold from you, is indeed from me. They may now, I see, shew you any-thing. Ask them, then, for that Letter, if you think it worth while to read aught about the true mother of your mind.

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I WILL suppose, that thou hast just read the Letter thou callest shocking, and which I intended to be so. And let me ask, What thou thinkest of it? Dost thou not tremble at the horrors the vilest of women labours with, on the apprehensions of death, and suture judgment?—How sit the reslections that must have been raised by the perusal of this Letter upon thy yet unclosed eylet-holes? Will not some serious thoughts mingle with thy melilot, and tear off the callus of thy mind, as that may slay the leather from thy back, and as thy epispastics may strip the parchment from thy plotting head? If not, then indeed is thy conscience seared, and no hopes will lie for thee.

Mr. Belford then gives an account of the wretched Sinclair's terrible exit, which he had just then received. If this move thee not, I have news to acquaint thee with, of another dismal catastrophe that is but within this hour come to my ear, of another of thy blessed agents. Thy Tomlinson!—Dying, and, in all probability, before this can reach thee, dead, in Maid-stone gaol. As thou says in thy first Letter, some-

thing strangely retributive seems to be working. -

This his case. He was at the head of a gang of Smugglers, endeavouring to carry off run goods, landed last Tuesday, when a party of dragoons came up with them in the evening. Some of his comrades sted. M'Donald, being surrounded, attempted to sight his way thro', and wounded his man; but having received a shot in his neck, and being cut deeply in the head by a broad-sword, he fell from his horse, was taken, and carried to Maidstone-gaol: And there my informant left him, just dying, and assured of hanging if he recover.

Absolutely destitute, he got a kinsman of his to apply to me, and, if in town, to the rest of the confraternity, for something, not to support him was the word (for he expected not to live till the sellow return-

ed) but to bury him.

I never employed him but once, and then he ruined my project. I now thank Heaven that he did. But I fent him Five guineas, and promifed him more, as from you, and Mowbray, and Tourville, if he live a few days, or to take his tryal. And I put it upon you to make further enquiry of him, and to give him what

you think fit.

His messenger tells me, That he is very penitent; that he weeps continually. He cries out, that he has been the vilest of men: Yet palliates, that his necessities made him worse than he should otherwise have been [An excuse which none of Us can plead]: But that what touches him most of all, is a vile imposture he was put upon, to serve a certain gentleman of fortune to the ruin of the most excellent woman that ever lived; and who, he had heard, was dead of grief.

Let me consider, Lovelace—Whose turn can be next? I wish it may not be thine. But since thou givest me one piece of advice (which I should indeed have thought out of character, hadst thou not taken pains to convince me, that it proceeds not from principle) I will give thee another: And that is, Prosecute, as fast as thou canst, thy intended Tour. Change of scene, and of climate, may establish thy health: While this gross air, and the approach of winter, may thicken thy blood; and, with the help of a conscience, that is upon the struggle with thee, and like a cunning wrestler watches its opportunity to give thee another fall, may make thee miserable for thy life.

I return your revoked Letter. Don't destroy it, however. The same dialect may one day come in

fashion with you again.

As to the family at Harlowe-Place, I have most affecting Letters from Colonel Morden relating to their grief and compunction. But are you, to whom the occasion is owing, entitled to rejoice in their distress?

I should be forry, if I could not say, that what you have warned me of in sport, makes me tremble in earnest. I hope (for this is a serious subject with me, tho' nothing can be so with you) that I never shall deferve, by my apostasy, to be the scoff of men, and the

triumph of devils.

All that you fay, of the difficulty of conquering rooted habits, is but too true. Those, and time of life, are indeed too much against me: But, when I restect upon the ends (some untimely) of those of our companions whom we have formerly lost; upon Belton's miserable exit; upon the howls and screams of Sinclair, which are still in my ears; and now upon your miserable Tomlinson; and compare their ends with the happy and desirable end of the inimitable Miss Harlowe; I hope I have reason to think my sooting morally secure. Your caution, nevertheless, will be of use, however you might design it: And since I know

know my weak side, I will endeavour to fortify myfelf in that quarter by marriage, as soon as I can make myself worthy of the considence and esteem of some virtuous woman; and, by this means, become the subject of your Envy, rather than of your Scoss.

I have already begun my retributory purposes, as I may call them. I have settled an annual sum for life upon poor John Lostus, whom I disabled, while he was endeavouring to protect his young mistress from my lawless attempts. I rejoice, that I succeeded not in that; as I do in recollecting many others of the like

fort, in which I miscarried.

Poor Farley, who had become a bankrupt, I have fet up again; but have declared, that the annual allowance I make her shall cease, if I hear she returns to her former courses: And I have made her accountable for her conduct to the good widow Lovick; whom I have taken, at a handsome salary, for my housekeeper at Edgware (for I have let the house at Watsord); and she is to dispense the quarterly allotment to her, as she merits.

This good woman shall have other matters of the like nature under her care, as we grow better acquainted: And I make no doubt that she will answer my expectations, and that I shall be both confirmed and improved by her conversation: For she shall generally sit at my own table.

The undeserved sufferings of Miss Clarissa Harlowe, her exalted merit, her exemplary preparation, and her

happy end, will be flanding subjects with us.

She shall read to me, when I have no company; write for me, out of books, passages she shall recommend. Her years (turn'd of Fifty) and her good character, will secure me from scandal; and I have great pleasure in reslecting, that I shall be better myself for making her happy.

Then, whenever I am in danger, I will read fome of the admirable Lady's papers: Whenever I would

abhor

abhor my former ways, I will read some of thine, and

copies of my own.

The confequence of all this will be, that I shall be the delight of my own relations of both fexes, who were wont to look upon me as a loft man. I shall have good order in my own family, because I shall give a good example myself. I shall be visited and respected, not perhaps by Lovelace, by Mowbray, and by Tourville, because they cannot see me upon the old terms, and will not, perhaps, fee me upon the new, but by the best and worthiest gentlemen, Clergy as well as Laity, all around me. I shall look upon my past follies with contempt; upon my old companions with pity. Oaths and curses shall be for ever banished from my mouth: In their place shall succeed converfation becoming a rational being, and a gentleman. And instead of acts of offence, subjecting me perpetually to acts of defence, will I endeavour to atone for my past evils, by doing all the good in my power, and by becoming an universal benefactor to the extent of that power.

Now tell me, Lovelace, upon this faint sketch of what I hope to do, and to be, if this be not a scheme infinitely preferable to the wild, the pernicious, the dangerous ones, both to body and foul, which we have

purfued?

I wish I could make my sketch as amiable to you, as it appears to me. I wish it with all my foul: For I always loved you. It has been my misfortune that I did: For this led me into infinite riots and follies, of which otherwise, I verily think, I should not have

been guilty.

You have a great deal more to answer for, than I have, were it only in the temporal ruin of this admirable woman. Let me now, while yet you have youth, and health, and intellect, prevail upon you: For I am afraid, very much afraid, that fuch is the enormity of this fingle wickedness, in depriving the world

world of fuch a shining light, that if you do not quickly reform, it will be out of your power to reform at all; and that Providence, which has already given you the fates of your agents Sinclair and Tomlinson to take warning by, will not let the principal offender escape.

if he flight the warning.

You will, perhaps, laugh at me for these serious reflections. Do, if you will. I had rather you should laugh at me for continuing in this way of thinking and acting, than triumph over me, as you threaten, on my fwerving from purposes I have determined upon with fuch good reason, and induced and warned by such examples.

And so much for this subject at present.

I should be glad to know when you intend to fet out. I have too much concern for your welfare, not to wish you in a thinner air, and more certain climate.

What have Tourville and Mowbray to do, that they cannot fet out with you? They will not covet my company, I dare fay; and I shall not be able to endure theirs, when you are gone: Take them there-

fore with you.

I will not, however, forfwear making you a vifit at Paris, at your return from Germany and Italy: But hardly with the hope of reclaiming you, if due reflection upon what I have fet before you, and upon what you have written in your two last, will not by that time have done it.

I suppose I shall see you before you go. Once more I wish you were gone. This heavy Island-air cannot

do for you what that of the Continent will.

I do not think I ought to communicate with you. as I used to do, on this side the Chanel: Let me then hear from you on the opposite shore, and you shall command the pen, as you please; and, honestly, the power, of J. Belford.

LETTER XXXV.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, E/g; Tuesday, Sept. 26.

TATE, I believe in my conscience, spins threads for Tragedies, on purpose for thee to weave with. -Thy Watford Uncle, poor Belton, the fair Inimitable [Exalted creature! and is she to be found in such a list!] the accursed woman, and Tomlinson, seem to have been all doomed to give thee a theme for the Difmal and the Horrible: - And, by my foul, thou dost work it going, as Lord M. would phrase it.

That's the horrid thing: A man cannot begin to think, but causes for thought croud in upon him: The gloomy takes place, and mirth and gaiety abandon his

heart for ever !

Poor M'Donald!—I am really forry for the fellow.— He was an useful, faithful, solemn varlet, who could act incomparably any part given him, and knew not what a blush was .- He really took honest pains for me in the last affair; which has cost him and me so dearly in reflection. Often gravell'd, as we both were, yet was he never daunted. - Poor M'Donald, I must once more fay !—For carrying on a folemn piece of roguery. he had no equal.

I was fo folicitous to know if he were really as bad as thou haft a knack of painting every-body whom thou finglest out to exercise thy murdering pen upon, that I dispatched a man and horse to Maidstone, as foon as I had thine; and had word brought me, that he died in two hours after he had received thy five gui-And all thou wrotest of his concern in relation to the ever-dear Miss Harlowe, it seems, was true.

I can't help it, Belford !- I have only to add, that it is happy that the poor fellow lived not to be hanged; as it feems he would have been: For who knows, as he had got into fuch a penitential strain, what might have been in his dying speech? When When a man has not great good to comfort himself with, it is right to make the best of the little that may offer. There never was any discomfort happened to mortal man, but some little ray of consolation would dart in, if the wretch was not so much a wretch, as to draw, instead of undraw, the curtain, to keep it out.

And fo much, at this time, and for ever, for poor

Capt. Tomlinson, as I called him.

Your folicitude to get me out of this heavy changeable climate exactly tallies with every-body's here. They all believe that travelling will establish me. Yet I think I am quite well. Only these plaguy New's and Full's, and the Equinostials, fright me a little when I think of them; and that is always: For the whole family are continually ringing these changes in my ears, and are more sedulously intent, than I can well account for, to get me out of the kingdom.

But wilt thou write often, when I am gone? Wilt thou then piece the thread where thou brokest it off? Wilt thou give me the particulars of their distress, who were my auxiliaries in bringing on the event that affects me?—Nay, principals rather: Since, say what thou wilt, what did I do worth a woman's breaking

her heart for?

Faith and troth, Jack, I have had very hard usage, as I have often said:—To have such a plaguy ill name given me, pointed at, screamed out upon, run away from, as a mad dog would be; all my own friends ready to renounce me!—

Yet I think I deserve it all: For have I not been as ready to give up myself, as others are to condemn

me?

What madness, what folly, this!—Who will take the part of a man that condemns himself?—Who can? He that pleads guilty to an indictment, leaves no room for aught but the sentence. Out upon me, for an impolitic wretch! I have not the Art of the least artful of any of our Christian princes; who every day are guilty

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of ten times worse breaches of faith; and yet, issuing out a manisesto, they wipe their mouths, and go on from infraction to infraction, from robbery to robbery; commit devastation upon devastation; and destroy—for their glory! And are rewarded with the names of Conquerors, and are dubb'd Le Grand; praised, and even dessed, by orators and poets, for their butcheries and depredations.

While I, a poor, fingle, harmless prowler; at least comparatively harmless; in order to satisfy my hunger, steal but one poor lamb; and every mouth is opened,

every hand is lifted up, against me.

Nay, as I have just now heard, I am to be manifestoed against, tho' no prince: For Miss Howe threatens to have the case published to the whole world.

I have a good mind not to oppose it; and to write an answer to it, as soon as it comes forth, and exculpate myself, by throwing all the fault upon the old ones. And this I have to plead, supposing all that my worst enemies can allege against me were true,—That I am not answerable for all the extravagant consequences that this affair has been attended with; and which could not possibly be foreseen.

And this I will prove demonstrably by a Case, which, but a few hours ago, I put to Lord M. and

the two Misses Montague. This it is:

Suppose A, a Miser, had hid a parcel of gold in a fecret place, in order to keep it there, till he could lend it out at extravagant interest.

Suppose B in such great want of this treasure, as to

be unable to live without it.

And suppose A, the Miser, has such an opinion of B, the Wanter, that he would rather lend it to him, than to any mortal living; but yet, tho' he has no other use in the world for it, insists upon very unconscionable terms.

B would gladly pay common interest for it; but would

be undone (in his own opinion, at least, and that is every-thing to him) if he complied with the Miser's terms; since he would be sure to be soon thrown into gaol for the debt, and made a pri-soner for life. Wherefore guessing (being an arch, penetrating sellow) where the fweet hoard lies, he searches for it, when the Miser is in a profound sleep, finds it, and runs away with it.

B, in this case, can be only a Thief, that's plain,

Tack.

Here Miss Montague put in very smartly.—A Thief, Sir, said she, that steals what is and ought to be dearer to me than my life, deserves less to be forgiven

than he who murders me.

But what is this, Cousin Charlotte, said I, that is dearer to you, than your life? Your honour, you'll say—I will not talk to a Lady (I never did) in a way she cannot answer me—But in the instance for which I put my Case (allowing all you attribute to the phantom) what honour is lost, where the will is not violated, and the person cannot help it? But, with respect to the case put, how knew we, till the thest was committed, that the Miser did actually set so romantic a value upon the treasure?

Both my Coufins were filent; and my Lord, because he could not answer me, cursed me; and I pro-

ceeded.

Well then, the result is, that B can only be a Thief; that's plain—To pursue, therefore, my Case—

Suppose this same miserly A, on awaking, and fearching for, and finding his treasure gone, takes it so much to heart, that he starves himself;

Who but himself is to blame for that?—Would either Equity, Law, or Conscience, hang B for a Murder?

And now to apply, faid I--

None of your applications, cried my Coufins, both in a breath.

None of your applications, and be d-n'd to you,

the paffionate Peer.

Well then, returned I, I am to conclude it to be a Case so plain, that it needs none; looking at the two girls, who tried for a blush apiece. And I hold myfelf, of confequence, acquitted of the death.

Not fo, cried my Lord [Peers are judges, thou knowest, Jack, in the last refort]: For if, by committing an unlawful act, a capital crime is the confe-

quence, you are answerable for both.

Say you fo, my good Lord?—But will you take upon you to fay, supposing (as in the present case) a Rape (faving your presence, Cousin Charlotte, faving your presence, Cousin Patty); Is death the natural consequence of a Rape?—Did you ever hear, my Lord, or did you, Ladies, that it was?—And if not the natural consequence, and a Lady will destroy herfelf, whether by a lingering death, as of grief; or by the dagger, as Lucretia did; Is there more than one fault the man's?—Is not the other ber's?—Were it not fo. let me tell you, my dears, chucking each of my blushing Cousins under the chin, we either have had no men fo wicked as young Tarquin was, or no women fo virtuous as Lucretia, in the space of-How many thousand years, my Lord?—And so Lucretia is recorded as a fingle wonder!

You may believe I was cry'd out upon. People who cannot answer, will rave: And this they all did. But I infifted upon it to them, and fo I do to you, Jack, that I ought to be acquitted of every-thing but a Common Theft, a Private Larceny, as the Lawyers call it, in this point. And were my life to be a forfeit to the

Law, it would not be for Murder.

Besides, as I told them, there was a circumstance strongly in my favour in this Case: For I would have been glad, with all my foul, to have purchased my for-

giveness

giveness by a compliance with the terms I first boggled at. And this, you all know, I offered; and my Lord, and Lady Betty, and Lady Sarah, and my two Coufins, and all my Cousins Cousins, to the sourceenth generation, would have been bound for me—But it would not do: The sweet Miser would break her

heart, and die; and how could I help it?

Upon the whole, Jack, had not the Lady died, would there have been half so much said of it, as there is? Was I the cause of her death? or could I help it? And have there not been, in a Million of Cases like this, Nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand that have not ended as this has ended?—How hard, then, is my fate!—Upon my soul, I won't bear it as I have done; but, instead of taking guilt to myself, claim pity. And this (since yesterday cannot be recalled) is the only course I can pursue to make myself easy. Proceed anon.

LETTER XXXVI.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Efq;

BUT what a pretty scheme of life hast thou drawn out for thyself, and thy old widow! By my soul, Jack, I am mightily taken with it. There is but one thing wanting in it; and that will come of course: Only to be in the Commission, and one of the Quorum, Thou art already provided with a Clerk, as good as thou'lt want, in the widow Lovick; for thou understandest Law, and she Conscience: A good Lord Chancellor between ye!—I should take prodigious pleasure to hear thee decide in a bastard case, upon thy new notions, and old remembrances.

But raillery apart [All gloom at heart, by Jupiter! altho' the pen and the countenance assume airs of levity!]: If, after all, thou canst so easily repent and reform, as thou thinkest thou canst: If thou canst thus shake off thy old sins, and thy old habits: And if thy old master will so readily dismiss so tried and so

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faithful

faithful a servant, and permit thee thus calmly to enjoy thy new system; no room for scandal; all temptation ceasing: And if at 'last (thy reformation warranted and approved by time) thou marrieft, and livest honest: - Why, Belford, I cannot but fay, that if all these IF's come to pass, thou standest a good chance

to be a happy man!

All I think, as I told thee in my last, is, that the devil knows his own interest too well, to let thee off fo easily. Thou thyself tellest me, that we cannot repent when we will. And indeed I found it fo: For, in my lucid intervals, I made good resolutions: But, as health turned its blyth fide to me, and opened my prospects of recovery, all my old inclinations and appetites returned; and this Letter, perhaps, will be a thorough conviction to thee, that I am as wild a fellow as ever, or in the way to be fo.

Thou askest me, very seriously, If, upon the faint sketch thou hast drawn, thy new scheme be not infinitely preferable to any of those which we have so long purfued?-Why, Jack-Let me reflect-Why, Belford—I can't say—I can't say—but it is. To speak out-It is really, as Biddy in the play fays, a good

comfortable scheme.

But when thou tellest me, That it was thy misfortune to love me, because thy value for me made thee a wickeder man than otherwise thou wouldst have been; I defire thee to revolve this affertion: And I am perfuaded, that thou wilt not find thyself in so right a

train as thou imagineft.

No false colourings, no glosses, does a true penitent aim at. Debasement, diffidence, mortification, contrition, are all near of kin, Jack; and inseparable from a repentant spirit.—If thou knowest not this, thou art not got three steps (out of threescore) towards repentance and amendment. And let me remind thee, before the grand accuser comes to do it, that thou wert ever above being a passive follower in iniquity. thou

thou hadst not so good an invention as he to whom thou writest, thou hadst as active an heart for mischief, as ever I met with in man.

Then for improving an hint, thou wert always a true Englishman. I never started a roguery, that did not come out of thy forge in a manner ready anvilled and hammered for execution, when I have sometimes been at a loss to make any-thing of it myself.

What indeed made me appear to be more wicked than thou, was, that I being an handsome fellow, and thou an ugly one, when we had started a game, and hunted it down, the poor frighted Puss generally threw herself into my paws, rather than into thine: And then, disappointed, hast thou wiped thy blubber-lips, and marched off to start a new game, calling me a wicked sellow all the while.

In short, Belford, thou wert an excellent starter and setter. The old women were not afraid for their daughters, when they saw such a face as thine. But, when I came, whip, was the key turned upon their girls. And yet all signified nothing; for Love, upon occasion, will draw an elephant thro' a key-hole. But for thy HEART, Belford, who ever doubted the wickedness of that?

Nor even in this affair, that sticks most upon me, which my conscience makes such a handle of against me, art thou so innocent as thou fansiest thyself. Thou wilt stare at this: But it is true; and I will convince thee of it in an instant.

Thou fayst, thou wouldst have saved the Lady from the ruin she met with. Thou art a pretty sellow for this: For how wouldst thou have saved her? What methods didst thou take to save her?

Thou knewest my designs all along. Hadst thou a mind to make thyself a good title to the merit to which thou now pretendest to lay claim, thou shouldest, like a true knight-errant, have sought to set the Lady free from the inchanted castle. Thou shouldst have apprised

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her.

her of her danger; have stolen in, when the giant was out of the way; or, hadft thou had the true spirit of chivalry upon thee, and nothing elfe would have done, have killed the giant; and then fomething wouldft thou

have had to brag of.

O but the giant was my friend: He reposed a confidence in me: And I should have betrayed my friend, and his confidence!' This thou wouldst have pleaded, no doubt. But try this plea upon thy present principles, and thou wilt fee what a caitiff thou wert to let it have weight with thee, upon an occasion where a breach of confidence is more excuseable than to keep the secret. Did not the Lady herfelf once put this very point home upon thee? And didft thou not on that occasion heavily

blame thyfelf (a)?

Thou canst not pretend, and I know thou wilt not, that thou wert afraid of thy life by taking fuch a meafure: For a braver fellow lives not, nor a more fearlefs, than Jack Belford. I remember several instances, and thou canst not forget them, where thou hast ventured thy bones, thy neck, thy life, against numbers, in a cause of roguery; and hadst thou had a spark of that virtue, which now thou art willing to flatter thyfelf thou haft, thou wouldst furely have run a risk to save an innocence, and a virtue, that it became every man to protect and espouse. This is the truth of the case, greatly as it makes against myself. But I hate an hypocrite from my foul.

I believe I should have killed thee at the time, if I could, hadft thou betrayed me thus. But I am fure now, that I would have thanked thee for it, with all my heart; and thought thee more a father, and a friend, than my real father, and my best friend-And it was natural for thee to think, with fo exalted a merit as this Lady had, that this would have been the case, when confideration took place of paffion; or, rather, when that damn'd fondness for intrigue ceased, which never

was my pride so much, as it is now, upon reflection,

my curfe.

Set about defending thyself, and I will probe thee still deeper, and convict thee still more effectually, that thou hast more guilt than merit even in this affair. And as to all the others, in which we were accustomed to hunt in couples, thou wert always the forwardest whelp, and more ready, by far, to run away with me, than I with thee. Yet canst thou now compose thy horse-muscles, and cry out, How much more hast thou, Lovelace, to answer for, than I have !—Saying nothing, neither, when thou says this, were it true: —For thou wilt not be tried, when the time comes, by comparison.

In short, thou mayst, at this rate, so miserably deceive thyself, that, notwithstanding all thy self-denial and mortification; when thou closest thy eyes, thou mayst perhaps open them in a place where thou

thoughtest least to be.

However, consult thy old woman on this subject. I shall be thought to be out of character, if I go on in this strain. But really, as to a title to merit in this affair, I do assure thee, Jack, that thou less deservest praise than an horsepond: And I wish I had the souseing of thee.

I AM actually now employed in taking leave of my friends in the country. I had once thoughts of taking Tomlinson, as I called him, with me: But his destiny

has frustrated that intention.

Next Monday I think to see you in town; and then you, and I, and Mowbray, and Tourville, will laugh off that evening together. They will both accompany me (as I expect you will) to Dover, if not cross the water. I must leave you and them good friends. They take extremely amiss the treatment you have given them in your last Letters. They say, you strike at their understandings. I laugh at them; and tell them, that H 4

those people who have least, are the most apt to be

angry when it is called in question.

Make up all the papers and narratives you can spare me against the time. The Will particularly I expect to take with me. Who knows but that those things, which will help to secure you in the way you are got

into, may convert me?

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Thou talkest of a wife, Jack: What thinkest thou of our Charlotte? Her family and fortune, I doubt, according to thy scheme, are a little too high. Will those be an objection? Charlotte is a smart girl. For piety (thy present turn) I cannot say much: Yet she is as serious as most of her Sex, at her time of life—Would flaunt it a little, I believe, too, like the rest of them,

were her reputation under covert.

But it won't do neither, now I think of it:—Thou art so homely, and so aukward a creature! Hast such a boatswain-like air!—People would think she had picked thee up in Wapping, or Rotherhith; or in going to see some new Ship launched, or to view the docks at Chatham, or Portsmouth. So gaudy and so clumsy! Thy tawdrines won't do with Charlotte!—So sit thee down contented, Belsord: Altho' I think, in a whimsical way, as now, I mentioned Charlotte to thee once before (a). Yet would I fain secure thy morals too, if matrimony will do it.—Let me see!—Now I have it.

Has not the widow Lovick a daughter, or a niece? It is not every girl of fortune and family that will go to prayers with thee once or twice a day. But fince thou art for taking a wife to mortify with, what if thou marriest the widow herself?—She will then have a double concern in thy conversion. You and she may tête à tête pass many a comfortable winter's evening together, comparing experiences, as the good folks call them.

I am ferious, Jack, faith I am. And I would have thee take it into thy wife confideration.

R. L.

· Mr.

· Mr. Belford returns a very ferious Answer to the preceding Letter; which appears not.

· In it, he most heartily wishes that he had withstood

· Mr. Lovelace, whatever had been the confequence, in defigns so elaborately-base and un-

grateful, and fo long and steadily pursued,

against a Lady whose merit and innocence enti-

tled her to the protection of every man who had the least pretences to the title of a Gentleman;

and who deserved to be even the Public Care.

He most severely censures himself for his false notions of Honour to his Friend, on this head;
and recollects what the Divine Lady, as he calls

her, faid to him on this very subject, as related

by himself in his Letter to Lovelace, No lxxi: Vol. VI. to which Lovelace also (both Instigator)

and Accuser) refers, and to his own regret and

· shame on the occasion. He distinguishes, how-

· ever, between an irreparable injury intended to

a CLARISSA, and one defigned to fuch of

the Sex; as contribute by their weakness and in-

discretion to their own fall, and thereby entitle

themselves to a large share of the guilt which

accompanies the crime.

He offers not, he fays, to palliate or extenuate the crimes he himself has been guilty of: But la-

· ments, for Mr. Lovelace's own fake, that he gives him, with fo ludicrous and unconcerned

an air, such solemn and useful Lessons and

· Warnings. Nevertheless, he resolves to make

it his whole endeavour, he tells him, to render

· them efficacious to himself: And should think

himself but too happy, if he shall be enabled to

· fet him fuch an example, as may be a means to

· bring about the Reformation of a man fo dear

· to him as he has always been, from the first of

· their acquaintance; and who is capable of think-

ing fo rightly and deeply; tho at present to

· fuch little purpose, as makes his very Knowlege · add to his Condemnation.

LETTER XXXVII.

Mr. BELFORD, To Colonel MORDEN.

Thursday, Sept. 21.

GIVE me leave, dear Sir, to address myself to you in a very serious and solemn manner on a subject that I must not, cannot, dispense with; as I promised the divine Lady, that I would do every-thing in my power to prevent that surther mischief of which she was so very apprehensive.

I will not content myself with distant hints. It is with very great concern that I have just now heard of a declaration which you are said to have made to your relations at Harlowe-Place, That you will not rest till you have avenged your Cousin's wrongs upon Mr. Love-

lace.

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Far be it from me to offer to defend the unhappy man, or even unduly to extenuate his crime! But yet I must say, that the family, by their persecutions of the dear Lady at first, and by their implacableness afterwards, ought, at least, to share the blame with him. There is even great reason to believe, that a Lady of such a religious turn, her virtue neither to be surprised nor corrupted, her will inviolate, would have got over a mere personal injury; especially as he would have done all that was in his power to repair it; and as, from the application of all his family in his favour, and other circumstances attending his sincere and voluntary offer, the Lady might have condescended, with greater glory to herself, than if he had never offended.

When I have the pleasure of seeing you next, I will acquaint you, Sir, with all the circumstances of this melancholy Story; from which you will see, that Mr. Lovelace was extremely ill-treated at first, by the whole samily, this admirable Lady excepted. This exception,

I know,

I know, heightens his crime: But as his principal intention was but to try her virtue; and that he became so earnest a suppliant to her for marriage; and as he has suffered so deplorably in the loss of his reason, for not having it in his power to repair her wrongs; I presume to hope, that much is to be pleaded against such a resolution as you are said to have made.

I will read to you at the same time some passages from Letters of his; two of which (one but this moment received) will convince you, that the unhappy man, who is but now recovering his intellects, needs no greater punishment than what he has from his own resections.

I have just now re'd over the Copies of the dear Lady's possible mous Letters. I send them all to you, except that directed for Mr. Lovelace; which I reserve till I have the pleasure of seeing you. Let me entreat you to read once more that written to yourself; and that to her Brother (a); which latter I now send you; as they are in point to the present subject.

I think, Sir, they are unanswerable. Such, at least, is the effect they have upon me, that I hope I shall never be provoked to draw my sword again in a private

quarrel.

To the weight these must needs have upon you, let me add, that the unhappy man has given no new occasion of offence, since your visit to him at Lord M's, when you were so well satisfied of his intention to atone for his crimes, that you yourself urged to your dear Cousin her forgiveness of him.

Let me also (tho' I presume to hope there is no need, when you coolly consider every-thing) remind you of your own promise to your departing Cousin; relying

upon which, her last moments were the easier.

Reflect, my dear Colonel Morden, that the highest injury was to ber: Her family all have a share in the cause: She forgives it: Why should we not endeavour to imitate what we admire?

H 6

You asked me, Sir, when in town, If a brave man could be a premeditatedly base one?—Generally speaking, I believe Bravery and Baseness are incompatible. But Mr. Lovelace's character, in the instance before us, affords a proof of the truth of the common observation, That there is no general rule but has its exceptions: For England, I believe, as gallant a nation as it is deemed to be, has not in it a braver spirit than his; nor a man who has greater skill at his weapons; nor more calmness with his skill.

I mention not this with a thought that it can affect Col. Morden; who, if he be not with-held by SUPE-RIOR MOTIVES, as well as influenced by those I have reminded him of, will tell me, That this skill, and this bravery, will make him the more worthy of being

called upon by him.

To these SUPERIOR motives then I refer my self: And with the greater confidence; as a pursuit ending in blood would not, at this time, have the plea lie for it with any-body, which sudden passion might have with some: But would be construed by all, to be a cool and deliberate act of revenge for an evil absolutely irretrievable: An act, of which a brave and noble spirit (such as is the Gentleman's to whom I now write) is not capable.

Excuse me, Sir, for the sake of my executorial duty and promise, keeping in eye the dear Lady's personal injunctions, as well as written Will, enforced by Letters posthumous. Every article of which (solicitous as we both are to see it duly performed) she would have dispensed with, rather than farther mischief should hap-

pen on her account. I am,

Dear SIR, Your affectionate and faithful Servant, J. Belford.

The following is the posthumous Letter to Col. Morden, referred to in the above.

L E T-

LETTER XXXVIII.

Superscribed,

To my beloved Cousin WILLIAM MORDEN, Esq; To be delivered after my death.

My dearest Cousin,

AS it is uncertain, from my present weak state, whether, if living, I may be in a condition to receive as I ought the favour you intend me of a visit, when you come to London, I take this opportunity to return you, while able, the humble acknowlegements of a grateful heart, for all your goodness to me from childhood till now: And more particularly for your present kind interposition in my favour—God Almighty for ever bless you, dear Sir, for the kindness you endeavoured to procure for me!

One principal end of my writing to you in this follemn manner, is, to beg of you, which I do with the utmost earnestness, that when you come to hear the particulars of my Story, you will not suffer active refertment to take place in your generous breast on my

account.

Remember, my dear Cousin, that Vengeance is God's province, and he has undertaken to repay it; nor will you, I hope, invade that province: —Especially as there is no necessity for you to attempt to vindicate my same; since the offender himself (before he is called upon) has stood forth, and offered to do me all the justice that you could have extorted from him, had I lived: And when your own person may be endangered by running an equal risque with a guilty man.

Duelling, Sir, I need not tell you, who have adorned a public character, is not only an usurpation of the Divine prerogative; but it is an insult upon magistracy and good government. 'Tis an impious act. 'Tis an attempt to take away a life that ought not to depend upon a private sword: An act, the consequence of which is

to hurry a foul (all its fins upon its head) into perdition; endangering that of the poor triumpher—Since neither intend to give to the other that chance, as I may call it, for the Divine mercy, in an opportunity for repent-

ance, which each prefumes to hope for himfelf.

Seek not then, I befeech you, Sir, to aggravate my fault, by a pursuit of blood, which must necessarily be deemed a consequence of that fault. Give not the unhappy man the merit (were you affuredly to be the victor) of falling by your hand. At present he is the perfidious, the ungrateful deceiver; but will not the forfeiture of his life, and the probable loss of his foul, be a dreadful expiation for having made me miserable for a few months only, and thro' that mifery, by the Divine favour, happy to all Eternity?

In fuch a case, my Cousin, where shall the evil stop? And who shall avenge on you? - And who on your

avenger?

Let the poor man's conscience, then, dear Sir, avenge me. He will one day find punishment more than enough from that. Leave him to the chance of repentance. If the Almighty will give him time for it, why should you deny it him?-Let him still be the guilty aggressor; and let no one say, Clarissa Harlowe is now amply revenged in his fall; or, in the case of yours (which Heaven avert!) that her fault, instead of being buried in her grave, is perpetuated, and aggravated, by a loss far greater than that of herfelf.

Often, Sir, has the more guilty been the vanguisher of the less. An Earl of Shrewsbury, in the reign of Charles II. as I have read, endeavouring to revenge the greatest injury that man can do to man, met with his death at Barn-Elms, from the hand of the ignoble Duke who had vilely dishonoured him. Nor can it be thought an unequal dispensation, were it generally to happen, that the usurper of the Divine Prerogative should be punished for his presumption by the man whom he fought to destroy, and who, however previously criminal, is put, in this case, upon a necessary act of self-defence.

May Heaven protect you, Sir, in all your ways; and, once more I pray, reward you for all your kindness to me! A kindness so worthy of your heart, and so exceedingly grateful to mine: That of seeking to make peace, and to reconcile parents to a once beloved Child; Uncles to a Niece late their favourite; and a Brother and Sister to a Sister whom once they thought not unworthy of that tender relation. A kindness so greatly preferable to the vengeance of the murdering sword.

Be a comforter, dear Sir, to my honoured Parents, as you have been to me: And may we, thro' the Divine goodness to us both, meet in that blessed Eternity, into which, as I humbly trust, I shall have entered when

you read This.

So prays, and to her latest hour will pray, my dear Cousin Morden, my Friend, my Guardian, but not my Avenger—[Dear Sir! remember That!--]

Your ever-affectionate and obliged

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XXXIX.

Colonel MORDEN, To JOHN BELFORD, E/q;

Dear Sir, Sat. Sept. 23.

I Am very forry that any-thing you have heard I have faid should give you uneafiness.

I am obliged to you for the Letters you have communicated to me; and still further for your promise to favour me with others occasionally.

All that relates to my dear Cousin I shall be glad to

fee, be it from whom it will.

I leave to your own discretion, what may or may not be proper for Miss Howe to see from a pen so free as mine.

I admire her spirit. Were she a man, do you think,

Sir, she, at this time, would have your advice to take upon such a subject as that upon which you write?

Fear not, however, that your communications shall put me upon any measures that otherwise I should not have taken. The wickedness, Sir, is of such a nature; as admits not of aggravation.

Yet I do affure you, that I have not made any refo-

lutions that will be a tie upon me.

I have indeed expressed myself with vehemence upon the occasion. Who could forbear to do so? But it is not my way to resolve in matters of moment, till opportunity brings the execution of my purposes within my reach. We shall see by what manner of spirit this young man will be acted, on his recovery. If he continue to brave and defy a family, which he has so irreparably injured—If—But resolutions depending upon sufficient to sufficient as I just now hinted.

Mean time, I will own, that I think my Coufin's arguments unanswerable. No good man but must be influenced by them.—But, alas! Sir, who is good?

As to your arguments; I hope you will believe me, when I assure you, as I now do, that your opinion, and your reasonings, have, and will always have, great and deserved weight with me: And that I respect you still more than I did, if possible, for your expostulations in support of my Cousin's pious injunctions to me. They come from you, Sir, with the greatest propriety, as her Executor and Representative; and likewise as you are a man of humanity, and a well-wisher to both parties.

I am not exempt from violent passions, Sir, any more than your friend; but then I hope they are only capable of being raised by other peoples insolence, and not by my own arrogance. If ever I am stimulated by my impersections and my resentments to act against my judgment, and my Cousin's injunctions; some such resections as these that follow, will run away with my reason. Indeed they are always present with me.

In

In the first place; My own disappointment: Who came over with the hope of passing the remainder of my days in the conversation of a kinswoman so beloved; and to whom I had a double relation, as her Cousin and Trustee.

Then I reflect, too-too often perhaps for my engagements to her in her last hours, that the dear creature could only forgive for berfelf. She, no doubt, is happy: But who shall forgive for a whole family, in all its branches made miserable for their lives?

That the more faulty her friends were as to her, the more enormous his ingratitude, and the more inexcuseable—What! Sir, was it not enough, that the fuffered what the did for him, but the barbarian must make her suffer for her sufferings for his fake? -Passion makes me express this weakly: Passion refuses the aid of expression sometimes, where the propriety of a resentment prima facie declares expression to be needless. I leave it to you, Sir, to give this reflection its due force.

That the author of this diffusive mischief perpetrated it premeditatedly, wantonly, in the gaiety of his heart. To try my Cousin, say you, Sir? To try the virtue of a Clarissa, Sir!-Had she then given him any cause to doubt her virtue?—It could not be.—If he averrs that she did, I am indeed called

upon - But I will have patience.

That he carried her, as now it appears, to a vile Brothel, purposely to put her out of all human refource: Himfelf out of the reach of all humane remorfe: And that, finding her proof against all the common arts of delufion, base and unmanly arts were there used to effect his wicked purposes. Once dead, the injured Saint, in her Will, fays, he has feen ber.

That I could not know this, when I faw him at M. Hall: That, the object of his attempts considered, I could not suppose there was such a monster breathing breathing as he: That it was natural for me to impute her refusal of him rather to transitory refentment, to consciousness of human frailty, and mingled doubts of the fincerity of his offers, than to villainies, which had given the irreverfible blow, and had at that instant brought her down to the gates of death, which in a very few days inclosed her.

That he is a man of defiance: A man who thinks to awe every one by his infolent darings, and by his

pretenfions to superior courage and skill.

That, difgrace as he is to his name, and to the character of a gentleman, the man would not want merit, who, in vindication of the dishonoured distinction, should expunge and blot him out of the

worthy lift.

That the injured family has a Son, who, however unworthy of such a Sister, is of a temper vehement, unbridled, fierce; unequal therefore (as he has once indeed been found) to a contention with this man: The lofs of which Son, by a violent death, on fuch an occasion, and by an hand so justly hated, would complete the mifery of the whole family: And who, nevertheless, resolves to call him to account, if I do not: His very misbehaviour perhaps to fuch a Sifter stimulating his perverse heart to do her memory the more fignal justice; tho' the attempt might be fatal to himfelf.

Then, Sir, to be a witness, as I am every hour, to the calamity and diffress of a family to which I am related; every one of whom, however averse to an alliance with him while it had not taken place, would no doubt have been foon reconciled to the admirable creature, had the man (to whom, for his family and fortunes, it was not a difgrace to be

allied) done her but common justice!

To see them hang their pensive heads; mope about, shunning one another; tho' formerly never used to meet meet but to rejoice in each other; afflicting themfelves with reflections, that the last time they respectively saw the dear creature, it was here, or there, at such a place, in such an attitude; and could they have thought that it would have been the last?

Every one of them reviving instances of her excellencies that will for a long time make their very

bleffings a curse to them!

Her closet, her chamber, her cabinet, given up to me to disfurnish, in order to answer (now too late obliging!) the legacies bequeathed; unable themfelves to enter them; and even making use of less convenient back-stairs, that they may avoid passing by the doors of her apartment!

Her parlour locked up; the walks, the retirements, the fummer-house in which she delighted, and in which she used to pursue her charming works; that, in particular, from which she went to the fatal interview; shunned, or hurried by, or over!

Her perfections, nevertheless, called up to remembrance, and enumerated: Incidents and graces, unheeded before, or passed over in the groupe of her numberless perfections, now brought into no-

tice, and dwelt upon!

The very fervants allowed to expatiate upon these praiseful topics to their principals! Even eloquent in their praises—The distressed principals listening and weeping! Then to see them break in upon the zealous applauders, by their impatience and remorse, and throw abroad their helpless hands, and exclaim; then again to see them listen to hear more of her praises, and weep again—They even encouraging the servants to repeat, how they used to be stopt by strangers to ask after her, and by those who knew her, to be told of some new instances to her honour—How aggravating all this!

In dreams they see her, and desire to see her: Al-

ways an angel, and accompanied by angels: Always clad in robes of light: Always endeavouring to comfort them, who declare, that they shall never more know comfort!

What an example she set! how she indited! How she drew! How she wrought! How she talked! How she sung! How she played! Her voice,

mufic! Her accent, harmony!

The delight of persons of all ages, of both sexes, of all ranks! Yet how humble, how condescending! Never were dignity and humility so illustri-

oully mingled!

At other times, how generous, how noble, how charitable, how judicious in her charities! In every action laudable! In every attitude attractive!! In every appearance, whether full-dressed, or in the housewise's more humble garb, equally elegant, and equally lovely! Like or resembling Miss Clarissa Harlowe, they now remember to be a praise denoting the highest degree of excellence, with every one, whatever person, action, or rank, spoken of.

The desirable Daughter; the obliging Kinswoman; the affectionate Sister (All Envy now subsided!); the faithful, the warm friend; the affable, the kind, the benevolent Mistress!—Not one fault remembred! All their severities called cruelties: Mutually accusing each other; each him and herself; and all to raise her character, and torment

themselves.

Such, Sir, was the angel, of whom the vilest of men has deprived the world! You, Sir, who know more of the barbarous machinations and practices of this strange man, can help me to still more inflaming reasons, were they needed, why a man not perfect may stand excused to the generality of the world, if he should pursue his vengeance; and the rather, as thro' an absence of six

· years (high as just report, and the promises of her

· early youth from childhood, had raised her in his

efteem) he could not till now know one half of her

· excellencies—Till now! that we have loft, for ever

· loft, the admirable creature !-

But I will force myself from the subject, after I have repeated, that I have not yet made any resolutions that can bind me. Whenever I do, I shall be glad they may be such as may merit the honour of your approbation.

I fend you back the copies of the posthumous Letters. I fee the humanity of your purpose, in the transmission of them to me; and I thank you most heartily for it. I presume, that it is owing to the same laudable consideration, that you kept back the copy of that to the wicked man himself.

I intend to wait upon Miss Howe in person with the diamond ring, and such other of the effects bequeathed to her as are here. I am, SIR,

Your most faithful and obliged Servant,

WM. MORDEN.

Mr. Belford, in his Answer to this Letter, farther enforces the Lady's dying injunctions; and rejoices that the Colonel has made no vindictive resolutions; and hopes every thing from his prudence and consideration, and from his promise given to the dying Lady.

He refers to the seeing him in town on account of the dreadful ends of two of the greatest criminals in his Cousin's affair. 'This, says he, together with

'Mr. Lovelace's disorder of mind, looks as if Pro-

'vidence had already taken the punishment of these unhappy wretches into its own hands.'

He desires the Colonel will give him a day's notice of his coming to town, lest otherwise he may be absent at the time.

This he does, tho' he tells him not the reason, with a view to prevent a meeting between him and Mr. Lovelace; who might be in town (as he apprehends) about the same time, in his way to go abroad.

LETTER XL.

Colonel Morden, To John Belford, Efq;

Dear Sir, Tuesday, Sept. 26.

T Cannot help congratulating myself as well as you, that we have already got thro' with the Family every article of the Will, where they have any concern.

You left me a discretional power, in many inflances; and, in pursuance of it, I have had my dear Cousin's personal jewels valued; and will account to you for them, at the highest price, when I come to town, as well as for other matters that you were pleafed to entrust

to my management.

These jewels I have presented to my Cousin Dolly Hervey, in acknowlegement of her love to the dear departed. I have told Miss Howe of this; and she is as well pleased with what I have done, as if she had been the purchaser of them herself. As that young Lady has jewels of her own, she could only have wished to purchase these because they were her beloved friend s.

The Grandmother's jewels are also valued; and the money will be paid me for you, to be carried to the

Uses of the Will.

Mrs. Norton is preparing, by general confent, to enter upon her office as housekeeper at The Grove. But it is my opinion, that she will not be long on this fide Heaven.

I waited upon Miss Howe myself, as I told you I would, with what was bequeathed to her and her Mother. You will not be displeased, perhaps, if I make a few observations with regard to that young Lady, so dear to my beloved Coufin, as you have not a perfonal acquaintance with her.

There never was a firmer and nobler friendship in women, than that between my dear Cousin and Miss Howe, to which this wretched man has given a pe-

riod.

Friendship, generally speaking, Mr. Belsord, is too fervent a slame for semale minds to manage: A light, that but in few of their hands burns steady, and often hurries the Sex into slight and absurdity. Like other extremes, it is hardly ever durable. Marriage, which is the highest state of friendship, generally absorbs the most vehement friendships of semale to semale; and that whether the wedlock be happy, or not.

What female mind is capable of two fervent friend-

ships at the same time?

This I mention as a general observation: But the friendship that subsisted between these two Ladies affords a remarkable exception to it: Which I account for from those qualities and attainments in both, which, were they more common, would furnish more exceptions still in favour of the Sex.

Both had an enlarged, and even a liberal education: Both had minds thirfting after virtuous knowlege: Great readers both: Great writers-[And early familiar writing I take to be one of the greatest openers and improvers of the mind, that man or woman can be employed in.] Both generous. High in fortune; therefore above that dependence each on the other, that frequently destroys the familiarity which is the cement of friendship. Both excelling in different ways, in which neither fought to envy the other. Both bleffed with clear and diffinguishing faculties; with folid fense; and from their first intimacy [I have many of my lights, Sir, from Mrs. Norton] each feeing fomething in the other to fear, as well as to love; yet making it an indifpensable condition of their friendship, each to tell the other of her failings; and to be thankful for the freedom One by nature gentle; the other made so, by her love and admiration of her exalted friend-Impossible that there could be a friendship better calculated for duration.

I must, however, take the liberty to blame Miss Howe for her behaviour to Mr. Hickman. And I infer from from it, that even women of sense are not to be trusted with power.

By the way, I am fure I need not defire you not to communicate to this fervent young Lady the liberties I

take with her character.

I dare say, my Cousin could not approve of Miss Howe's behaviour to this gentleman: A behaviour which is talked of by as many as know Mr. Hickman and her. Can a wife young Lady be easy under such

censure? She must know it.

Mr. Hickman is really a very worthy man. Everybody speaks well of him. But he is gentle-dispositioned, and he adores Miss Howe; and Love admits not of an air of even due dignity to the object of it. Yet will Mr. Hickman hardly ever get back the reins he has yielded up; unless she, by carrying too far the power of which she seems at present too sensible, should, when she has no favours to confer which he has not a right to demand, provoke him to throw off the too heavy yoke. And should he do so, and then treat her with negligence, Miss Howe, of all the women I know, will be the least able to support herself under it. She will then be more unhappy than she ever made him: For a man who is uneasy at home can divert himself abroad; which a woman cannot so easily do, without scandal.

Permit me to take further notice, as to Miss Howe; that it is very obvious to me, that she has, by her haughty behaviour to this worthy man, involved herself in one difficulty, from which she knows not how to extricate herself with that grace, which accompanies all her actions. She intends to have Mr. Hickman. I believe she does not dislike him. And it will cost her no small pains to descend from the elevation she has climbed to.

Another inconvenience she will suffer from her having taught every-body (for she is above disguise) to think, by her treatment of Mr. Hickman, much more meanly of him than he deserves to be thought of. And must she not suffer dishonour in his dishonour?

Mrs.

Mrs. Howe is much disturbed at her Daughter's behaviour to the gentleman. He is very deservedly a favourite of hers. But [another failing in Miss Howe] her Mother has not all the authority with her that a

· Mother ought to have. Miss Howe is indeed a wo-

man of fine fense; but it requires a high degree of
good understanding, as well as a sweet and gentle disposition of mind, and great discretion, in a child.

when grown up, to let it be feen, that she mingles

· Reverence with her Love, to a Parent, who has ta-

· lents visibly inferior to her own.

Miss Howe is open, generous, noble. The Mother has not any of her fine qualities. Parents, in order to preserve their childrens veneration for them, should take great care not to let them see any-thing in their conduct, or behaviour, or principles, which they themselves would not approve of in others.

· Mr. Hickman has, however, this confideration to comfort himself with; that the same vivacity by which be suffers, makes Miss Howe's own Mother, at

times, equally fensible. And as he sees enough of this beforehand, he will have more reason to blame him-

felf than the Lady, should she prove as lively a Wife,

· as the was a Mistress, for having continued his addresses, and married her, against such threatening ap-

· pearances.

There is also another circumstance which goodnatured men who engage with even lively women, may look forward to with pleasure; a circumstance which generally lowers the spirits of the Ladies, and domesticates them, as I may call it: And which, as it will bring those of Mr. Hickman and Miss Howe nearer to a par, that worthy gentleman will have double reason, when it happens, to congratulate himfelf upon it.

But, after all, I see that there is something so charmingly brilliant and frank in Miss Howe's disposition, altho' at present visibly overclouded by grief, that it is im-

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noffible not to love her, even for her failings. She may, and I hope she will, make Mr. Hickman an obliging wife. And if the do, the will have an additional merit with me; fince she cannot be apprehensive of check or controul; and may therefore by her generosity and prudence lay an obligation upon her husband. by the performance of what is no more than her duty.

Her Mother both loves and fears her. Yet is Mrs. Howe also a woman of vivacity, and ready enough, I dare fay, to cry out when she is pained. But, alas! The has, as I hinted above, weakened her authority by

the narrowness of her mind.

Yet once she praised her Daughter to me with so much warmth for the generofity of her spirit, that had I not known the old Lady's character, I should have thought her generous herfelf. And yet I have always observed, that people even of narrow tempers are ready to praise generous ones: -And thus have I accounted for it; That such persons generally find it to their purpose, that all the world should be open-minded but themselves.

The old Lady applied herfelf to me, to urge to the young one the contents of the Will, in order to haften her to fix a day for her marriage: But defired that I would not let Miss Howe know that she did.

I took the liberty upon it to tell Miss Howe, that I hoped that her part of a Will, so soon, and so pun-Aually, in almost all its other articles, fulfilled, would

not be the only one that would be flighted.

Her answer was, She would consider of it: And made me a courtely with such an air, as shewed me, that she thought me more out of my sphere, than I could allow her to think me, had I been permitted to argue the point with her.

I found Miss Howe and her own servant-maid in deep mourning. This, it feems, had occasioned a great debate at first between her Mother and her. Her Mother had the words of the Will on her fide; and

Mr.

Mr. Hickman's interest in her view; her Daughter having faid, that she would wear it for Six months at least. But the young Lady carried her point - Strange, ' faid she, if I, who shall mourn the heavy, the irreparable loss to the last hour of my life, should not ' shew my concern to the world for a few months!'

Mr. Hickman, for his part, was fo far from uttering an opposing word on this occasion, that, on the very day that Miss Howe put on hers, he waited on her in a new fuit of mourning, as for a near relation. His fervants and equipage made the fame respectful ap-

pearance.

Whether the Mother was confulted by him in it, I cannot fay; but the Daughter knew nothing of it, till the faw him in it. She looked at him with furprize, and asked him, For whom he mourned?

The dear, and ever-dear Miss Harlowe, he said.

She was at a loss, it seems—At last—All the world ought to mourn for my Clariffa, faid she; but whom, Man, [that was her whimfical address to him] thinkest thou to oblige by this appearance?

It is more than appearance, Madam. I love not my own Sifter, worthy as she is, better than I loved Mis Clarissa Harlowe. I oblige myself by it. And if

I disoblige not you, that is all I wish.

She surveyed him, I am told, from head to foot. She knew not, at first, whether to be angry or pleased. -At length, I thought at first, said she, that you might have a bolder and freer motive—' But' (as my Mamma fays) 'you may be a well-meaning man, tho' generally a little wrong-headed - However, as the world is cenforious, and may think us nearer of kin ' than I would have it supposed, I must take care, that

'I am not feen abroad in your company.'

But let me add, Mr. Belford, that if this compliment of Mr. Hickman (or this more than compliment, as I may well call it, fince the worthy man speaks not of my dear Cousin without emotion) does not produce a short day, I shall think Miss Howe has less generosity in her temper than I am willing to allow her.

You will excuse me, Mr. Belford, for the particu-

larities which you invited and encouraged.

Having now feen every-thing that relates to the Will of my dear Cousin brought to a defirable iffue; I will fet about making my own. I shall follow the dear creature's example, and give my reasons for every article, that there may be no room for after-contention.

What but a fear of death, a fear unworthy of a creature who knows that he must one day as surely die as he was born, can hinder any one from making such a disposition?

I hope foon to pay my respects to you in town. Mean time, I am, with great respect, dear SIR,

Your faithful and affectionate humble Servant,

WM. MORDEN.

LETTER XLI.

Mr. BELFORD, To Miss HowE.

Madam, Thursday, Sept. 28.

I DO myself the honour to f nd you with This, according to my promise (a), copies of the posthu-

mous Letters written by your exalted friend.

These will be accompanied with other Letters, particularly a copy of one from Mr. Lovelace, begun to be written on the 14th, and continued down to the 18th (b). You will see by it, Madam, the dreadful anguish that his spirits labour with, and his deep remorse.

Mr. Lovelace fent for this Letter back. I complied; but I first took a copy of it. As I have not told him that I have done so, you will be pleased to forbear communicating of it to any-body but Mr. Hickman. That

gentleman's

gentleman's perusal of it will be the same as if nobody

but vourself saw it.

One of the Letters of Colonel Morden which I inclose, you will observe, Madam, is only a copy (c). The true reason for which, as I will ingenuously acknowlege, is, some free, but respectful animadversions which the Colonel has made upon your declining to carry into execution your part of your dear friend's last requests. I have therefore, in respect to that worthy gentleman (having a caution from him on that head) omitted those parts.

Will you allow me, Madam, however, to tell you, that I myself could not have believed that my inimitable Testatrix's own Miss Howe would have been the most backward in performing such a part of her dear friend's Last Will, as is entirely in her own power to perform—Especially, when that performance would make one of the most deserving men in England happy; and whom, I presume, she proposes to honour with her

hand?

Excuse me, Madam, I have a most fincere veneration for you; and would not disoblige you for the world.

I will not presume to make remarks on the Letters I send you; nor upon the informations I have to give you of the dreadful end of two unhappy wretches, who were the greatest criminals in the affair of your adorable friend. These are the infamous Sinclair, and a person whom you have read of, no doubt, in the Letters of the charming innocent, by the name of Captain Tomlinson.

The wretched woman died in the extremest tortures and despondency: The man from wounds got in defending himself in carrying on a contraband trade: Both accusing themselves, in their last hours, for the parts they had acted against the most excellent of women, as of the crime that gave them the deepest remorse.

⁽c) Viz. The preceding.

Give me leave to fay, Madam, that if your compassion be not excited for the poor man who suffers so greatly from his own anguish of mind, as you will observe by his Letter he does; and for the unhappy family, whose remorfe, as you will see by Col. Morden's, is so deep;—your terror must. And yet I shall not wonder, if the just sense of the irreparable loss you have suffained hardens a heart against pity, which, on a less extraordinary occasion, would want its principal grace, if it were not compassionate.

I am, Madam, with the greatest respect and grati-

tude,

Your most obliged and faithful humble Servant,

J. BELFORD.

LETTER XLII.

Miss Howe, To John Belford, Esq;

SIR, Sat. Sept. 30.

I Little thought I ever could have owed fo much ob-

And yet what you have fent me has almost broken my heart, and ruined my eyes.

I am furprised, tho' agreeably, that you have so soon, and so well, got over that part of the Trust you have

engaged in, which relates to the family.

It may be prefumed, from the exits you mention of two of the infernal man's accomplices, that the thunder-bolt will not stop short of the principal. Indeed I have some pleasure to think it seems rolling along towards the devoted head that has plotted all the mischief. But let me, however, say, that altho' I think Mr. Morden not altogether in the wrong in his reasons for resentment, as he is the dear creature's Kinsman and Trustee; yet I think you very much in the right in endeavouring to dissuade him from it, as you are her Executor, and act in pursuance of her earnest request.

But what a Letter is that of the infernal man! I

cannot observe upon it. Neither can I, for very different reasons, upon my dear creature's posthumous Letters; particularly on that to him. Oh! Mr. Belford! what numberless perfections died, when my Clarissa drew her last breath!

If decency be observed in his Letters; for I have not yet had patience to read above two or three of them (besides this horrid one, which I return you inclosed); I may some time hence be curious to look, by their means, into the hearts of wretches, which, tho' they must be the abhorrence of virtuous minds, will, when laid open (as I presume they are in them) afford a proper warning to those who read them, and teach them to detest men of such prossignate characters.

If your reformation be fincere, you will not be offended that I do not except you on this occasion.—And thus have I helped you to a criterion to try yourself by.

By this Letter of the wicked man it is apparent, that there are still wickeder women. But see what a guilty commerce with the devils of your Sex will bring those to, whose morals ye have ruined!—For these women were once innocent: It was man that made them otherwise. The first bad man, perhaps, threw them upon worse men: Those upon still worse; till they commenced devils incarnate—The height of wickedness, or of shame, is not arrived at all at once, as I have somewhere heard observed.

But this man, this monster rather, for him to curse these women, and to curse the dear creature's family (implacable as the latter were) in order to lighten a burden he voluntarily took up, and groans under, is meanness added to wickedness: And in vain will he one day find his low plea of sharing with her friends, and with those common wretches, a guilt which will be adjudged him as all his own; tho' they too may meet with their punishment: As it is evidently begun; in the first, in their ineffectual reproaches of one another; in the second—as you have told me.

I 4

This Letter of the abandoned wretch I have not shewn to any-body; not even to Mr. Hickman: For, Sir, I must tell you, I do not as yet think it the same

thing as only feeing it myfelf.

Mr. Hickman, like the rest of his Sex, would grow upon indulgence. One diffinction from me would make him pay two to himself. Insolent creepers, or encroachers, all of you! To shew any of you a favour to-day, you would expect it as a right to-morrow.

I am, as you fee, very open and fincere with you; and design in another Letter to be still more so, in answer to your call, and Colonel Morden's call, upon me, in a point that concerns me to explain myself upon to my beloved creature's Executor, and to the Colonel, as her only tender and only worthy relation.

I cannot but highly applaud Colonel Morden for his

generofity to Miss Dolly Hervey.

O that he had arrived time enough to fave my inimitable friend from the machinations of the vileft of men, and from the envy and malice of the most selfish and implacable of Brothers and Sifters!

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XLIII.

Miss Howe, To John Belford, Esq;

Monday, Oct. 2.

WHEN you question me, Sir, as you do, and on a subject so affecting to me, in the character of the representative of my best-beloved friend, and have in every particular hitherto acted up to that character, you are entitled to my regard: Especially as you are joined in your questioning of me by a gentleman whom I look upon as the dearest and nearest (because worthiest) relation of my dear friend: And who, it feems, has been so severe a censurer of my conduct, that your politeness will not permit you to fend me his Letter, with others of his; but a copy only, in which the passages reflecting upon me are omitted.

I prefume, however, that what is meant by this alarming freedom of the Colonel, is no more than what you both have already hinted to me; as if you thought I were not inclined to pay fo much regard to my beloved creature's Last Will, in my own case, as I would have others pay to it. A charge that I ought

not to be quite filent under.

You have observed, no doubt, that I have seemed to value myself upon the freedom I take in declaring my sentiments without reserve upon every subject that I pretend to touch upon: And I can hardly question that I have, or shall, in your opinion, by my unceremonious treatment of you upon so short an acqueintance, run into the error of those, who, wanting to be thought above hypocrify and flattery, fall into rusticity, if not ill-manners; a common fault with such, who, not caring to correct constitutional failings, seek to gloss them over by some nominal virtue; when all the time, pethaps, these failings are entirely owing to native arrogance; or, at least, to a contracted rust, that they will not, because it would give them pain, submit to have filed off.

You see, Sir, that I can, however, be as free with myself as with you: And, by what I am going to write, you will find me still more free: And yet I am aware, that such of my Sex as will not assume some little dignity, and exact respect from yours, will render themselves cheap; and perhaps, for their modesty and dissidence, be repaid with scorn and insult.

But the fcorn I will endeavour not to deferve; and

the infult I will not bear.

In some of the dear creature's papers which you have had in your possession, and must again have in order to get transcribed, you will find several friendly, but severe reprehensions of me, on account of a natural, or, at least, an habitual, warmth of temper, which she was pleased to impute to me.

I was thinking to give you her charge against me in her

her own words, from one of her Letters delivered to me with her own hands, on taking leave of me, on the last visit she honoured me with. But I will supply that charge by confession of more than it imports; to wit, 'That I am haughty, uncontroulable, and violent in my temper; This I fay: 'Impatient of contradiction,' was my Beloved's charge [From any-body but her dear felf, she should have said; 'and aim not at that affability, that gentleness next to meekness, which, in the Letter I was going to communicate, fhe tells me are the peculiar and indispensable characteristics of a real fine Lady; who, she is pleased to fay, should appear to be gall-less as a dove; and e never should know what warmth or high spirit is, but in the cause of Religion or Virtue; or in cases where her own honour, the honour of a friend, or that of an innocent person, is concerned.'

Now, Sir, as I must needs plead guilty to this indictment, do you think I ought not to resolve upon a Single Life?—I, who have such an opinion of your Sex, that I think there is not one man in an hundred whom a woman of sense and spirit can either benour or obey, the you make us promise both, in that solemn form of words which unites or rather binds us to you

in marriage?

When I look round upon all the married people of my acquaintance, and fee how they live, and what they bear who live best, I am confirmed in my dislike

to the State.

Well do your Sex contrive to bring us up fools and idiots, in order to make us bear the yoke you lay upon our shoulders; and that we may not despise you from our hearts (as we certainly should, if we were brought up as you are) for your ignorance, as much as you often make us do (as it is) for your insolence.

These, Sir, are some of my notions. And, with these notions, let me repeat my question, Do you think

I ought to marry at all?

If I marry either a fordid or an imperious wretch, can I, do you think, live with him? And ought a man of a contrary character, for the fake of either of

our reputations, to be plagued with me?

Long did I stand out against all the offers made me, and against all the persuasions of my Mother; and, to tell you the truth, the longer, and with the more obstinacy, as the person my choice would have first fallen upon, was neither approved by my Mother, nor by my dear friend. This riveted me to my pride, and to my opposition: For altho' I was convinced after a while, that my choice would neither have been prudent nor happy; and that the specious wretch was not what he had made me believe he was; yet could I not easily think of any other man: And indeed, from the detection of him, took a settled aversion to the whole Sex.

At last Mr. Hickman offered himself; a man worthy of a better choice. He had the good fortune [He thinks it so] to be agreeable (and to make his proposals

agreeable) to my Mother.

As to myself; I own, that were I to have chosen a Brother, Mr. Hickman should have been the man; virtuous, sober, sincere, friendly, as he is. But I wished not to marry: Nor knew I the man in the world whom I could think deserving of my beloved Friend. But neither of our parents would let us live

fingle.

The accursed Lovelace was proposed warmly to her, at one time; and, while she was yet but indifferent to him, they by ungenerous usage of him (for then, Sir, he was not known to be Beelzebub himself) and by endeavouring to force her inclinations in favour first of one worthless man, then of another, in antipathy to him, thro' her foolish Brother's caprice, turned that indifference (from the natural generosity of her soul) into a regard which she never otherwise would have had for a man of his character.

I 6

Mr. Hickman was proposed to me. I refused him again and again. He persisted: My Mother his advocate. My Mother made my beloved Friend his advocate too. I told him my dislike of all—men: Of him: Of matrimony.—Still he persisted. I used him with tyranny: Led indeed partly by my temper, partly by design; hoping thereby to get rid of him; till the poor man (his character unexceptionably uniform) still persisting, made himself a merit with me by his patience. This brought down my pride [I never, Sir, was accounted very ungenerous, nor quite ungrateful] and gave me, at one time, an inferiority in my own opinion to him; which lasted just long enough for my friends to prevail upon me to promise him encouragement; and to receive his addresses.

Having so done, when the weather-glass of my pride got up again, I sound I had gone too far to recede. My Mother and my Friend both held me to it. Yet I tried him; I vexed him an hundred ways; and not so much neither with design to vex him, as to make

him hate me, and decline his fuit.

He bore this, however; and got nothing but my pity: Yet still my Mother and my Friend, having obtained my promise (made, however, not to him, but to them) and being well assured that I valued no man more than Mr. Hickman (who never once disobliged me in word, or deed, or look, except by his foolish

perseverance) infifted upon the performance.

While my dear Friend was in her unhappy uncertainty, I could not think of marriage: And now, what encouragement have I?—She, my Monitress, my Guide, my Counsel, gone, for ever gone!—By whose advice and instructions I hoped to acquit myself tolerably in the State into which I could not avoid entering. For, Sir, my Mother is so partially Mr. Hickman's friend, that I am sure, should any difference arise, she would always censure me, and acquit him; even were he ungenerous enough to remember me in his day.

This.

This, Sir, being my fituation, confider how difficult it is for me to think of marriage. Whenever we approve, we can find an hundred good reasons to justify our approbation. Whenever we dislike, we can find a thousand to justify our dislike. Every-thing in the latter case is an impediment: Every shadow a bugbear. -Thus can I enumerate and swell perhaps only imaginary grievances; 'I must go whither he would have me to go: Visit whom he would have me to visit: Well as I love to write (tho' now, alas! my grand inducement to write is over) it must be to whom he " pleases: And Mrs. Hickman (who, as Miss Howe, cannot do wrong) would hardly ever be able to do right. Thus, the tables turned upon me, I am reminded of my vowed obedience; Madam'd up perhaps to matrimonial perfection, and all the wedded warfare practised comfortably over between us (for I shall not be paffive under infolent treatment) till we become curses to each other, a bye-word to our neighbours, and the jest of our own servants.

But there must be bear and forbear, methinks some wise body will tell me: But why must I be teazed into a State where that must be necessarily the case; when now I can do as I please, and wish only to be let alone to do as best pleases me? And what, in effect, does my Mother say? 'Anna Howe, you now do

every-thing that pleases you: You now have nobody to controul you: You go and you come; you

dress and you undress; you rise and you go to rest;
just as you think best: But you must be happier still,

child!-

As how, Madam?

Why, you must marry, my dear, and have none of these options; but, in every-thing, do as

' your Husband commands you.'

This is very hard, you will own, Sir, for such a one as me to think of. And yet, engaged to enter into that State, as I am, how can I help myself? My Mother

Mother presses me; my Friend, my beloved Friend, writing as from the dead, presses me; and You, and Mr. Morden, as Executors of her Will, remind me; the Man is not afraid of me [I am sure, were I the man, I should not have half his courage]; and I think I ought to conclude to punish him (the only effectual way I have to do it) for his perverse adherence and persecution, with the grant of his own wishes; a punishment which many others who enjoy theirs very com-

monly experience.

Let me then affure you, Sir, that when I can find, in the words of my charming Friend in her Will, writing of her Cousin Hervey, that my grief for her is mellowed by time into a remembrance more sweet than painful, that I may not be utterly unworthy of the pafsion a man of some merit has for me, I will answer the request of my dear Friend, so often repeated, and so earnestly pressed; and Mr. Hickman shall find, if he continue to deferve my gratitude, that my endeavours shall not be wanting to make him amends for the patience he has had, and must still a little while longer have with me: And then will it be his own fault (I hope not mine) if our marriage answer not those happy prognoftics, which filled her generous prefaging mind, upon this view, as the once, for my encouragement, and to induce me to encourage him, told me.

Thus, Sir, have I, in a very free manner, accounted to you, as to the Executor of my beloved Friend, for all that relates to you, as such, to know; and even for more than I needed to do, against myself: Only that you will find as much against me in some of ber Letters; and so, losing nothing, I gain the character of

ingenuousness with you.

And thus much for the double reprimand, on my delaying my part of the performance of my dear Friend's Will.

And now, while you are admonifhing me on this fubject, let me remind you of one great article relating

to yourself: It is furnished me by my dear Creature's posthumous Letter to you -I hope you will not forget, that the most benevolent of her Sex expresses herself as earnestly concerned for your thorough reformation, as the does for my marrying. You'll fee to it then, that her wishes are as completely answered in that particular. as you are defirous they should be in all others.

I have, I own, disobeyed her in one article; and that is, where she desires that I will not put myself

into mourning. I could not help it.

I fend this and mine of Saturday last together: And will not add another word, after I have told you, that I think myself

Your obliged Servant.

A. Howe.

LETTER XLIV.

Mr. BELFORD, To Miss Howe.

Thursday Night, Oct. 5.

I Return you, Madam, my most respectful thanks for your condescending hint, in relation to the pious wifnes of your exalted friend for my thorough reformation.

I will only fay, that it shall be my earnest and unwearied endeavour to make those generous wishes effectual: And I hope for the Divine bleffing upon such my endeavours, or else I know they will be in vain.

I cannot, Madam, express how much I think myfelf obliged to you for your further condescension, in writing to me fo frankly the state of your past and present mind, in relation to the Single and Matrimonial Life. If the Lady by whom, as the Executor of her inimitable Friend, I am thus honoured, bas failings, never were failings fo lovely in woman !--How much more levely, indeed, that the virtues of many of her Sex!

I might have ventured into the hands of such a Lady

the Colonel's original Letter entire. That worthy gentleman exceedingly admires you; and his caution was the effect of his politeness only, and of his regard

for you.

I fend you, Madam, a Letter from Lord M. to myself; and the copies of three others written in confequence of that. These will acquaint you with Mr. Lovelace's departure from England, and with other particulars, which you will be curious to know.

Be pleased to keep to yourself such of the contents as your own prudence will fuggest to you ought not to

be feen by any-body elfe.

I am, Madam, with the profoundest and most grateful respect,

Your faithful and obliged humble Servant,

TOHN BELFORD.

LETTER XLV.

Lord M. To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Dear Sir, M. Hall, Friday, Sept. 29.

AY kinfman Lovelace is now fetting out for London; proposing to see you, and then to go to Dover, and fo embark. God fend him well out of

the kingdom!

On Monday he will be with you, I believe. Pray let me be favoured with an account of all your conversations; for Mr. Mowbray and Mr. Tourville are to be there too; and whether you think he is grown quite his own man again. What I mostly write for is, to wish you to keep Colonel Morden and him asunder; and so I give you notice of his going to town. I should be very loth there should be any mischief between them, as you gave me notice that the Colonel threatened my Nephew. But my kinsman would not bear that; so nobody let him know that he did. But I hope there is no fear: For the Colonel does not, as I hear, threaten now. For his own fake, I am glad

of that; for there is not fuch a man in the world as my kinfman is faid to be, at all the weapons—As well he was not; he would not be fo daring.

We shall all here miss the wild fellow. To be sure,

there is no man better company when he pleases.

Pray, do you never travel thirty or forty mile? I should be glad to see you here at M. Hall. It will be charity, when my kinsman is gone; for we suppose you will be his chief correspondent: Altho' he has promised to write to my Nieces often. But he is very apt to forget his promises; To us his relations particularly. God preserve us all; Amen! prays

Your very humble Servant,

M.

LETTER XLVI.

Mr. BELFORD, To Lord M.

My Lord, London, Tuesday Night, Oct. 3.

I Obey your Lordship's commands with great pleafure.

Yesterday in the afternoon Mr. Lovelace made me a visit at my lodgings. As I was in expectation of one from Colonel Morden about the same time, I thought proper to carry him to a Tavern which neither of us frequented (on pretence of an half appointment); ordering notice to be sent me thither, if the Colonel came: And Mr. Lovelace sent to Mowbray, and Tourville, and Mr. Doleman of Uxbridge (who came to town to take leave of him) to let them know where to find us.

Mr. Lovelace is too well recovered, I was going to fay. I never faw him more gay, lively, and handfome. We had a good deal of bluster about some parts of the Trust I have engaged in; and upon freedoms I had treated him with; in which, he would have it, that I had exceeded our agreed-on limits: But on the arrival of our three old companions, and a Nephew of

Mr.

Mr. Doleman's (who had a good while been defirous to pass an hour with Mr. Lovelace) it blew off for the

présent.

Mr. Mowbray and Mr. Tourville had also taken fome exceptions at the freedoms of my pen; and Mr. Lovelace, after his way, took upon him to reconcile us; and did it at the expence of all three; and with fuch an infinite run of humour and raillery, that we had nothing to do but to laugh at what he faid, and at one another. I can deal tolerably with him at my pen; but in conversation he has no equal. In short, it was his day. He was glad, he faid, to find himself alive; and his two friends, clapping and rubbing their hands twenty times in an hour, declared, that now once more he was all himself; the charming'ft fellow in the world; and they would follow him to the fartheft part of the globe.

I threw a bur upon his coat now-and-then; but none

would flick.

Your Lordship knows, that there are many things which occasion a roar of applause in conversation, when the heart is open, and men are resolved to be merry, which will neither bear repeating, nor thinking of afterwards. Common things, in the mouth of a man we admire, and whose wit has passed upon us for sterling, become, in a gay hour, uncommon. We watch every turn of fuch a one's countenance, and are resolved to laugh when he smiles, even before he utters what we are expecting to flow from his lips.

Mr. Doleman and his Nephew took leave of us by Twelve. Mowbray and Tourville grew very noify by One; and were carried off by Two. Wine never moves Mr. Lovelace, notwithstanding a vivacity which generally helps on over-gay spirits. As to myself, the little part I had taken in their gaiety kept me un-

concerned.

The clock struck Three before I could get him into any ferious or attentive way-So natural to him is gaiety gaiety of heart; and fuch strong hold had the liveliness of the evening taken of him. His conversation you know, my Lord, when his heart is free, runs off to the bottom without any dregs.

But after that hour, and when we thought of parting, he became a little more ferious: And then he told me his defigns, and gave me a plan of his intended Tour; wishing heartily, that I could have accompa-

nied him.

We parted about Four; he not a little diffatisfied with me; for we had some talk about subjects, which, he said, he loved not to think of; to wit, Miss Harlowe's Will; my Executorship; Papers I had in confidence communicated to that admirable Lady (with no unfriendly design, I assure your Lordship); and he institute upon, and I refusing, the return of the Letters he had written to me, from the time that he had made his first addresses to her.

He would see me once again, he said; and it would be upon very ill terms if I complied not with his request. Which I bid him not expect. But, that I might not deny him every-thing, I told him, that I would give him a copy of the Will; tho' I was sure, I said, when he read it, he would wish he had never

feen it.

I had a message from him about Eleven this morning, desiring me to name a place at which to dine with Him, and Mowbray, and Tourville, for the last time: And soon after another from Colonel Morden, inviting me to pass the evening with him at the Bedford-Head in Covent-Garden. And, that I might keep them at distance from one another, I appointed Mr. Lovelace at the Eagle in Suffolk-street.

There I met him, and the two others. We began where we left off at our last parting; and were very high with each other. But, at last, all was made up, and he offered to forget and forgive every-thing, on condition that I would correspond with him while

abroad.

abroad, and continue the feries which had been broken thro' by his illness; and particularly give him, as I

had offered, a copy of the Lady's Will.

I promised him: And he then fell to raillying me on my gravity, and on my Reformation-schemes, as he called them. As we walked about the room expecting dinner to be brought in, he laid his hand upon my shoulder; then pushed me from him with a curse; walking round me, and furveying me from head to foot; then calling for the observation of the others, he turned round upon his heel, and, with one of his peculiar wild airs, 'Ha, ha, ha, ha, burft he out, that these four-faced proselvtes should take it into their heads that they cannot be pious, without forfeiting both their good-nature and good manners!-Why, Jack, turning me about, pr'ythee look up, man !-Dost thou not know, that Religion, if it has taken proper hold of the heart, is the most chearful countenance-maker in the world?-I have heard my beloved Miss Harlowe say so: And she knew, or nobody did. And was not her aspect a benign proof of the observation? But by these wamblings in thy curfed gizzard, and thy aukward grimaces, I fee thou'rt but a novice in it yet !- Ah, Belford, Belford, thou haft a confounded parcel of briars and thorns to trample over barefoot, before Religion will illumine these gloomy features!'

I give your Lordship this account, in answer to your

defire to know, if I think him the man he was?

In our conversation at dinner, he was balancing whether he should set out the next morning, or the morning after. But finding he had nothing to do, and Colonel Morden being in town (which, however, I told him not of) I turned the scale; and he agreed upon fetting out to-morrow morning; they to fee him embark; and I promifed to accompany them for a morning's ride (as they proposed their horses); but faid, that I must return in the afternoon.

With

With much reluctance they let me go to my evening's appointment: They little thought with whom: For Mr. Lovelace had put it as a case of honour to all of us, whether, as he had been told that Mr. Morden and Mr. James Harlowe had thrown out menaces against him, he ought to leave the kingdom till he had thrown himself in their way.

Mowbray gave his opinion, that he ought to leave it like a man of honour, as he was; and if he did not take those gentlemen to task for their opprobrious speeches, that at least he should be seen by them in public before he went away; else they might give themselves airs, as if he had left the kingdom in fear of

them.

To this he himself so much inclined, that it was with difficulty I perfuaded him, that, as they had neither of them proceeded to a direct and formal challenge: as they knew he had not made himself difficult of access: and as he had already done the family injury enough: and it was Miss Harlowe's earnest defire, that he would be content with that; he had no reason, from any point of honour, to delay his journey; especially as he had so just a motive for his going, as the establishing of his health; and as he might return the sooner, if he faw occasion for it.

I found the Calant in a very folemn way. We had a good deal of unwurfe upon the subject of certain Letters which had passed between us in relation to Miss

Harlowe's Will, and to her family.

He has some accounts to settle with his Banker: which, he fays, will be adjusted to-morrow; and on Thursday he proposes to go down again, to take leave of his friends; and then intends to fet out directly for Italy.

I wish Mr. Lovelace could have been prevailed upon to take any other Tour, than that of France and Italy. I did propose Madrid to him; but he laugh'd at me, and told me, that the proposal was in character from a Mule; and from one who was become as grave as a Spaniard of the Old Cut, at Ninety.

I expressed to the Colonel my apprehensions, that his Coufin's dying injunctions would not have the force

upon him, that were to be wished.

They have great force upon me, Mr. Belford, faid he; or one world would not have held Mr.

Lovelace and me thus long. But my intention is to o go to Florence; not to lay my bones there, as upon

my Coufin's death I told you I thought to do; but

to fettle all my affairs in those parts, and then to come over, and refide upon a little paternal Estate in

Kent, which is strangely gone to ruin in my absence.

Indeed, were I to meet Mr. Lovelace, either here or abroad, I might not be answerable for the con-

fequence.

He would have engaged me for to-morrow. But having promifed to attend Mr. Lovelace on his journey, as I have mentioned, I faid, I was obliged to go out of town, and was uncertain as to the time of my return in the evening. And fo I am to fee him on Thursday morning at my own lodgings.

I will do myself the honour to write again to your Lordship to-morrow night. Mean time, I am, my

Lord,

Your Lordship's, &c.

Wedn. Night, Oct. 4.

LETTER XLVII.

Mr. BELFORD, To Lord M.

AM just returned from attending Mr. Lovelace as far as Gad's-Hill near Rochester. He was exceeding gay all the way. Mowbray and Tourville are gone on with him. They will fee him embark, and under fail; and promife to follow him in a month or two; for they fay, there is no living without him, now he

is once more himself.

My Lord,

He and I parted with great and even folemn tokens of affection; but yet not without gay intermixtures, as I will acquaint your Lordship.

Taking me aside, and clasping his arms about me, Adieu, dear Belford! said he: May you proceed

in the course you have entered upon!—What-

ever airs I give myself, this charming creature has fast hold of me here—[clapping his hand upon his

heart]; and I must either appear what you see me,

or be what I fo lately was. - O the divine creature!

· lifting up his eyes-

- But if I live to come to England, and you remain fixed in your present way, and can give me encou-
- ragement, I hope rather to follow your example, than to ridicule you for it. This Will [for I had given
- ' him a copy of it] I will make the companion of my
- folitary hours. You have told me part of its melancholy contents; and That, and her posthumous
- Letter, shall be my study; and they will prepare me

for being your disciple, if you hold on.

- 'You, Jack, may marry, continued he; and I have a wife in my eye for you.—Only thou'rt such an aukward mortal' [He saw me affected, and thought to make me smile]: 'But we don't make ourselves, except it be worse, by our dress. Thou
- art in mourning now, as well as I: But if ever thy
- ridiculous turn lead thee again to be Beau-Brocade,
- I will bedizen thee, as the girls fay, on my return, to my own fancy, and according to thy own natural
- appearance—Thou shalt doctor my soul, and I will
- doctor thy body: Thou shalt see what a clever fellow

I will make of thee.

- As for me, I never will, I never can, marry— That I will not take a few liberties, and that I will
- onot try to start some of my former game, I won't
- promise-Habits are not easily shaken off-But they
- fhall be by way of weaning. So return and reform

' shall go together.

And now, thou forrowful monkey, what aileth thee?' I do love him, my Lord.

'Adieu! - And once more adieu! - embracing me.

And when thou thinkest thou hast made thyself an

interest out yonder (looking up) then put in a word

for thy Lovelace.'

Joining company, he recommended to me, to write often; and promised to let me quickly hear from him; and that he would write to your Lordship, and to all his family round; for he said, that you had all been more kind to him, than he had deserved.

And so we parted.

I hope, my Lord, for all your noble family's fake, that we shall see him soon return, and reform, as he

promifes.

I return your Lordship my humble thanks for the honour of your invitation to M. Hall. The first Letter I receive from Mr. Lovelace shall give me the opportunity of embracing it. I am, my Lord,

Your most faithful and obedient Servant,

J. BELFORD.

LETTER XLVIII.

Mr. BELFORD, To Lord M.

Thursday Morning, Oct. 5.

IT may be some satisfaction to your Lordship, to have a brief account of what has just now passed

between Colonel Morden and me.

We had a good deal of discourse about the Harlowefamily, and those parts of the Lady's Will which still remain unexecuted; after which the Colonel addressed himself to me in a manner which gave me some surprize.

He flattered himself, he said, from my present happy turn, and from my good constitution, that I should live a great many years. It was therefore his request, that I would consent to be his Executor; since it was

impossible

impossible for him to make a better choice, or pursue

a better example, than his Cousin had set.

His heart, he said, was in it: There were some things in his Cousin's Will and his analogous; and he had named one person with me, with whom he was sure I would not resuse to be joined: and to whom he intended to apply for his consent, when he had obtained mine (a). [Intimating, as far as I could gather, that it was Mr. Hickman, son of Sir Charles Hickman; to whom I know your Lordship is not a stranger: For he said, Every one who was dear to his beloved Cousin, must be so to him: And he knew, that the gentleman whom he had thoughts of, would have, besides my advice and assistance, the advice of one of the most sensitive and assistance.

He took my hand, feeing me under some surprize: You must not hesitate, much less deny me, Mr. Belford. Indeed you must not. Two things I will assure you of: That I have, as I hope, made every-thing so clear, that you cannot have any litigation: And that I have done so justly, and I hope it will be thought so generously, by all my relations, that a mind like yours will rather have pleasure than pain in the execution of this Trust. And this is what I think every honest man, who hopes to find an honest man for his Execu-

tor, should do.

I told him, that I was greatly obliged to him for his good opinion of me: That it was so much every man's duty to be an honest man, that it could not be interpreted as vanity to say, that I had no doubt to be found so. But if I accepted of this Trust, it must be on condition—

I could name no condition, he faid, interrupting

me, which he would refuse to comply with.

This condition, I told him, was, that as there was as great a probability of his being my furvivor, as I his,

⁽a) What is between crotchets, thus [], Mr. Belford omitted in the transcription of this Letter to Miss Howe.

he would permit me to name him for mine; and, in that case, a week should not pass before I made my Will.

With all his heart, he said; and the readier, as he had no apprehensions of suddenly dying; for what he had done and requested was really the effect of the satisfaction he had taken in the part I had already acted as his Cousin's Executor; and in my ability, he was pleased to add: As well as in pursuance of his Cousin's advice in the Preamble to her Will; to wit, 'That this was a 'work which should be set about in full health, both of body and mind.'

I told him, that I was pleafed to hear him fay, that he was not in any apprehension of suddenly dying; as this gave me affurance that he had laid aside all thoughts of acting contrary to the dying request of his beloved.

Coufin.

Does it argue, said he, smiling, that if I were to pursue a vengeance so justifiable in my own opinion, I must be in apprehension of falling by Mr. Lovelace's hand?—I will assure you, that I have no fears of that sort.—But I know this is an ungrateful subject to you. Mr. Lovelace is your friend; and I will allow, that a good man may have a friendship for a bad one, so far as to wish him well, without countenancing him in his evil.

I will affure you, added he, that I have not yet made any resolutions either way. I have told you what force my Cousin's repeated requests have with me. Hitherto they have with-held me—But let us quit this subject.

This, Sir [giving me a fealed-up parcel] is my Will. It is witnessed. I made no doubt of prevailing upon you to do me the requested favour. I have a duplicate to leave with the other gentleman; and an attested copy, which I shall deposit at my Banker's. At my return, which will be in Six or Eight months at farthess, I will allow you to make an exchange of yours, if you will have it so. I have only now to take leave of my relations

tions in the country. And so God protect you, Mr. Belford! You will soon hear of me again.

He then very folemnly embraced me, as I did him:

And we parted.

I heartily congratulate your Lordship on the narrow escape each gentleman has had from the other: For I apprehend, that they could not have met without satal consequences.

Time, I hope, which subdues all things, will subdue

their resentments. I am, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most faithful and obedient Servant,
J. BELFORD.

Several other Letters passed between Miss Howe and Mr. Belford, relating to the disposition of the Papers and Letters; to the Poor's Fund; and to other articles of the Lady's Will: Wherein the method of proceeding in each case was adjusted. After which the Papers were returned to Mr. Belford, that he might order the two directed copies of them to be taken.

In one of these Letters Mr. Belford requests Miss Howe to give the Character of the Friend she so dearly loved: 'A task, he imagines, that will be as 'agreeable to herself, as worthy of her pen.'

I am more especially curious to know, fays he, what was that particular disposition of her time, which

I find mentioned in a Letter which I have just dipt into, where her Sister is enviously reproach-

ing her on that fcore (a). This information

may perhaps enable me, fays he, to account for

' what has often surprised me; How, at so tender

an age, this admirable Lady became mistress of

fuch extraordinary and fuch various qualifica-

' tions.'

LETTER XLIX.

Miss Howe, To JOHN BELFORD, Ela;

Thursday, Oct. 12. SIR.

T A M incapable of doing justice to the character of my beloved Friend; and that not only from want of talents, but from grief; which, I think, rather encreases than diminishes by time; and which will not let me sit down to a task that requires so much thought, and a greater degree of accuracy than I ever believed myself mistress of.

And yet I so well approve of your motion, that I will throw into your hands a few materials, that may ferve by way of supplement, as I may say, to those you will be able to collect from the papers themselves; from Col. Morden's Letters to you, particularly that of Sept. 23. (a); and from the Letters of the detestable wretch himfelf, who, I find, has done her justice, altho' to his own condemnation: All these together will enable you, who feem to be fo great an admirer of her virtues, to perform the task; and, I think, better than any person I know. But I make it my request, that if you do any-thing in this way, you will let me fee it .- If I find it not to my mind, I will add or diminish, as justice shall require.

She was a wonderful creature from her infancy: But I suppose you intend to give a character of her at those years when she was qualified to be an example to other

young Ladies, rather than a history of her life.

Perhaps, nevertheless, you will chuse to give a description of her person: And as you knew not the dear creature when her heart was easy, I will tell you, what

yet, in part, you can confirm:

That her shape was so fine, her proportion so exact, her features fo regular, her complexion fo lovely, and. her whole person and manner so distinguishedly charming, that she could not move without being admired and followed by the eyes of every one, tho' ftrangers,

who never faw her before. Col. Morden's Letter, above referred to, will confirm this.

In her dress she was elegant beyond imitation; and generally led the fashion to all the Ladies round her,

without seeming to intend it, and without being proud

· of doing fo (a).

She was rather tall, than of a middling flature; and had a dignity in her aspect and air, that bespoke the

mind that animated every feature.

This native dignity, as I may call it, induced some superficial persons, who knew not how to account for the reverence which involuntarily filled their hearts on her appearance, to impute pride to her. But these were such as knew that they should have been proud of

• any one of her perfections: Judging therefore by their own narrowness, they thought it impossible that the

· Lady who possessed so many, should not think herself

· fuperior to them all.

· Indeed, I have heard her noble aspect found fault · with, as indicating pride and superiority. But people

· awed and controuled, tho' but by their own conscious-

· ness of inferiority, will find fault, right or wrong,

with those, of whose rectitude of mind and manners their own culpable hearts give them to be afraid. But, in the bad sense of the word, Miss Clarissa Har-

lowe knew not what pride was.

You may, if you touch upon this subject, throw in these sentences of hers, spoken at different times, and on different occasions.

' Persons of accidental or shadowy merit may be proud: But inborn worth must be always as much

' above conceit as arrogance.'

Who can be better, or more worthy, than they fhould be? And, Who shall be proud of talents they give not to themselves?

'The darkest and most contemptible ignorance is that of not knowing one's felf; and that all we have, and

all we excel in, is the gift of God.'

Z 3

· All

All human excellence is but comparative—There are persons who excel us, as much as we fansy we ex-

cel the meanest.'

'In the general scale of beings, the lowest is as useful, and as much a link of the great chain, as the highest.'

"The grace that makes every other grace amiable,

is HUMILITY.

'There is but one pride pardonable; That of being

above doing a base or dishonourable action.'

Such were the fentiments by which this admirable young Lady endeavoured to conduct herself, and to re-

gulate her conduct to others.

And in truth, never were affability and complacency (graciousness, some have called it) more eminent in any person, man or woman, than in her, to those who put it in her power to oblige them: Insomuch that the benefited has sometimes not known which to prefer; the grace bestowed, or the manner in which it was conferred.

It has been observed, that what was said of Henry IV. of France, might be said of her manner of refusing a request; That she generally sent from her presence the person resused nearly as well satisfied, as if she had

granted it.

Then she had such a sacred regard to Truth—You cannot, Sir, expatiate too much upon this topic. I dare say, that in all her Letters, in all the Letters of the wretch, her Veracity will not once be found impeachable, altho' her calamities were so heavy, the horrid man's wiles so subtle, and her struggles to free herself from them so active.

Her charity was so great, that she always chose to defend or acquit where the fault was not so flagrant, that it became a piece of justice to condemn it: And was always an advocate for an absent person, whose discretion was called in question, without having given

· Once

manifest proofs of indiscretion.

· Once I remember in a large circle of Ladies, every one of which [I among the rest] having censured a generally reported indifcretion in a young Lady-Come, my Miss Howe, said she for we had agreed to take each other to talk when either thought the other gave occasion for it; and when by blaming · each other we intended a general reprehension, which, · as the used to say, it would appear arrogant or assumeing to level more properly let me be Miss Fanny Dar-· lington. Then removing out of the circle, and flanding up -Here I fland, unworthy of a feat with the · rest of the company, till I have cleared myself. And · now, suppose me to be her, let me hear your charge and do you hear what the poor culprit can fay to it in · her own defence. And then answering the conjectural · and unproved circumstances, by circumstances as fairly to be supposed favourable, the brought off triumph-· antly the cenfured Lady; and fo much to every one's · fatisfaction, that fine was led to her chair, and voted a double rank in the circle,—as the reinstated Miss Fanny Darlington, and as Miss Clarissa Harlowe.

"Very few persons, she used to say, would be condemned, or even accused, in the circles of Ladies,
were they present: It is generous therefore, nay, it
is but just, said she, to take the part of the absent, if

" not flagrantly culpable."

• But the Wisdom was her birthright, as I may say, yet she had not lived years enow to pretend to so much experience, as to exempt her from the necessity of sometimes altering her opinion both of persons and things: But, when she found herself obliged to do this, she took care, that the particular instance of mistaken worthings in the person should not narrow or contract her almost priversal charity into general doubt or jealousy. At instance of what I mean, occurs to my memory.

Being upbraided, by a fevere censurer, with a perfon's proving base, whom she had frequently defended, and by whose baseness my beloved friend was a sufferer;
You, Madam, said she, had more penetration than
such a young creature as I can pretend to have. But
altho' human depravity may, I doubt, oftener justify
those who judge harshly, than human rectitude can
those who judge favourably, yet will I not part with
my charity. Nevertheless, for the suture, I will en-

deavour, in cases where the judgment of my elders is against me, to make mine consistent with caution and

prudence.

Indeed, when she was convinced of any error or mistake (however seemingly derogatory to her judgment and sagacity) no one was ever so acknowleging, so ingenuous, as she. It was a merit, she used to say, next in degree to that of having avoided error, frankly to own an error. And that the offering at an excuse in a blameable matter, was the undoubted

mark of a difingenuous, if not of a perverse mind.'
But I ought to add, on this head [of her great charity where character was concerned, and where there was room for charity] that she was always deservedly

· fevere in her reprehensions of a wilful and studied vile-

• ness. How could she then forgive the wretch by whose • premeditated villainy she was entangled?

You must every-where insist upon it, that had it not been for the stupid persecutions of her relations, she never would have been in the power of that horrid Lovelace. And yet, on several occasions, she acknowleged frankly, that were person, and address, and alliance, to be allowably the principal attractives in the choice of a Lover, it would not have been difficult for her eye to missead her heart.

When she was last with me (three happy weeks together!) in every visit the wretch made her, he lest her more distaissied with him than in the former. And yet his behaviour before her was too specious, to have been very exceptionable to a woman who had a less fhare · fhare of that charming delicacy, and of that penetra-

· tion, which fo much diffinguished her.

In obedience to the commands of her gloomy Father, on his allowing her to be my guest, for that last time, [as it most unhappily proved!] she never would see him out of my company; and would often say, when he was gone, 'O my Nancy! This is not The man.'—At other times, 'Gay, giddy creature! he has always fomething to be forgiven for!'—At others, 'This man will much sooner excite one's fears, than attract one's love.' And then would she repeat, 'This is not The man. All that the world says of him cannot be untrue. But what title have I to call him to account, who intend not to have him?'

In short, had she been lest to a judgment and discretion, which nobody ever questioned who had either, she would soon have discovered enough of him to cause her

to discard him for ever.

· She was an admirable mistress of all the graces of elocution. The hand she wrote, for the neat and free cut of her letters (like her mind, solid, and above all flourish) for its fairness, evenness, and swiftness, distinguished her as much as the correctness of her orthography, and even punctuation, from the genera-

· lity of her own Sex; and left her none among the · most accurate of the other, who excelled her.

And here you may, if you please, take occasion to throw in one hint for the benefit of such of our Sex, as are too careless in their orthography [a consciousness of a defect in which generally keeps them from writing]—She was used to say, 'It was a proof that a woman understood the derivation as well as sense of the words fhe used, and that she stopt not at sound, when she spelt accurately.'

On this head you may take notice, that it was always matter of surprize to her, that the Sex are generally so averse as they are to writing; since the Pen, next to the Needle, of all employments, is the most proper, and best adapted to their genius's; and this as well for improvement, as amusement: Who sees not, would she fay, that those women who take delight in writing, excel the men in all the graces of the samiliar style? The gentleness of their minds, the delicacy of their sentiments (improved by the manner of their education) and the liveliness of their imaginations, qualify them to a high degree of preference for this employment: While men of learning, as they are called (that is to say, of mere learning) aiming to get above that natural ease and freedom which distinguish This (and indeed every other kind of writing) when they think they have best succeeded, are got above, or rather be-

neath, all natural beauty."

· Then, stiffened and starched [Let me add] into dry and indelectable affectation, one fort of these scholars assume a style as rough as frequently are their manners: They spangle over their productions with metaphors: They rumble into bombast: The sublime, with them, lying in words and not in fentiment, they fanfy them-· felves most exalted when least understood; and down they fit, fully fatisfied with their own performances, and call them MASCULINE. While a fecond fort, aiming at wit, that wicked misleader, forfeit all title to judgment. And a third, finking into the classical pits, there poke and scramble about, never seeking to fhew genius of their own; all their lives spent in common-place quotation; fit only to write Notes and Comments upon other peoples Texts; all their pride, that they know those beauties of two thousand years old in another tongue, which they can only admire, but not imitate, in their own.

· And these, truly, must be learned men, and de-

fpifers of our insipid Sex!

· But I need not mention the exceptions which my beloved friend always made [and to which I subscribe] in favour of men of sound learning, true taste, and extensive abilities: Nor, in particular, her respect even

even to reverence for gentlemen of the cloth: Which,

· I dare fay, will appear in every paragraph of her · Letters where-ever any of the Clergy are mentioned.

· Indeed the pious Dr. Lewen, the worthy Dr. Blome, · the ingenious Mr. Arnold, and Mr. Tompkins, gen-

tlemen whom the names in one article of her Will.

as learned Divines with whom she held an early cor-

· respondence, well deserved her respect; since to their

conversation and correspondence she owed many of

· her valuable acquirements.

Nor were the little flights she would now-and-then (following, as I must own, my lead) put upon such mere scholars [And her stupid and pedantic Brother was one of those who deserved those slights] as despised not only our Sex, but all such as had not had their opportunities of being acquainted with the Parts of Speech [I cannot speak low enough of such] and with the dead Languages, owing to that contempt, which some affect for what they have not been able to masser; for she had an admirable facility in learning languages, and re'd with great ease both Italian and French. She had begun to apply herself to Latin; and having such a critical knowlege of her own tongue,

and fuch a foundation from the two others, would

· foon have made herself an adept in it.

But, notwithstanding all her acquirements, she was an excellent Oeconomist and Housewife. And these qualifications, you must take notice, she was particularly fond of inculcating upon all her reading and writing companions of the Sex: For it was a maxim with her, 'That a woman who neglects the Useful and the Elegant, which distinguish her own Sex, for the sake of obtaining the learning which is supposed more peculiar to the other, incurs more contempt by what she foregoes, than she gains credit by what she acquires.'

"All that a woman can learn, she used to say [expatiating on this maxim] above the useful knowlege proper to her Sex, let her learn. This will shew that

"The is a good housewife of her time; and that she has not a narrow or confined genius. But then let her not give up for these, those more necessary, and therefore, not meaner employments, which will qualify her to be a good Mistress of a family, a good Wise, and a good Mother: For what can be more disgraceful to a woman, than either, thro' negligence of dress, to be found to be a learned Slattern; or, thro' ignorance of housbold-management, to be known to be a

" stranger to domestic oeconomy?"

Then would she instance to me two particular Ladies; one of which, while she was fond of giving her opinion, in the company of her Husband, and of his learned friends, upon doubtful or difficult passages in Virgil or Horace, knew not how to put on her cloaths with that necessary grace and propriety, which should preserve to her the love of her husband, and the respect of every other person: While the other, affecting to be thought as learned as men, could find no better way to affert her pretensions, than by despising her own Sex, and by dismissing that characteristic delicacy, the loss of which no attainment can supply.

· She would have it indeed, fometimes, from the frequent ill use learned Women make of that respectable acquirement, that it was no great matter whether the Sex aimed at any-thing but excelling in the · knowlege of the beauties and graces of their mothertongue: And once she said, that This was field enough for a woman; and an ampler was but endangering her family usefulness. But I, who think our Sex inferior in nothing to the other, but in want of opportunities, of which the narrow-minded mortals industriously seek to deprive us, lest we should surpass them as much in what they chiefly value themselves upon, as we do in all the graces of a fine imagination, could never agree with her in that. And yet I was entirely of her opinion, that those women who were folicitous to obtain that knowlege or learning, which they sup-· posed

· posed would add to their fignificance in sensible com-

· pany, and in their attainment of it imagined them-· felves above all domestic usefulness, deservedly incurred

· the contempt which they hardly ever failed to meet

· with.

Perhaps you will not think it amiss further to observe on this head, as it will shew that precept and example always went hand in hand with her, That her Dairy at her Grandsather's was the delight of every one who saw it; and she of all who saw her in it.

· Her Grandfather, in honour of her dexterity, and · of her skill in all the parts of the dairy-management,

as well as of the elegance of the offices allotted for that use, would have his Seat, before known by the name

of The Grove, to be called, The Dairy-house (a). She

· had an easy, convenient, and graceful habit made on purpose, which she put on when she employed herself

in these works; and it was noted of her, that in the fame hour that she appeared to be a most elegant Dairy-

maid, she was, when called to a change of dress, the

· finest Lady that ever graced a circle.

Her Grandfather, Father, Mother, Uncles, Aunt, and even her Brother and Sifter, made her frequent visits there, and were delighted with her filent ease, and unaffected behaviour, in her works; for she always out of modesty chose rather the operative than the directive part, that she might not discourage the

· fervant whose proper business it was.

• Each was fond of taking a regale from her hands in her Dairy house. Her Mother and Aunt Hervey generally admired her in silence, that they might not give uneasiness to her Sister; a spiteful, perverse, unimitating thing, who usually looked upon her all the time with speechless envy. Now-and-then, however, the pouting creature would suffer extorted and sparing praise to burst open her lips; though looking at the same time like Saul meditating the pointed javelin at

* the heart of David, the glory of his kingdom. And * now, methinks, I see my Angel-friend (too superior * to take notice of her gloom) courting her acceptance * of the milk-white curd from hands more pure than

that.

· Her skill and dexterity in every branch of family
· management seem to be the only excellence of her
· innumerable ones, which she owed to her family:
· Whose narrowness, immensely rich, and immensely
· carking, put them upon indulging her in the turn she
· took to this part of knowlege; while her elder Sister
· affected dress without being graceful in it; and the
· Fine Lady, which she could never be; and which
· her Sister was without studying for it, or seeming to
· know she was so.

It was usual with the one Sister, when company was expected, to be half the morning dressing; while the other would give directions for the whole business and entertainment of the day; and then go up to her dressing-room, and, before she could well be missed, [having all her things in admirable order] come down fit to receive company, and with all that graceful ease and tranquillity as if she had had nothing else to think of.

• Long after her [hours perhaps of previous prepara• tion having passed] down would come rustling and
• bustling the tawdry and aukward Bella, disordering
• more her native disorderliness at the fight of her serene
• Sister, by her sullen envy, to see herself so much sur• passed with such little pains, and in a fixth part of the
• time.

Yet was this admirable creature mistress of all these domestic qualifications without the least intermixture of narrowness. She knew how to distinguish between Frugality, a necessary virtue, and Niggardliness, an odious vice: And used to say, 'That to define Generosity, it must be called, the happy medium betwixt parsimony and profusion.'

She was the most graceful Reader I ever knew.

She added by her melodious voice graces to those she found in the parts of books she re'd-out to her friends;

and gave grace and significance to others where they were not. She had no tone, no whine. Her accent was always admirably placed. The emphasis she always forcibly laid, as the subject required. No buskin elevation, no tragedy-pomp, could mislead her; and

· yet poetry was poetry indeed, when she re'd it.

· But if her voice was melodious when she re'd, it was all harmony when she sung. And the delight she gave by that, and by her skill and great compass, was heightened by the ease and gracefulness of her air and manner, and by the alacrity with which she obliged.

· Nevertheless she generally chose rather to hear others sing or play, than either to play or sing herself.

· She delighted to give praise where deserved: Yet
· she always bestowed it in such a manner, as gave not
· the least suspicion that she laid out for a return of it to
· herself, tho' so universally allowed to be her due.

She had a talent of faying uncommon things in
fuch an eafy manner, that every-body thought they
could have faid the fame; and which yet required both

· genius and observation to fay them.

• Even severe things appeared gentle, tho' they lost not their force, from the sweetness of her air and utterance, and the apparent benevolence of her purpose.

• We form the truest judgment of persons, by their behaviour on the most familiar occasions. I will give an instance or two of the correction she favoured me

· withon fuch a one.

• When very young, I was guilty of the fault of those who want to be courted to sing. She cured me of it, at the first of our happy intimacy, by her own example; and by the following correctives, occasionally, yet privately enforced.

: Well,

" Well, my dear, shall we take you at your word? " Shall we suppose, that you sing but indifferently? Is " not, however, the ast of obliging (the company fo

" worthy!) preferable to the talent of singing? And

" shall not young Ladies endeavour to make up for their " defects in one part of education, by their excellence

" in another?"

· Again, ' You must convince us, by attempting to of fing, that you cannot fing; and then we will rid " you, not only of present, but of future importunity." · —An indulgence, however, let me add, that but tole-

· rable fingers do not always wish to meet with.

· Again, ' I know you will favour us by-and-by; of and what do you by your excuses, but raise our ex-" pectations, and enhance your own difficulties?"

· At another time, ' Has not this accomplishment " been a part of your education, my Nancy? How "then, for your own honour, can we allow of your

excuses?"

· And I once pleading a cold, the usual pretence of • those who love to be entreated—' Sing, however, my of dear, as well as you can. The greater the difficulty of to you, the higher the compliment to the company. "Do you think you are among those who know not " how to make allowances? You should fing, my "Love, left there should be any-body present who

" may think your excuses owing to affectation." · At another time, when I had truly observed, that · a young Lady present sung better than I; and that · therefore I chose not to fing before that Lady—' Fie!' faid she (drawing me on one fide) ' is not this pride, " my Nancy? Does it not look as if your principa l " motive to oblige, was to obtain applause? A geneof rous mind will not scruple to give advantage to a perof fon of merit, tho' not always to her own advantage. " And yet she will have a high merit in doing that. . Supposing this excelling person absent, who, my dear,

of if your example spread, shall sing after you? You

"know every one else must be but as a soil to you.

"Indeed I must have you as much superior to other "Ladies in these smaller points, as you are in greater."

· So she was pleased to say to shame me.

She was as much above Referve as Disguise. So communicative, that no young Lady could be in her company half an hour and not carry away instruction with her, whatever was the topic. Yet all sweetly infinuated; nothing given with the air of prescription: So that while she seemed to ask a question for information-sake, she dropt in the needful instruction, and left the instructed unable to decide, whether the thought (which being started, she, the instructed, could improve) came primarily from herself, or from the sweet instructress.

· She had a pretty hand at drawing, which she obtained with a very little instruction. Her time was too much taken up, to allow, tho' to so fine an art, the attention which was necessary to make her greatly excel in it: And she used to say, 'That she was afraid of aiming at too many things, for fear she

" should not be tolerable at any-thing?"

• For her years, and her opportunities, she was an extraordinary judge of Painting. In this, as in everything else, Nature was her Art, her Art was Nature.
• She even prettily performed in it. Her Grandfather, for this reason, bequeathed to her all the family pictures. Charming was her fancy: Alike sweet and easy was every touch of her pencil and her pen. Yet her judgment exceeded her performance. She did not practise enough to excel in the executive part. She could not in every-thing excel. But, upon the whole, she knew what every subject required, according to the nature of it: In other words, was an absolute mistress of the should-be.

· To give a familiar instance for the sake of young · Ladies; she (untaught) observed when but a child, · that the Sun, Moon, and Stars, never appeared at · once; and were therefore never to be in one piece:

That

· That bears, tygers, lions, were not natives of an · English climate, and should not therefore have place

· in an English landschape: That these ravagers of the

· forest consorted not with lambs, kids, or fawns: Nor kites, hawks, and vulturs, with doves, par-

tridges, and pheafants.

· And, alas! The knew, before the was nineteen years of age, by fatal experience she knew! that all · these beasts and birds of prey were outdone in trea-· cherous cruelty by MAN! Vile, barbarous, plotting, destructive Man! who, infinitely less excuseable than · those, destroys thro' wantonness and sport, what

· those only destroy thro' hunger and necessity !

The mere pretenders to those branches of Science which she aimed at acquiring, she knew how to detect; and all from Nature. Propriety, another word for Nature, was (as I have hinted) her Law, as it is the foundation of all true judgment. But nevertheless, · the was always uneasy, if what the faid exposed those · pretenders to knowlege, even in their absence, to the · ridicule of lively spirits.

· Let the modern Ladies, who have not any one of · her excellent qualities; whose whole time, in the · fhort days they generally make, and in the inverted · night and day, where they make them longer, is · wholly spent in dress, visits, cards, plays, operas, · and musical entertainments; wonder at what I have · written, and shall further write: And let them look · upon it as an incredible thing, that when, at a maturer age, they cannot boaft one of her perfections, · there should have been a Lady so young, who had

fo many.

· These must be such as know not how she employed her time; and cannot form the least idea of what may be done in those hours, in which they lie enveloped with the shades of death, as she used to call · fleep.

But before I come to mention the distribution she · usually · usually made of her time, let me say a sew words · upon another subject, in which she excelled all the

· young Ladies I ever knew.

This was her skill in almost all forts of fine Needleworks: Of which, however, I shall say the less, fince possibly you will find it mentioned in some of

· the Letters.

That piece which she bequeaths to her Cousin Morden, is indeed a capital piece; a performance so admirable, that that gentleman's Father, who resided chiefly abroad, was (as is mentioned in her Will) very desirous to obtain it, in order to carry it to Italy with him, to shew the curious of other countries (as he used to say) for the honour of his own, that the cloistered confinement was not necessary to make English women excel in any of those since arts upon which Nuns and Recluses value themselves.

Her quickness at these sort of works was astonishing; and a great encouragement to herself to prosecute

them.

Mr. Morden's Father would have been continually making her prefents, would she have permitted him to do so: And he used to call them, and so did her Grandfather, Tributes due to a merit so sovereign, and not Presents.

· As to her diversions, the accomplishments and acquirements she was mistress of, will shew, what they must have been. She was far from being fond of

- · Cards, the fashionable soible of modern Ladies: Nor,
- · as will be eafily perceived from what I have faid, and · more from what I shall further say, had she much
- time for Play. She never therefore promoted their being called for; and often infenfibly diverted the
- company from them, by flarting some entertaining
- fubject, when she could do it without incurring the

· imputation of particularity.

Indeed very few of her intimates would propose

· Cards, if they could engage her to read, to talk, to

touch the keys, or to fing, when any new book, or new piece of music, came down. But when company was fo numerous, that conversation could not take that agreeable turn which it oftenest does among four or five friends of like years and inclinations, and it became in a manner necessary to detach off some of it, to make the rest better company, she would not refuse to play, if, upon casting-in, it fell to her And then she shewed, that her disrelish to cards was the effect of choice only; and that she was an easy mistress of every genteel game played with them. But then she always declared against playing high. 'Except for trifles, she used to say, she would not submit to Chance what she was already fure of.'

At other times, 'She should make her friends a very ill compliment, she faid, if she supposed they would wish to be possessed of what of right belonged to her; and she should be very unworthy, if she desired to

" make herself a title to what was theirs."

' High gaming, in short, she used to say, was a fordid vice; an immorality; the child of avarice; and a direct breach of that commandment, which

forbids us to covet what is our neighbour's.'

· She was exceedingly charitable; the only one of · her family that knew the meaning of the word: And · this with regard both to the fouls and the bodies of · those who were the well-chosen objects of her bene-· volence. She kept a lift of these, whom she used to · call her Poor, entering one upon it, as another was · provided for, by death, or any other way: But al-· ways made a referve, nevertheless, for unforeseen · cases, and for accidental distresses. And it must be · owned, that in the prudent distribution of them, she · had neither Example nor Equal.

· The Aged, the Blind, the Lame, the Widow, · the Orphan, the unfuccessful Industrious, were par-· ticularly the objects of it; and the contributing to · the · the schooling of some, to the putting out to trades · and husbandry the children of others of the labouring or needy poor, and fetting them forward at the ex-· piration of their fervitude, were her great delights; · as was the giving good books to others, and, when · the had opportunity, the instructing the poorer fort · of her honest neighbours, and Father's tenants, in 'That charity, she used to say, · the use of them. which provides for the morals, as well as for the boof dily wants of the poor, gives a double benefit to the " Public, as it adds to the number of the hopeful, what it " takes from that of the profligate. And can there be. in the eyes of that God, she was wont to fay, who " requires nothing fo much from us as acts of benefi-" cence to one another, a charity more worthy?"

· Her Uncle Antony, when he came to fettle in · England, with his vast fortune obtained in the Indies. · used to say, 'This girl by her charities will bring down a bleffing upon us all.' And it must be owned

· they trufted pretty much to this presumption.

· But I need not fay more on this head; nor perhaps was it necessary to fay so much; since the cha-· ritable bequests in her Will sufficiently set forth her

· excellence in this branch of duty.

· She was extremely moderate in her diet. "tity in food,' she used to say, " was more to be re-" garded than quality: That a full meal was the great " enemy both to fludy and industry: That a well-built . house required but little repairs.

· By this moderation in her diet, the enjoyed, with · a delicate frame of body, a fine state of health; was · always ferene, lively; chearful of courfe. And I · never knew but of one illness she had; and that was · by a violent cold caught in an open chaife, by a fud-· den storm of hail and rain, in a place where was no · shelter; and which threw her into a fever, attended with dangerous fymptoms, that no doubt were lightened by her temperance; but which gave her friends;

· who then knew her value, infinite apprehensions for

• her (a).

In all her Readings, and in her Conversations upon them, the was fonder of finding beauties than blemishes, and chose to applaud both Authors and Books, where the could find the least room for it. Yet the used to lament, that certain writers of the first class, who were capable of exalting virtue, and of putting vice out of countenance, too generally employed themselves in works of imagination only, upon subjects merely speculative, disinteresting, and unedifying; from which no useful moral or example could be drawn.

· But the was a fevere Censurer of pieces of a light or indecent turn, which had a tendency to corrupt

the morals of youth, to convey polluted images, or · to wound religion, whether in itself, or thro' the

fides of its professors, and this whoever were the au-

• thors, and how admirable foever the execution. She · often pitied the celebrated Dr. Swift for fo employing

· his admirable pen, that a pure eye was afraid of look-

· ing into his works, and a pure ear of hearing anything quoted from them. 'Such authors,' she used

to fay, 'were not honest to their own talents, nor " grateful to the God who gave them.' Nor would

· fhe, on these occasions, admit their beauties as a pal-

· liation; on the contrary, she held it as an aggrava-

(a) · In her Common-place-book she has the following note upon-· the recollection of this illness, in the time of her distress.

[&]quot; In a dangerous illness, with which I was visited a few years before of I had the unhappiness to know this ungrateful man! [Would of to Heaven I had died in it!] my bed was surrounded by my dear Relations—Father, Mother, Brother, Sister, my two Uncles weeping,

of kneeling round me, then put up their vows to Heaven for my reco-

of very; and I, fearing that I should drag down with me to my grave,

one or other of my forrowing friends, wished and prayed to recover for of their fakes .- Alas! how shall Parents in such cases know what to

of wish for! How happy for them, and for me, had I then been denied to their prayers! But now am I eased of that care. All those dear · Relations are living still-But not one of them (fuch, as they think,

[&]quot; has been the heinousness of my error!) but, far from being grieved, " would rejoice to hear of my death."

tion of their crime, that they who were so capable of mending the heart, should in any places shew a corrupt.

• one in themselves; which must weaken the influences

· of their good works; and pull down with one hand

· what they built up with the other.

All she faid, and all she did, was accompanied with a natural ease and dignity, which set her above affectation, or the suspicion of it; insomuch that that degrading fault, so generally imputed to a learned woman, was never laid to her charge. For, with all her excellencies, she was forwarder to hear than speak; and hence no doubt derived no small part of her improvement.

· Altho' she was well re'd in the English, French, and Italian Poets, and had re'd the best translations

of the Latin Classics; yet feldom did she quote or repeat from them, either in her Letters or Conversa-

tion, the exceedingly happy in a tenacious memory; principally thro modesty, and to avoid the imputa-

• tion of that affectation which I have just mentioned.

· Mr. Wyerley once faid of her, she had such a fund of knowlege of her own, and made naturally

fuch fine observations upon persons and things, being

capable by the EGG [that was his familiar expression] of judging of the BIRD, that she had seldom either

room or necessity for foreign assistances.

· But it was plain from her whole conduct and behaviour, that she had not so good an opinion of herfelf, however deserved; since, whenever she was

urged to give her fentiments on any fubject, altho'.

· all she thought fit to say was clear and intelligible; yet she seemed in haste to have done speaking. Her.

reason for it, I know, was twofold; That she might not lose the benefit of other peoples sentiments, by

engroffing the conversation; and lest, as were her.

words, she should be praised into loquaciousness, and fo forfeit the good opinion which a person always

· maintains with her friends, who knows when she has

· faid.

· faid enough.—It was, finally, a rule with her, 'to is leave her hearers wishing her to say more, rather than to give them cause to shew, by their inatten-

"tion, an uneafiness that she had said so much.—"

You are curious to know the particular distribution of her Time; which you suppose will help you to account for what you own yourself surprised at; to wit, how so young a Lady could make herself mistress of so

many accomplishments.

I will premise, that she was from infancy enured to rise early in a morning, by an excellent, and, as I may say, a learned woman, Mrs. Norten, to whose care, wisdom, and example, she was beholden for the ground-work of her taste and acquirements, which meeting with such affistances from the Divines I have named, and with such a genius, made it the less wonder that she surpassed most of her Age and Sex.

· Her Sex, did I fay? What honour to the other · does this imply! When one might challenge the proudest Pedant of them all, to fay he has been dif-· ciplined into greater improvement, than she had made · from the mere force of genius and application. But · it is demonstrable to all who know how to make ob-· fervations on their acquaintance of both Sexes, arro-· gant as some are of their superficialities, that a Lady · at Eighteen, take the world thro', is more prudent · and conversable than a man at Twenty-five. I can · prove this by Nineteen instances out of Twenty in · my own knowlege. Yet how do these poor boafters · value themselves upon the advantages their education · gives them! Who has not feen some one of them. · just come from the University, disdainfully smile at · a mistaken or ill-pronounced word from a Lady, · when her fense has been clear, and her sentiments just; · and when he could not himself utter a single sentence · fit to be repeated, but what he borrowed from the · authors he had been obliged to fludy, as a painful · exercise to flow and creeping parts? But how I di-· gress!

This excellent young Lady used to say, 'It was in-'credible to think what might be done by early rising, 'and by long days well filled up.'

It may be added, That had she calculated according to the practice of too many, she had actually lived more

years at Sixteen, than they had at Twenty-fix.

She was of opinion, 'That no one could spend their time properly, who did not live by some Rule: Who did not appropriate the hours, as near as might be, to particular purposes and employments.'

In conformity to this self-set Lesson, the usual distribution of the twenty-sour hours, when lest to her own

choice, was as follows:

For REST she allotted SIX hours only.

She thought herself not so well, and so clear in her intellects [so much alive, she used to say] if she exceeded this proportion. If she slept not, she chose to rise sooner. And in winter had her fire laid, and a taper ready burning to light it; not loving to give trouble to servants, whose harder work, and later hours of going to bed, she used to say, required consideration.

I have blamed her for her greater regard to them, than to herself. But this was her answer: 'I have my 'choice: Who can wish for more? Why should I oppress others, to gratify myself? You see what free-will enables one to do; while imposition would make a light burden heavy.'

Her First THREE Morning Hours

Were generally passed in her Study, and in her Closet-duties: And were occasionally augmented by those she saved from Rest: And in these passed her epistolary amusements. TWO Hours she generally allotted to Domestic Management.

These at different times of the day, as occasions required; all the housekeeper's bills, in ease of her Mother, passing thro' her hands. For she was a perfect mistress of the four principal rules of arithmetic.

FIVE Hours to her Needle, Drawings, Music, &c.

In these she included the affistance and inspection she gave to her own servants, and to her Sister's servants, in the Needleworks required for the samily: For her Sister, as I have above hinted, is a Modern. In these she also included Dr. Lewen's conversation-visits; with whom likewise she held a correspondence by Letters. That reverend gentleman delighted himself and her, twice or thrice a week, if his health permitted, with these visits: And she always preferred his company to any other engagement.

T WO Hours she allotted to her Two first Meals.

But if conversation, or the desire of friends, or the falling in of company or guests, required it to be otherwise, she never scrupled to oblige; and would, on such occasions, borrow, as she called it, from other distributions. And as she found it very hard not to exceed in this appropriation, she put down

ONE Hour more to Dinner-time Conversation,

To be added or subtracted, as occasions offered, or the desire of her friends required: And yet sound it disficult, as she often said, to keep this account even; especially if Dr. Lewen obliged them with his company at their table: Which however he seldom did; for, being a valetudinarian, and in a regimen, he generally made his visits in the afternoon.

ONE Hour to Visits to the neighbouring Poor;
To a select number of whom, and to their children,
she

she used to give brief instructions, and good books: And as this happened not every day, and seldom above twice a week, she had two or three hours at a time to bestow in this benevolent employment.

The remaining FOUR Hours

Were occasionally allotted to supper, to conversation or to reading after supper to the family. This allotment she called Her Fund, upon which she used to draw, to satisfy her other debits: And in this she included visits received and returned, shews, spectacles, &c. which, in a country-life, not occurring every day, she used to think a great allowance, no less than two days in fix, for amusements only: And she was wont to say, that it was hard if she could not steal time out this fund, for an excursion of even two or three days in a month.

If it be faid, that her Relations, or the young neighbouring Ladies, had but little of her time, it will be confidered, that belides these four hours in the twenty-four, great part of the time she was employed in her Needleworks, she used to converse as she worked: And it was a custom she had introduced among her acquaintance, that the young Ladies in their visits used frequently, in a neighbourly way (in the winter evenings especially) to bring their work with them; and one of half a dozen of her select acquaintance used by turns to read to the rest as they were at work.

This was her usual method, when at her own com-

mand, for Six days in the week.

The SEVENTH DAY

She kept, as it ought to be kept: And as some part of it was frequently employed in works of mercy, the hour she allotted to visiting the neighbouring poor, was occasionally supplied from this day, and added to her fund.

But I must observe, that when in her Grandsather's

life-time she was three or four weeks at a time his housekeeper and guest, as also at either of her Uncles, her usual distribution of time was varied: But still she had an eye to it as nearly as circumstances would admit.

When I had the happiness of having her for my guest, for a fortnight or fo, she likewise dispensed with her rules, in mere indulgence to my foibles, and idler habits; for I also (tho' I had the benefit of an example · I so much admired) am too much of a Modern. Yet, as to morning Rifings, I had corrected myself · by fuch a precedent, in the fummer-time; and can · witness to the benefit I found by it in my health; as also to the many useful things I was enabled by that · means with eafe and pleasure to perform. And in · her Account-Book I have found this memorandum · fince her ever-to-be lamented death:—'From fuch a day, to fuch a day, all holidays, at my dear Miss At her return :- 'Account resumed such a day, naming it; and then she proceeded regularly. as before.

Once a week she used to reckon with herself; when, if within the 144 hours, contained in the six days, she had made her account even, she noted it accordingly: If otherwise, she carried the debit to the next week's account; as thus: Debtor to the article of benevolent visits, so many hours. And so of the rest.

But it was always an especial part of her care, that whether visiting or visited, she shewed in all companies an entire ease, satisfaction, and chearfulness, as if she kept no such particular account, and as if she did not make herself answerable to herself for her occa-

fional exceedings.

This method, which to others will appear perplexing and unnecessary, her early hours, and custom, had

made easy and pleasant to her.

And indeed, as I used to tell her, greatly as I admired her in all her methods, I could not bring myself to this, might I have had the world for my reward.

· I had

• I had indeed too much impatience in my temper,
• to observe such a regularity in accounting between
• me and myself. I satisfied myself in a Lump Account,
• as I may call it, if I had nothing greatly wrong to

as I may call it, if I had nothing greatly wrong to · reproach myself with, when I looked back on a past · week, as she had taught me to do. For she used indulgently to say, 'I do not think ALL I do necessary for another to do: Nor even for myfelf: But when it is more pleafant to me to keep ' fuch an account, than to let it alone; why may I on not proceed in my supererogatories?—There can be ono harm in it. It keeps up my attention to accounts; which one day may be of use to me in more material ' instances. Those who will not keep a strict account, feldom long keep any. I neglect not more useful employments for it. And it teaches me to be covetous of Time; the only thing of which we can be allowably covetous; fince we live but once in this world; and when gone, are gone from it for ever.' · She always reconciled the necessity under which · these interventions, as she called them, laid her, of · now-and-then breaking into some of her appropria-· tions; faying, 'There was good fense, and good of manners too, in the common lesson, When at Rome, " do as they do at Rome: And that to be easy of perof fuafion, in matters where one could oblige without " endangering virtue, or worthy habits, was an Apoof stolical excellency; fince, if a person conformed with " a view of making herself an interest in her friend's " affections, in order to be heeded in greater points, " it was imitating his example, who became all things " to all men, that he might gain some.' Nor is it to · be doubted, had life been spared her, that the sweet-· ness of her temper, and her chearful piety, would · have made Virtue and Religion appear fo lovely, · that her example would have had no finall influence · upon the minds and manners of those who would have

· had the honour of converfing with her.

O Mr. Belford! I can write no further on this fubject. For, looking into the Account-book for other particulars, I met with a most affecting memorandum; which, being written on the extreme edge of the paper, with a fine pen, and in the dear creature's smallest hand, I faw not before. This it is; written, I fuppose, at some calamitous period after the day named in it - Help me to a curse to blast the monster who gave occasion for it!

APRIL 10. The account concluded!-And with it all my worldly hopes and prospects!!!

30 30

I TAKE up my pen; but not to apologize for my execration .- Once more I pray to God to avenge me of him !- Me I fay -- For mine is the los-Hers the

gain.

O Sir! You did not, you could not know her, as I knew her! Never was fuch an excellence! - So warm. yet fo cool a friend !- So much what I wish to be, but never shall be !- For, alas! my Stay, my Adviser, my Monitress, my Directress, is gone! for ever gone!

She honoured me with the title of The Sifter of her beart: But I was only so in the Love I bore her (A Love beyond a Sifter's—infinitely beyond her Sifter's !); in the hatred I have to every mean and fordid action; and in my love of Virtue :- For, otherwise, I am of a high and haughty temper, as I have acknowleged

heretofore, and very violent in my passions.

In short, she was the nearest perfection of any creature I ever knew. She never preached to me lessons which the practifed not herfelf. She lived the life the taught. All humility, meekness, self-accusing, othersacquitting, tho' the fladow of the fault was hardly bers, the fub/tance theirs whose only honour was their relation to her.

To lofe fuch a Friend, fuch a Guide - If ever my violence was justifiable, it is upon this recollection !-For

For she only lived to make me sensible of my failings, but not long enough to enable me to conquer them; as I was resolved to endeavour to do.

Once more then let me execrate—But now violence and passion again predominate!—And how can it be

otherwise?

But I force myself from the subject, having lost the purpose for which I resumed my pen.

A. HowE.

LETTER L.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;
Paris, Octob. 14.

Scandunt eodem quo dominus: neque
Decedit ærata triremi, &
Post equitem sedet atra cura.

IN a language so expressive as the English, I hate the pedantry of tagging or presacing what I write with Latin scraps; and ever was a censurer of the motto-mongers among our weekly and daily scribblers. But these verses of Horace are so applicable to my case, that, whether on shipboard, whether in my post-chaise, or in my inn at night, I am not able to put them cut of my head. Dryden once I thought said well in these bouncing lines:

Man makes his Fate according to his mind.
The weak, low spirit Fortune makes her slave:
But she's a drudge, when hestor'd by the brave.
If Fate weave common thread, I ll change the doom,
And with new purple weave a nobler loom.

I. 4

And in these:

Let Fortune empty her whole quiver on me, I have a foul, that, like an ample shield, Can take in all, and verge enough for more. Fate was not mine: Nor am I Fate's——
Souls know no conquerors——

But in the first-quoted lines, considering them closely, there is nothing but blustering absurdity: In the other, the poet says not truth; for Conscience is the Conqueror of Souls: At least it is the Conqueror of mine: And who ever thought it a narrow one?

But this is occasioned partly by poring over the affecting Will, and posthumous Letter. What an army of texts has she drawn up in array against me in the latter!—But yet, Jack, do they not shew me, that, two or three thousand years ago, there were as wicked fellows as myself?—They do—And that's some confolation.

But the generofity of her mind display'd in both, is what stings me most. And the more still, as it is now out of my power any way in the world to be even with her.

I ought to have written to you soner. But I loiter'd two days at Calais, for an Answer to a Letter I wrote to engage my former travelling valet, De la Tour; an ingenious, ready fellow, as you have heard me say. I

bave engaged him, and he is now with me.

I shall make no stay here; but intend for some of the Electoral Courts. That of Bavaria, I think, will engage me longest. Perhaps I may step out of my way (if I can be out of my way any-where) to those of Dresden and Berlin: And it is not impossible that you may have one Letter from me at Vienna. And then perhaps I may fall down into Italy by the Tircl; and so, taking Turin in my way, return to Paris; where I hope to see Mowbray and Tourville: Nor do I despair of you.

This a good deal differs from the plan I gave you. But you may expect to hear from me as I move; and whether I shall pursue this Route, or the other.

I have my former lodgings in the Rue St. Antoine:
Which

Which I shall hold, notwithstanding my Tour: So they will be ready to accommodate any two of you, if you come hither before my return: And for this I have conditioned.

I write to Charlotte; and that is writing to all my

relations at once.

Do thou, Jack, inform me duly of every-thing that passes:-Particularly, How thou proceedest in thy Reformation-scheme: How Mowbray and Tourville go on in my absence: Whether thou hast any chance for a wife [I am the more folicitous on this head, because thou feemest to think, that thy Mortification will not be complete, nor thy Reformation fecure, till thou art shackled]: How the Harlowes proceed in their penitentials: If Miss Howe be married, or near being so: How honest Doleman goes on with his Empiric, now he has dismissed his Regulars, or they him; and if any likelihood of his perfect recovery. Be fure be very minute: For every trifling occurrence relating to those we value, becomes interesting, when we are at a distance from them. Finally, prepare thou to piece thy broken thread, if thou wouldst oblige

Thy LOVELACE.

LETTER

Mr. BELFORD, To ROBERT LOVELACE, E/4;

London, Oct. 25.

I Write, to shew you, that I am incapable of slighting even the minutest requests of an absent and distant friend. Yet you may believe, that there cannot be any great alterations in the little time that you have been out of England, with respect to the subjects of your enquiry. Nevertheless I will answer to each for the reason above given; and for the reason you mention, that even trifles and chit-chat are agreeable from friend to friend, and of friends, and even of those to LS

whom we give the importance of deeming them our

foes, when we are abroad.

First, then, as to my Reformation-scheme, as you call it, I hope I go on very well. I wish you had entered upon the like, and could say so too. You would then find infinitely more peace of mind, than you are likely ever otherwise to be acquainted with. When I look back upon the sweep that has been made among us in the two or three past years, and sorward upon what may still happen, I hardly think myself secure; tho' of late I have been guided by other lights than those of sense and appetite, which have hurried so many of our confraternity into worldly ruin, if not into eternal perdition.

I am very earnest in my wishes to be admitted into the Nuptial State. But I think I ought to pass some time as a probationary, till, by steadiness in my good resolutions, I can convince some woman, whom I could love and honour, and whose worthy example might confirm my morals, that there is one Libertine who had the grace to reform, before Age or Disease put it out of his power to sin on.

The Harlowes continue inconfolable; and I dare

fay will to the end of their lives.

Miss Howe is not yet married; but I have reason to think will soon. I have the honour of corresponding with her; and the more I know of her, the more I admire the nobleness of her mind. She must be conscious, that she is superior to half our Sex, and to most of her own; which may make her give way to a temper naturally hasty and impatient: But, if she meet with condescension in her man [And who would not veil to a superiority so visible, if it be not exacted with arrogance?] I dare say she will make an excellent wife.

As to Doleman, the poor man goes on trying and hoping with his Empiric. I cannot but fay, that as the latter is a fensible and judicious man, and not rash, epinionative, or over-fanguine, I have great hopes

(little

(little as I think of Quacks and Nostrum-mongers in general) that he will do him good, if his case will admit My reasons are, That the man pays a regular and constant attendance upon him: Watches, with his own eye, every change, and new symptom of his patient's malady: Varies his applications as the indications vary: Fetters not himself to rules laid down by the fathers of the art, who lived many hundred years ago; when diseases, and the causes of them, were different, as the modes of living were different from what they are now, as well as climates and accidents: That he is to have his reward, not in daily fees; but (after the first five guineas for medicines) in proportion as the patient himself shall find amendment.

As to Mowbray and Tourville; what novelties can be expected, in fo short a time, from men, who have not sense enough to strike out or pursue new lights, either good or bad? Now, especially, that you are gone, who were the foul of all enterprize, and in particular their foul. Besides, I see them but seldom. I suppose they'll be at Paris before you can return from Germany; for they cannot live without you: And you gave them fuch a specimen of your recovered volatility, in the last evening's conversation, as equally delighted them, and

concerned me.

I wish, with all my heart, that thou wouldst bend thy course towards the Pyreneans. I should then (if thou writest to thy Cousin Montague an account of what is most observable in thy Tour) put in for a Copy of thy Letters. I wonder thou wilt not; fince then thy fubjects would be as new to thyfelf, as to

BELFORD.

LETTER LII.

Mr. Lovelace, To John Belford, Esq;

Paris, Oct. 16-27.

I Follow my last of the ½ th, on occasion of a Letter just now come to hand from Joseph Leman. The fellow is Conscience-ridden, Jack; and tells me, 'That' he cannot rest either day or night for the mischiess which he sears he has been, and may still surther be the means of doing.' He wishes, 'if it please God, and if it please me, that he had never seen my Honour's face.'

And what is the cause of his present concern, as to his own particular? What, but 'the slights and contempts

which he receives from every one of the Harlowes;

from those particularly, he says, whom he has endea-

voured to ferve as faithfully as his engagements to me would let him ferve them? And I always made

him believe, he tells me (poor weak foul as he was

from his cradle!) that ferving me was ferving both,

in the long-run. But this, and the death of his dear

'young Lady, is a grief, he declares, that he shall never claw off, were he to live to the age of Matthew-

Salem: Althoff, and howsomever, he is fure, that he

fhall not live a month to an end; being strangely pined,

and his flomach nothing like what it was: And Mrs.

Betty being also (now she has got his Love) very cross

' and flighting: But, thank his God for punishing her!

fhe is in a poor way berfell.

But the chief occasion of troubling my Honour now, is not his own griefs only, althoff they are very

great; but to prevent future mischiefs to me: For he can assure me, that Colonel Morden has set out from

them all, with a full resolution to have his will of me:

And he is well affured, that he faid, and fwore to it, as how he was refolved that he would either have my

Honour's heart's-blood, or I should have his; or some

" fuch like sad threatenings: And that all the family re-

' joice in it, and hope I shall come short home.'

This is the substance of Joseph's Letter; and I have one from Mowbray, which has a hint to the same effect. And I recollect now, that you was very importunate with me to go to Madrid, rather than to France and Italy, the last evening we passed together.

What I defire of you, is, by the first dispatch, to let me faithfully know all that You know on this head.

I can't bear to be threatened, Jack. Nor shall any man, unquestioned, give himself airs in my absence, if I know it, that shall make me look mean in any-body's eyes: That shall give my friends pain for me: That shall put them upon wishing me to change my intentions, or my plan, to avoid him. Upon fuch despicable terms as these, think you that I could bear to live?

But why, if fuch were his purpose, did he not let me know it, before I left England? Was he unable to work himself up to a resolution, till he knew me to be out of

the kingdom?

As foon as I can inform myself where to direct to him, I will write to know his purpole; for I cannot bear suspense, in such a case as this: That solemn act, were it even to be Marriage or Hanging, which must be done to-morrow, I had rather should be done to-day. My mind tires and fickens with impatience on ruminating upon scenes that can afford neither variety nor certainty. To dwell twenty days in expectation of an event that may be decided in a quarter of an hour, is grievous.

If he come to Paris, altho' I should be on my Tour, he will very eafily find out my lodgings: For I every day fee fome or other of my countrymen, and divers of them have I entertained bere. I go frequently to the Opera, and to the Play, and appear at Court, and at all public places. And, on my quitting this city, will leave a direction whither my Letters from England, or elsewhere, shall from time to time be forwarded. Were I fure, that his intention is what Joseph Leman tells me it is, I would

I would stay here, or shorten his course to me, let him

be where he would.

I cannot get off my regrets on account of this dear Lady for the blood of me. If the Colonel and I are to meet, as he has done me no injury, and loves the memory of his Cousin, we shall engage with the same sentiments, as to the object of our dispute: And that, you know, is no very common case.

In short, I am as much convinced that I have done wrong, as he can be; and regret it as much. But I will not bear to be threatened by any man in the world, however conscious I may be of having deserved blame.

Adieu, Belford! Be fincere with me. No palliation,

as thou valuest

Thy LOVELACE.

LETTER LIII.

Mr. BELFORD, To ROBERT LOVELACE, Efq;

London, Oct. 26.

I Cannot think, my dear Lovelace, that Colonel Morden has either threatened you in those gross terms mentioned by the vile, hypocritical, and ignorant Joseph Leman, or intends to follow you. They are the words of people of that fellow's class; and not of a gentleman: Not of Colonel Morden, I am sure. You'll observe, that Joseph pretends not to say that he heard him

speak them.

I have been very folicitous to found the Colonel, for your sake, and for his own, and for the sake of the injunctions of the excellent Lady to me, as well as to him, on that subject. He is (and you will not wonder that he should be) extremely affected; and owns, that he has expressed himself in terms of resentment on the occasion. Once he said to me, That had his beloved Cousin's case been that of a common feduction, her own credulity or weakness contributing to her sall; he could have forgiven you. But, in so many words, He assured me,

that

that he had not taken any resolutions; nor had he declared himself to the family in such a way as should bind him to resent: On the contrary, he has owned, that his Cousin's injunctions have hitherto had the force upon him which I could wish they should have.

He went abroad in a week after you. When he took his leave of me, he told me, That his design was to go to Florence; and that he would settle his affairs there; and then return to England, and here pass the remainder

of his days.

I was indeed apprehensive, that if you and he were to meet, something unhappy might fall out: And as I knew that you proposed to take Italy, and very likely Florence, in your return to France, I was very solicitous to prevail upon you to take the Court of Spain into your plan. I am still so. And if you are not to be prevailed upon to do that, let me entreat you to avoid Florence or Leghorn in your return, since you have visited both heretofore. At least, let not the proposal of a meeting come from you.

It would be matter of serious reflection to me, if the very fellow, this Foseph Leman, who gave you such an opportunity to turn all the artillery of his masters against themselves, and to play them upon one another to savour your plotting purposes, should be the instrument in the devil's hand (unwittingly too) to avenge them all upon you: For should you even get the better of the Colonel, would the mischief end there?—It would but add remorse to your present remorse; since the interview must end in death; for he would not, I am consident, takehis life at your hand. The Harlowes would, moreover, prosecute you in a legal way. You hate them; and they would be gainers by his death: Rejoicers in yours—And have you not done mischief enough already?

Let me therefore (and thro' me all your friends) have the fatisfaction to hear, that you are resolved to avoid this gentleman. Time will subdue all things. Nobody doubs doubts your bravery. Nor will it be known, that your plan is changed thro' perfuafion.

Young Harlowe talks of calling you to account. This is a plain evidence, that Mr. Morden has not taken the

quarrel upon himself for their family.

I am in no apprehension of any-body but Colonel Morden. I know it will not be a means to prevail upon you to oblige me, if I fay, that I am well affured, that this gentleman is a skilful swordsman; and that he is as cool and fedate as skilful. But yet I will add, that if I had a value for my life, he should be the last man, except yourself, with whom I would chuse to have a contention.

I have, as you required, been very candid and fincere with you. I have not aimed at palliation. If you feek not Colonel Morden, it is my opinion he will not feek you: For he is a man of principle. But if you feek

him, I believe he will not thun you.

Let me re-urge [It is the effect of my love for you!] that you know your own guilt in this affair, and should not be again an aggreffor. It would be pity, that fo brave a man as the Colonel should drop, were you and he to meet: And, on the other hand, it would be dreadful, that you should be fent to your account unprepared for it; and pursuing a fresh violence. Moreover, seest thou not, in the deaths of two of thy principal agents, the hand-writing upon the wall against thee?

My zeal on this occasion may make me guilty of repetition. Indeed I know not how to quit the subject. But if what I have written, added to your own remorfe and consciousness, cannot prevail, all that I might fur-

ther urge would be ineffectual.

Adjeu therefore! Mayst thou repent of the past! and, May no new violences add to thy heavy reflections, and overwhelm thy future hopes! are the wishes of

Thy true Friend,

JOHN BELFORD.

LETTER LIV.

Mr. Lovelace, To John Belford, Esq;

Munich, Nov. 11—22.

Received yours this moment, just as I was setting out for Vienna.

As to going to Madrid, or one fingle step out of the way, to avoid Colonel Morden, let me perish, if I do! You cannot think me so mean a wretch.

And so you own, that he has threatened me; but not in gross and ungentlemanly terms, you say. If he has threatened me like a gentleman, I will resent his threats like a gentleman. But he has not done as a man of honour, if he has threatened me at all behind my back. I would scorn to threaten any man to whom I knew how to address myself either personally, or by pen

and ink.

As to what you mention of my guilt; of the hand-writing on the wall; of a legal profecution, if he meet his fate from my hand; of his skill, coolness, courage, and such-like poltroon stuff; what can you mean by it? Surely you cannot believe, that such infinuations as those will weaken either my hands or my heart.— No more of this fort of nonsense, I beseech you, in any of your future Letters.

He had not taken any resolutions, you say, when you saw him. He must and will take resolutions, one way or other, very quickly; for I wrote to him yesterday, without waiting for this your answer to my last. I could not avoid it. I could not (as I told you in that) live in suspense. I have directed my Letter to Florence. Nor could I suffer my friends to live in suspense as to my safety. But I have couched it in such moderate terms, that he has fairly his option. He will be the challenger, if he take it in the sense in which he may so handsomely avoid taking it. And if he does, it will demonstrate that malice and revenge were the predominant passions with him; and that he was determined but to settle his affairs.

affairs, and then take his refolutions, as you phrase it.—Yet, if we are to meet [for I know what my option would be, in his case, on such a Letter, complaisant as it is] I wish he had a worse, I a better cause. It would be sweet revenge to him, were I to fall by his hand. But what should I be the better for killing him?

I will inclose the copy of the Letter I fent him.

On reperusing yours in a cooler moment, I cannot but thank you for your friendly love, and good intentions. My value for you, from the first hour of our acquaintance till now, I have never found misplaced; regarding at least your intention: Thou must, however, own a good deal of blunder of the over-do and under-do kind, with respect to the part thou actedst between me and the Beloved of my heart. But thou art really an honest fellow, and a sincere and warm siend. I could almost wish I had not written to Florence till I had received thy Letter now before me. But it is gone. Let it go. If he wish peace, and to avoid violence, he will have a fair opportunity to embrace the one, and shun the other.—If not—he must take his fate.

But be this as it may, you may contrive to let young Harlowe know [He is a menacer too!] that I shall be

in England in March next, at farthest.

This of Bavaria is a gallant and polite Court. Nevertheless, being uncertain whether my Letter may meet with the Colonel at Florence, I shall quit it, and set out, as I intended, for Vienna; taking care to have any Letter or Message from him conveyed to me there: Which will soon bring me back hither, or to any other place to which I shall be invited.

As I write to Charlotte, I have nothing more to add,

after compliments to all friends, than that I am

Wholly Yours,

LOVELACE.

Mr. LOVELACE, To WILLIAM MORDEN, Ela:

[Inclosed in the above.]

SIR. Munich, Nov. 10-21.

Have heard, with a great deal of surprize, that you have thought fit to throw out fome menacing ex-

pressions against me.

I should have been very glad, that you had thought I had punishment enough in my own mind, for the wrongs I have done to the most excellent of women; and that it had been possible for two persons so ardently joining in one Love (especially as I was desirous, to the utmost of my power, to repair those wrongs) to have lived, if not on amicable terms, in fuch a way, as not to put Either to the pain of hearing of threatenings thrown out in absence, which Either ought to be despised for, if he had not spirit to take notice of them.

Now, Sir, if what I have heard be owing only to warmth of temper, or to fudden paffion, while the loss of all other losses the most deplorable to me was recent, I not only excuse, but commend you for it. But if you are really determined to meet me on any other account [which, I own to you, is not however what I wish] it would be very blameable, and very unworthy of the character I defire to maintain as well with you as with every other gentleman, to give you a difficulty in doing

it.

Being uncertain when this Letter may meet you, I shall set out to-morrow for Vienna; where any Letter directed to the post-house in that city, or to Baron Windifgratz's (at the Favorita) to whom I have com-

mendations, will come to hand.

Mean time, believing you to be a man too generous to make a wrong construction of what I am going to declare, and knowing the value which the dearest of all creatures had for you, and your relation to her, I will not scruple to assure you, that the most acceptabe re-

turn

turn will be, that Colonel Morden chuses to be upon an amicable, rather than upon any other footing, with His sincere Admirer, and humble Servant,

R. LOVELACE.

LETTER LV.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, E/q;

Lintz, S Nov. 28.

Am now on my way to Trent, in order to meet Colonel Morden, in pursuance of his Answer to my Letter inclosed in my last. I had been at Presburgh, and had intended to vifit fome other cities of Hungary: But having obliged myself to return first to Vienna, I there met with his Letter: Which follows.

Munich, Nov. 21.

SIR.

YOUR Letter was at Florence Four days before I arrived there.

That I might not appear unworthy of your favour, I fet out for this city the very next morning. I knew not but that the politeness of this Court might have engaged, beyond his intention, a gentleman who has only

his pleasures to pursue.

But being disappointed in my hope of finding you here, it becomes me to acquaint you, that I have such a defire to stand well in the opinion of a man of your spirit, that I cannot hesitate a moment upon the option, which I am fure Mr. Lovelace in my fituation (thus

called upon) would make.

I own, Sir, that I have, on all occasions, spoken of your treatment of my ever-dear Cousin as it deserved. It would have been very furprising if I had not. And it behoves me (now you have given me fo noble an opportunity of explaining myfelf) to convince you, that no words fell from my lips, of you, merely because you were were absent. I acquaint you, therefore, that I will attend your appointment; and would, were it to the far-

thest part of the globe.

I shall stay some days at this Court; and if you please to direct for me at M. Klienfurt's in this city, whether I remain here or not, your commands will come safely and speedily to the hands of, Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

WM. MORDEN.

So you see, Belford, that the Colonel, by his ready, his even eagerly-expressed acceptance of the offered interview, was determined. And is it not much better to bring such a point as this to an issue, than to give pain to friends for my safety, or continue in suspense myself; as I must do, if I imagined that another had aught against me?

This was my Reply:

SIR, Vienna, { Nov. 25. Dec. 6.

Have this moment the favour of yours. I will fufpend a Tour I was going to take into Hungary, and instantly set out for Munich: And, if I find you not there, will proceed to Trent. This city, being on the confines of Italy, will be most convenient, as I presume, to you, in your return to Tuscany; and I shall hope to meet you in it on the ³/₄ of December.

I shall bring with me only a French valet and an English footman. Other particulars may be adjusted when I have the honour to see you. Till when, I am,

Sir, Your most obedient Servant,

R. LOVELACE.

Now, Jack, I have no manner of apprehension of the event of this meeting. And I think I may say, He seeks me; not I him. And so let him take the consequence.

What

What is infinitely nearer to my heart, is, my ingratitude to the most excellent of women—My premeditated ingratitude!—Yet all the while enabled to distinguish and to adore her excellencies, in spite of the mean opinion of the Sex which I had imbibed from early manhood.

But this Lady has afferted the worthiness of her Sex, and most gloriously has she exalted it with me now. Yet, surely, as I have said and written an hundred times,

there cannot be fuch another woman.

But as my loss in her departure is the greatest of any man's, and as she was nearer to me, than to any other person in the world, and once she herself wished to be so, what an insolence in any man breathing to pretend to avenge her on me!—Happy! happy! thrice happy! had I known how to value, as I ought to have valued,

the glory of fuch a preference!

I will aggravate to myself this aggravation of the Colonel's pretending to call me to account for my treatment of a Lady so much my own, lest, in the approaching interview, my heart should relent for one so nearly related to her, and who means honour and justice to her memory; and I should thereby give him advantages which otherwise he cannot have. For I know that I shall be inclined to trust to my skill, to save a man who was so much and so justly valued by her; and shall be loth to give way to my resentment, as a threatened man. And in this respect only am I forry for his skill, and his courage, lest I should be obliged, in my own defence, to add a chalk to a score that is already too long.

INDEED, indeed, Belford, I am, and shall be, to my latest hour, the most miserable of beings. Such exalted generosity!—Why didst thou put into my craveing hands the copy of her Will? Why sentest thou to me the posshumous Letter?—What tho' I was earnest.

to see the Will? Thou knewest what they both were [I did not]; and that it would be cruel to oblige me.

The meeting of twenty Colonel Mordens, were there twenty to meet in turn, would be nothing to me; would not give me a moment's concern, as to my own fafety: But my reflections upon my vile ingratitude to fo superior an excellence will ever be my curse.

Had she been a Miss Howe to me, and treated me as if I were an Hickman, I had had a call for revenge; and policy (when I had intended to be an husband) might have justified my attempts to humble her. But a meek and gentle temper was hers, tho' a true heroine, whenever honour or virtue called for an exertion of spirit.

Nothing but my cursed devices stood in the way of my happiness. Remembrest thou not, how repeatedly, from the first, I poured cold water upon her rising slame, by meanly and ungratefully turning upon her the injunctions, which virgin delicacy, and filial duty, induced her to lay me under before I got her into my

power (a)?

Did she not tell me, and did I not know it, if she had not told me, that she could not be guilty of affectation or tyranny to the man whom she intended to marry (b)? I knew, as she once upbraided me, that from the time I had got her from her Father's house, I had a plain path before me (c). True did she say, and I triumphed in the discovery, that from that time I had held her soul in suspense an hundred times (d). My Ipecacuanha trial alone was enough to convince an infidel, that she had a

(a) See Vol. III. p. 70. See also Letters xiii. xli. xli. of that Volume,

and many other places.

(c) See Vol. V. p. 130. 179. (d) Ibid. p. 188.

⁽b) See Vol. V. p. 186.—It may be observed further, that all Clarista's occasional lectures to Miss Howe, on that young Lady's treatment of Mr. Hickman, prove, that she was herfelf above affectation and tyranny.—See, more particularly, the advice she gives to that friend of her heart, Letter lxvi. of Vol. VII.— O my dear,' fays she in that Letter, p. 231. that it had been my-lot (as I was not permitted to live single) to have met with a man by whom I could have acted generously and unreservedly! Sc. Sc.

mind in which Love and Tenderness would have prefided, had I permitted the charming buds to put forth

and blow (a).

She would have had no referves, as once she told me, had I not given her cause of doubt (b). And did she not own to thee, that once she could have loved me; and, could she have made me good, would have made me happy (c)? O Belsord! here was Love; a Love of the noblest kind! A Love, as she hints in her posshumous Letter (d), that extended to the Soul; and which she not only avowed in her dying hours, but contrived to let me know it after death, in that Letter filled with warnings and exhortations, which had for their sole end my eternal welfare!

The curfed women, indeed, endeavoured to excite my vengeance, and my pride, by preaching to me eternally her Doubts, her want of Love, and her Contempt of me. And my pride was, at times, too much excited by their vile infinuations. But had it even been as they faid; well might she, who had been used to be courted and admired by every defiring eye, and worshiped by every respectful heart-Well might such a woman be allowed to draw back, when the found herfelf kept in suspense, as to the great question of all, by a defigning and intriguing spirit; pretending awe and distance, as reasons for reining-in a fervor, which, if real, cannot be reined-in-Divine creature! Her very doubts, her referves (so justly doubting) would have been my affurance, and my glory !- And what other trial needed her virtue? What other needed a purity fo angelic (bleffed with fuch a command of her passions in the bloom of youth) had I not been a villain—and a wanton, a conceited, a proud fool, as well as a villain?

These reslections sharpened, rather than their edge by time rebated, accompany me in whatever I do, and where-ever I go; and mingle with all my diversions and

⁽a) See Vol. IV. Letters xlv xlvi. (b) See Vol. V. p. 213. (c) See Letter xcviii. of Vol. VII. (d) See p. 122-126. of this Vol.

amusements. And yet I go into gay and splendid Company. I have made new acquaintance in the different Courts I have visited. I am both esteemed and sought after, by persons of rank and merit. I visit the Colleges, the Churches, the Palaces. I frequent the Theatre: Am present at every public Exhibition; and see all that is worth seeing, that I had not seen before, in the Cabinets of the Curious: Am sometimes admitted to the Toilette of an eminent toast, and make one with distinction at the Assemblies of others—Yet can think of nothing, nor of any body, with delight, but of my CLARISSA. Nor have I seen one woman with advantage to herself, but as she resembles in Stature, Air, Complexion, Voice, or in some Feature, that Charmer, that only Charmer, of my Soul.

What greater punishment, than to have these astonishing perfections, which she was mistress of, strike my remembrance with such force, when I have nothing left me but the remorse of having deprived myself and the world of such a blessing? Now-and-then, indeed, am I capable of a gleam of comfort, arising (not ungenerously) from the moral certainty which I have of her everlasting happiness, in spite of all the machinations and devices which I set on foot to ensure her virtue, and to bring down so pure a mind to my own level.

For can I be, at worst [Avert that worst, O Thou SUPREME, who only canst avert it!] So much a wretch, so very far abandon'd, But that I must, ev'n in the horrid'st gloom, Reap intervenient joy, at least some respite From pain and anguish, in her bliss—

* * * *

IF I find myself thus miserable abroad, I will soon return to England, and sollow your example, I think—turn hermit, or some plaguy thing or other, and see what a constant course of penitence and mortification will do for me. There is no living at this rate—D—n me if there be!

C

If any mishap should befal me, you'll have the particulars of it from De la Tour. He indeed knows but little of English: But every modern tongue is yours. He is a trusty and ingenious fellow: And, if any-thing happen, will have some other papers, which I shall have ready sealed up, for you to transmit to Lord M. And since thou art so expert, and so ready at Executorships, prythee, Belford, accept of the office for Me, as well as for my Clarissa—CLARISSA LOVELACE let me call her.

By all that's good, I am bewitched to her memory. Her very name, with mine joined to it, ravishes my foul, and is more delightful to me than the sweetest music.

Had I carried her [I must still recriminate] to any other place that to that accursed woman's—For the potion was her invention and mixture; and all the per-fisted-in violence was at her instigation, and at that of her wretched daughters, who have now amply revenged upon me their own ruin, which they lay at my door—

But this looks so like the consession of a thief at the gallows, that possibly thou wilt be apt to think, I am intimidated in prospect of the approaching interview. But far otherwise. On the contrary, most chearfully do I go to meet the Colonel; and I would tear my heart out of my breast with my own hands, were it capable

of fear or concern on that account.

Thus much only I know, that if I should kill him [which I will not do, if I can help it] I shall be far from being easy in my mind: That shall I never more be. But as the meeting is evidently of his own seeking, against an option fairly given to the contrary, and I cannot avoid it, I'll think of that hereafter. It is but repenting and mortifying for all at once: For I am as sure of victory, as I am that I now live, let him be ever so skilful a swordsman; since, besides that I am no unslessed novice, this is a sport, that when provoked to it, I love as well as my food. And, moreover, I shall

be as calm and undisturbed as the Bishop at his prayers: While he, as is evident by his Letter, must be actuated by revenge and passion.

Doubt not, therefore, Jack, that I shall give a good

account of this affair. Mean time, I remain

Yours most affectionately, &c.

LOVELACE.

LETTER LVI.

Mr. Lovelace, To John Belford, Efq;

Trent, Dec. 3-14.

T O-morrow is to be the Day, that will, in all probability, fend either one or two ghosts to attend

the Manes of my CLARISSA.

I arrived here yesterday; and enquiring for an English gentleman of the name of Morden, soon sound out the Colonel's lodgings. He had been in town two days; and left his name at every probable place.

He was gone to ride out; and I left my name, and where to be found: And in the evening he made me a

visit.

He was plaguy gloomy. That was not I. But yet he told me, that I had acted like a man of true spirit in my first Letter; and with honour, in giving him so readily this meeting. He wished I had in other respects; and then we might have seen each other upon better terms than now we did.

I faid, there was no recalling what was pass'd; and that I wished some things had not been done, as well as he.

To recriminate now, he faid, would be as exasperateing as unavailable. And as I had so chearfully given him this opportunity, words should give place to business.—Your choice, Mr. Lovelace, of Time, of Place, of Weapon, shall be my choice.

The two latter be yours, Mr. Morden. The Time

to-morrow, or next day, as you pleafe.

Next day, then, Mr. Lovelace; and we'll ride out to-morrow, to fix the place.

M 2

Agreed,

Agreed, Sir.

Well; now, Mr. Lovelace, do you chuse the Wea-

I said, I believed we might be upon an equal foot with the Single Rapier; but, if he thought otherwise,

I had no objection to a Pistol.

I will only say, replied he, that the chances may be more equal by the Sword, because we can neither of us be to seek in that: And you would stand, says he, a worse chance, as I apprehend, with a Pistol: And yet I have brought two; that you may take your choice of either: For, added he, I never missed a mark at pistol-

distance, since I knew how to hold a Pistol.

I told him, that he spoke like himself: That I was expert enough that way, to embrace it, if he chose it; tho' not so sure of my mark as he pretended to be. Yet the devil's in't, Colonel, if I, who have slit a bullet in two upon a knise's edge, hit not my man. So I have no objection to a Pistol, if it be your choice. No man, I'll venture to say, has a steadier Hand or Eye than I have.

They may both be of use to you, Sir, at the Sword, as well as at the Pistol: The Sword therefore be the

thing, if you please.

With all my heart.

We parted with a folemn fort of ceremonious civility: And this day I called upon Him; and we rode out together to fix upon the place: And both being of one mind, and hating to put off for the morrow what could be done to-day, would have decided it then: But De la Tour, and the Colonel's valet, who attended us, being unavoidably let into the fecret, joined to beg we would have with us a Surgeon from Brixen, whom La Tour had fallen in with there, and who had told him he was to ride next morning to bleed a person in a fever, at a lone cottage, which, by the Surgeon's description, was not far from the place where we then were, if it were not that very cottage within sight of us.

They

They undertook so to manage it, that the Surgeon should know nothing of the matter till his assistance was called in. And La Tour being, as I assured the Colonel, a ready contriving fellow [whom I ordered to obey him as myself, were the chance to be in his favour] we both agreed to defer the decision till tomorrow, and to leave the whole about the Surgeon to the management of our two valets; enjoining them absolute secrecy: And so rode back again by different ways.

We fixed upon a little lone valley for the Spot—Ten to-morrow morning the Time—And Single Rapier the Word. Yet I repeatedly told him, that I value myfelf fo much upon my skill in that weapon, that I would

wish him to chuse any other.

He said, it was a gentleman's weapon; and he who understood it not, wanted a qualification that he ought to suffer for not having: But that, as to him, one weapon was as good as another throughout all the instruments of offence.

So, Jack, you see I take no advantage of him: But my devil must deceive me, if he take not his life or his death at my hands before eleven to-morrow morning.

His valet and mine are to be present; but both strictly enjoined to be impartial and inactive: And, in return for my civility of the like nature, he commanded

his to be affifting to me, if he fell.

We are to ride thither, and to dismount when at the place; and his sootman and mine are to wait at an appointed distance, with a chaise to carry off to the borders of the Venetian territories the survivor, if one drop; or to affist either or both, as occasion may demand.

And thus, Belford, is the matter fettled.

A shower of rain has left me nothing else to do: And therefore I write this Letter; tho I might as well have deferred it till to-morrow twelve o'clock,

 M_3

when

when I doubt not to be able to write again, to affure you how much I am

Yours, &c.

LOVELACE.

LETTER LVII.

Translation of a Letter from F. J. De la Tour.

To JOHN BELFORD, E/q; near Soho-Square, London. Trent. Dec. 18. N.S. SIR.

THAVE melancholy news to inform you of, by order of the Chevalier Lovelace. He shewed me his Letter to you before he fealed it; fignifying, that he was to meet the Chevalier Morden on the 15th. Wherefore, as the occasion of the meeting is so well known to you, I shall say nothing of it here.

I had taken care to have ready, within a little distance, a Surgeon and his affistant, to whom, under an oath of fecrecy, I had revealed the matter (tho' I did not own it to the two gentlemen); fo that they were prepared with bandages, and all things proper. For well was I acquainted with the bravery and skill of my Chevalier; and had heard the character of the other; and knew the animofity of both. A postchaife was ready, with each of their footmen, at a little distance.

The two Chevaliers came exactly at their time: They were attended by Monsieur Margate (the Colonel's gentleman) and myself. They had given orders over-night, and now repeated them in each other's presence, that we should observe a strict impartiality between them: And that, if one fell, each of us should look upon himself, as to any needful help or retreat, as the fervant of the furvivor, and take his commands accordingly.

After a few compliments, both the gentlemen, with the greatest presence of mind that I ever beheld in men,

ftript to their shirts, and drew.

They

They parried with equal judgment several passes. My Chevalier drew the first blood, making a desperate push, which, by a sudden turn of his antagonist, missed going clear thro' him, and wounded him on the sleshy part of the ribs of his right side; which part the sword tore out, being on the extremity of the body: But, before my Chevalier could recover himself, the Colonel, in return, pushed him into the inside of the left arm, near the shoulder: And the sword (raking his breass as it passed) being followed by a great essuin of blood, the Colonel said, Sir, I believe you have enough.

My Chevalier swore by G—d, he was not hurt: 'Twas a pin's point: And so made another pass at his antagonist; which he, with a surprising dexterity, received under his arm, and run my dear Chevalier into the body: Who immediately fell; saying, The luck is yours, Sir—O my beloved Clarissa!—Now art thou—Inwardly he spoke three or sour words more. His sword dropt from his hand. Mr. Morden threw his down, and ran to him, saying in French—Ah Monsieur, you are a dead man!—Call to God for

mercy!

We gave the fignal agreed upon to the footmen; and they to the Surgeons; who infantly came up.

Colonel Morden, I found, was too well used to the bloody work; for he was as cool as if nothing so extraordinary had happened, assisting the Surgeons, tho' his own wound bled much. But my dear Chevalier fainted away two or three times running, and vomited blood besides.

However, they stopped the bleeding for the present; and we helped him into the voiture; and then the Colonel suffered his own wound to be dressed; and appeared concerned that my Chevalier was between whiles (when he could speak, and struggle) extremely outrageous.—Poor gentleman! he had made quite sure of victory!

M 4

The Colonel, against the Surgeons advice, would mount on horseback to pass into the Venetian territories; and generously gave me a purse of gold to pay the Surgeons; desiring me to make a present to the sootman; and to accept of the remainder, as a mark of his satisfaction in my conduct; and in my care and tenderness of my master.

The Surgeons told him, that my Chevalier could

not live over the day.

When the Colonel took leave of him, Mr. Lovelace faid, You have well revenged the dear creature.

I have, Sir, faid Mr. Morden: And perhaps shall he forry that you called upon me to this work, while I was balancing whether to obey, or disobey, the dear angel.

There is a fate in it! replied my Chevalier—A curfed fate!—Or this could not have been!—But be ye all witnesses, that I have provoked my destiny, and

acknowlege, that I fall by a Man of Honour.

Sir, faid the Colonel, with the piety of a confessor, (wringing Mr. Lovelace's hand) snatch these sew fleeting moments, and commend yourself to God.

And so he rode off.

The voiture proceeded flowly with my Chevalier; yet the motion fet both his wounds bleeding afresh; and it was with difficulty they again stopped the blood.

We brought him alive to the nearest cottage; and he gave orders to me to dispatch to you the packet I herewith send sealed up; and bid me write to you the particulars of this most unhappy affair; and give you thanks, in his name, for all your favours and friendship to him.

Contrary to all expectation, he lived over the night: But fuffered much, as well from his impatience and difappointment, as from his wounds; for he feemed very unwilling to die.

He was delirious, at times, in the two last hours;

and then feveral times cried out, as if he had feen fome frightful Spectre, Take her away! Take her away! but named nobody. And fometimes praifed fome Lady (that Clariffa, I suppose, whom he had invoked when he received his death's wound) calling her, Sweet Excellence! Divine Creature! Fair Sufferer!-And once he faid, Look down, bleffed Spirit, look down! -And there stopt; -his lips however moving.

At Nine in the morning, he was feized with convulfions, and fainted away; and it was a quarter of an

hour before he came out of them.

His few last words I must not omit, as they shew an ultimate composure; which may administer some

confolation to his honourable friends.

Bleffed-faid he, addressing himself no doubt to Heaven; for his dying eyes were lifted up-A strong convulsion prevented him for a few moments faying more-But recovering, he again with great fervor (lifting up his eyes, and his fpread hands) pronounced the word Bleffed: - Then, in a feeming ejaculation, he spoke inwardly so as not to be understood: At last, he distinctly pronounced these three words.

LET THIS EXPLATE!

And then, his head finking on his pillow, he expired: at about half an hour after ten.

He little thought, poor gentleman! his End so near: So had given no direction about his body. I have caused it to be embowelled, and deposited in a vault,

till I have orders from England.

This is a favour that was procured with difficulty; and would have been refused, had he not been an Englishman of rank: A nation with reason respected in every Austrian government-For he had refused ghostly attendance, and the Sacraments in the Catholic way. May his Soul be happy, I pray God!

I have had some trouble also on account of the man-M 5 ner 250 The HISTORY, &c. Vol.8.

ner of his death, from the Magistracy here: Who have taken the requisite informations in the affair. And it has cost me some money. Of which, and of my dear Chevalier's effects, I will give you a faithful account in my next. And so, waiting at this place your commands, I am, SIR,

Your most faithful and obedient Servant,

F. J. DE LA TOUR.





CONCLUSION.

Supposed to be written by Mr. Belford.

HAT remains to be mentioned for the fatisfaction of such of the readers as may be presumed to have interested themselves in the fortunes of those other principals in the Story, who survived Mr. Lovelace, will be found summarily related as follows:

The news of Mr. Lovelace's unhappy End was received with as much grief by his own relations, as it was with exultation by the Harlowe-family, and by Miss Howe. His own family were most to be pitied, because, being sincere admirers of the inimitable Lady, they were greatly grieved for the injustice done her; and now had the additional mortification of losing the

only Male of it, by a violent death.

That his fate was deserved, was still a heightening of their calamity, as they had, for that very reason, and his unpreparedness for it, but too much ground for apprehension with regard to his future happiness. While the other family, from their unforgiving spirit, and even the noble young Lady above-mentioned, from her lively resentments, found his death some little, some temporary, alleviation of the heavy loss they had sustained, principally thro' his means.

Temporary alleviation, we repeat, as to the Harlowe-family; for THEY were far from being happy or easy in their reflections upon their own conduct.— And fill the less, as the inconsolable Mother rested not,

M 6

till the had procured, by means of Colonel Morden. large extracts from some of the Letters that compose this History, which convinced them all, that the very correspondence which Clarissa, while with them, renewed with Mr. Lovelace, was renewed for their fakes, more than for her own: That the had given him no encouragement contrary to her duty, and to that prudence for which she was so early noted: That · had they trusted to a discretion which they owned she had never brought into question, she would have ex-• tricated them and herfelf (as the once proposed (a) to · her Mother) from all difficulties as to Lovelace: That · fhe, if any woman ever could, would have given a glorious instance of a passion conquered, or at least · kept under, by Reason, and by Piety; the man be-· ing too immoral to be implicitly beloved.

The unhappy Parents and Uncles, from the perusal of these Extracts, too evidently for their peace, faw, That it was entirely owing to the avarice, the ambition, the envy, of her implacable Brother and

• Sifter, and to the fenfeless confederacy entered into by

• the whole family, to compel her to give her hand to • a man she must despise, or she had not been a CLA-

* RISSA, and to their consequent persecutions of her, that she ever thought of quitting her Father's house:

* And that even when she first entertained such a thought, it was with intent, if possible, to procure

• for herself a private asylum with Mrs. Howe, or at • some other place of safety (but not with Mr. Love-

· lace, nor with any of the Ladies of his family, tho'

• invited by the latter) from whence the might propose • terms which ought to have been complied with, and

which were entirely confishent with her duty—That

• tho' she found herself disappointed of the hoped-for refuge and protection, she intended not, by meeting

· Mr. Lovelace, to put herself into his power; all that

· she aimed at by taking that step, being to endeavour

• to pacify so fierce a spirit, lest he should (as he indeed was determined to do) pay a visit to her friends which might have been attended with satal consequences; but was spirited away by him in such a manner, as made her an object of pity, rather than of blame.

These Extracts further convinced them all, that it was to her unaffected regret, that she found, that Marriage was not in her power afterwards for a long time; and at last, but on one occasion, when their unnatural cruelty to her (on a new application she had made to her Aunt Hervey, to procure mercy and pardon) rendered her incapable of receiving his proffer'd hand; and so obliged her to suspend the day; intending only to suspend it, till recovered.

They saw with equal abhorrence of Lovelace, and of their own cruelty, and with the highest admiration of her, That the majesty of her virtue had awed the most daring spirit in the world, so that he durst not attempt to carry his base designs into execution, till, by wicked potions, he had made her senses the

· previous facrifice. · But how did they in a manner adore her memory ! · How did they recriminate upon each other! when they found, that she had not only preserved herself from repeated outrage, by the most glorious and in-· trepid behaviour, in defiance, and to the utter confusion, of all his Libertine notions; but had the fortitude, constantly, and with a noble disdain, to reject · Him.—Whom?—Why, the Man she once could have loved, kneeling for pardon, and begging to be · permitted to make her the best reparation then in · his power to make her; that is to fay, by Marriage. · His fortunes high and unbroken. She his prisoner at · the time in a vile house: Rejected by all her friends; · upon repeated application to them, for mercy and: · forgiveness, rejected ——Mercy and forgiveness, and · a last bleffing, afterwards imploring; and that as · much

· much to lighten their future remorfes, as for the

· comfort of her own pious heart—Yet, tho' favagely · refused, on a supposition that she was not so near her

· End, as was represented, departed, forgiving and

· bleffing them all.

• Then they recollected, that her posthumous Let• ters, instead of reproaches, were filled with comfort• ings: That she had in her Last Will, in their own
• way, laid obligations upon them all; obligations
• which they neither deserved nor expected; as if she
• thought to repair the injustice which self-partiality
• made some of them conclude done to them by her

· Grandfather in his Will.

• These intelligences and recollections were perpetual fubjects of recrimination to them: Heightened their anguish for the loss of a child who was the glory of their family; and not feldom made them shun each other (at the times they were accustomed to meet together) that they might avoid the mutual reproaches of Eyes that spoke, when Tongues were silent—
• Their stings also sharpened by time; what an unhappy family was This! Well might Colonel Morden, in the words of Juvenal, challenge all other miserable families to produce such a growing distress as that of the Harlowes (a few months before so

· Humani generis mores tibi nosse volenti

· happy!) were able to produce.

· Sufficit una domus : paucos consume dies, &

· Dicere te miserum, postquam illinc veneris, aude.

· Mrs. HARLOWE lived about two years and an rhalf, after the lamented death of her CLARISSA.

· Mr. HARLOWE had the additional affliction to

· furvive his Lady about half a year; her death, by

· new-pointing his former anguish and remorfe, haften-

· ing his own.

Both, in their last hours, however, comforted themselves, that they should be restored to their BLESSED daughter. daughter, as they always (from the time that they were acquainted with the above particulars of her flory, and with her happy exit) called her.

They both lived, however, to see their son James, and their daughter Arabella, married: But not to take

joy in either of their nuptials.

Mr. James Harlowe married a woman of family, an orphan; and is obliged, at a very great expence, to support her claim to Estates, which were his principal inducement to make his addresses to her; but which, to this day, he has not recovered; nor is likely to recover; having very powerful adversaries to contend with, and a title to assert, which admits of litigation; and he not blessed with so much patience as is

necessary to persons embarrassed in Law.

What is further observable with regard to him, is, that the match was entirely of his own head, against the advice of his Father, Mother, and Uncles, who warned him of marrying in this Lady a Law-fuit for life. His ungenerous behaviour to his Wife, for what The cannot help, and for what is as much her misfortune as his, has occasioned such estrangements between them (she being a woman of spirit) as, were the Lawfuits determined, and even more favourably than probably they will be, must make him unhappy to the End of his Life. He attributes all his misfortunes, when he opens himself to the few friends he has, to his vile and cruel treatment of his angelic Sister. He confesses. these misfortunes to be just, without having temper to acquiesce in the acknowleged justice. One month in every year he puts on mourning, and that month commences with him on the 7th of September, during which he shuts himself up from all company. Finally, he is looked upon, and often calls himfelf,

THE MOST MISERABLE OF BEINGS.

ARABELLA's Fortune became a temptation to a man of Quality to make his addresses to her: His Title an inducement with her to approve of him. Brothers

and

and Sifters, when they are not Friends, are generally the sharpest Enemies to each other. He thought too much was done for her in the Settlements. She thought not enough. And for some years past, they have so heartily hated each other, that if either know a joy, it is in being told of some new misfortune or displeasure that happens to the other. Indeed, before they came to an open rupture, they were continually loading each other, by way of exonerating themselves (to the additional disquiet of the whole family) with the principal guilt of their implicable behaviour and fordid cruelty to their admirable Sifter. - May the reports that are spread of this Lady's further unhappiness from her Lord's free life; a fault she justly thought so odious in Mr. Lovelace (though that would not have been an insuperable objection with her to his addresses); and of his public flights and contempt of her, and even sometimes of his personal abuses, which are said to be owing to her impatient spirit, and violent passions; be utterly groundless.—For, what a heart must that be, which would wish she might be as great a torment to herself, as she had aimed to be to her Sifter? Especially as she regrets to this hour, and declares, that she shall to the last of her life, her cruel treatment of that Sister; and (as well as her Brother) is but too ready to attribute to that her own unhappiness.

Mr. ANTONY and Mr. JOHN HARLOWE are still [at the writing of this] living: But often declare, That, with their beloved Niece, they lost all the joy of their lives: And lament, without reserve, in all companies, the unnatural part they were induced to

take against her.

Mr. Solmes is also still living, if a man of his cast may be said to live; for his general behaviour and sordid manners are such as justify the aversion the excellent Lady had to him. He has moreover sound his addresses rejected by several women of far inserior fortunes (great as his own are) to those of the Lady to whom he was encouraged to aspire.

Mr.

Mr. Mowbray and Mr. Tourville having lost the man in whose conversation they so much delighted; shock'd and awakened by the several unhappy catastrophes before their eyes; and having always rather dustile than distating hearts; took their friend Belsord's advice: Converted the remainder of their fortunes into Annuities for Life; and retired, the one into Yorkshire, the other into Nottinghamshire, of which counties they are natives: Their friend Belsord managing their concerns for them, and corresponding with them, and having more and more hopes every time he sees them (which is once or twice a year, when they come to town) that they will become more and more worthy of their Names and Families.

As those Sisters in iniquity, Sally Martin and Polly Horton, had abilities and education superior to what creatures of their cast generally can boast of; and as their Histories are no-where given in the preceding Papers, in which they are frequently mentioned; it cannot fail of gratifying the reader's curiosity, as well as answering the good ends designed by the publication of this Work, to give a brief account of their Parentage, and manner of Training-up, preparative to the vile courses they sell into, and of what became of them, after the dreadful exit of the infamous Sinclair.

SALLY MARTIN was the daughter of a substantial Mercer at the Court-end of the town; to whom her Mother, a Grocer's Daughter in the city, brought a handsome fortune; and both having a gay turn, and being fond of the fashions which it was their business to promote; and which the wives and daughters of the uppermost tradesimen (especially in that quarter of the town) generally affect to follow; it was no wonder that they brought up their daughter accordingly: Nor that she, who was a very sprightly and ready-witted girl, and reckened very pretty and very genteel, should every year improve upon such examples.

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· She early found herself mistress of herself. All she · did was right: All she said was admired. Early,

· very early, did she dismis blushes from her cheek.

· She could not blush, because she could not doubt:

· And filence, whatever were the subject, was as much

a stranger to her, as diffidence.

• She never was left out of any party of pleasure, after she had passed her Ninth year; and, in honour of her prattling vein, was considered as a principal person in the frequent Treats and Entertainments which her parents, fond of luxurious living, gave with a view to encrease their acquaintance for the sake of their business. Not duly reslecting, that the part they suffered her to take in what made for their interest, would probably be a means to quicken the appetites and ruin the morals of that Daughter, for whose sake, as an only child, they were solicitous to obtain wealth.

· The CHILD so much a Woman, what must the

WOMAN be?

At Fifteen or Sixteen, she affected, both in dress and manners, to ape such of the quality, as were most Apish. The richest silks in her Father's shop were not too rich for her. At all public diversions, she was the leader, instead of the led, of all her semale kindred and acquaintance; tho' they were a third older than herself. She would bustle herself into a place, and make room for her more bashful companions, through the frowns of the first possession, at a crouded theatre; leaving every one near her amazed at her self-consequence, wondering she had no servant to keep place for her; whisperingly enquiring who she was; and then sitting down admiring her fortitude.

She officiously made herself of consequence to the
most noted Players; who, as one of their patronesses,
applied to her for her interest, on their Benefit-nights.

· She

· She knew the Christian, as well as Sur-Name of · every pretty fellow who frequented public places;

and affected to speak of them by their former.

· Those who had not obeyed the call her eyes al-· ways made upon all of them for notice at her en-· trance, or before the took her feat, were spoken of · with haughtiness, as, Jack's, or Tom's; while her · favourites with an affectedly-endearing familiarity, · and a prettiness of accent, were Jackeys and Tommys; and if they stood very high in her graces, Dear

· Devils, and Agreeable Toads.

· She fat in judgment, and an inexorable judge she · was, upon the actions and conduct of every man and · woman of quality and fashion, as they became the · fubjects of conversation. She was deeply learned in · the scandalous Chronicle: She made every character, · every praise, and every censure, serve to exalt herself. · She should scorn to do so or so! - Or, That was ever · her way; and just what she did, or liked to do; and · judging herfelf by the vileness of the most vile of her · Sex, the wiped her mouth; and fat down fatisfied · with her own virtue.

· She had her Chair to attend her where-ever she went, and found people among her Betters, as her pride stooped to call some of the most infignificant

people in the world, to encourage her vifits.

She was practifed in all the arts of the Card-table: · A true Spartan girl; and had even courage, occasion-· ally, to wrangle off a detection. Late hours (turn-· ing night into day, and day into night) were the al-· most unavoidable consequence of her frequent play. · Her parents pleased themselves that their Sally had a · charming conflitution: And as long as she suffered not in her health, they were regardless of her morals.

The Needle she hated: And made the constant · fubjects of her ridicule the fine works that used to · employ, and keep out of idleness, luxury, and ex-

travagance, and at home (were they to have been of

· no other fervice) the women of the last age, when · there were no Vaux-halls, Ranelaghs, Marybones, · and fuch like places of diversion, to dress out for, and

gad after.

· And as to Family-management, her parents had · not required any knowlege of that fort from her; · and she considered it as a qualification only necessary · for hirelings, and the low-born, and as utterly un-· worthy of the attention of a modern fine Lady.

· Altho' her Father had great business, yet, living in fo high and expensive a way, he pretended not to give her a fortune answerable to it. Neither he nor his Wife, having fet out with any notion of frugality, could think of retrenching. Nor did their Daughter defire that they should retrench. They thought glare or oftentation reputable. They called it living genteelly. And as they lifted their heads above their neighbours, they supposed their credit · concerned to go forward rather than backward in outward appearances. They flattered themselves, and they flattered their girl, and she was entirely of their opinion, that fhe had charms and wit enough to attract some man of rank; of Fortune at least: And yet this Daughter of a Mercer-Father and Grocer-Mother could not bear the thoughts of a creeping Cit; encouraging herfelf with the few instances (comparatively few) which the had always in her · head as common ones, of girls much inferior to herfelf in station, talents, education, and even fortune, · who had succeeded—as she doubted not to succeed. · Handsome Settlements, and a Chariot, that tempting · gewgaw to the vanity of the middling class of females, · were the least that she proposed to herself. But all · this while, neither her parents nor herself considered, · that she had appetites indulged to struggle with, and · a turn of education given her, as well as a warm · constitution, unguarded by found principles, and un-· benefited · benefited by example, which made her much better

· qualified for a Mistress than a Wife.

· Her Twentieth year, to her own equal wonder and regret, passed over her head, and she had not had · one offer that her pride would permit her to accept · of. A girl from Fifteen to Eighteen, her beauty then beginning to bloffom, will, as a new thing, · attract the eyes of men: But if the make her face cheap at public places, the will find, that new faces · will draw more attention than fine faces constantly · feen. Policy therefore, if nothing else were confi-· dered, would induce a young beauty, if the could tame her vanity, just to shew herself, and to be · talked of, and then withdrawing, as if from difcre-• tion (and discreet it will be to do so) expect to be · fought after, rather than to be thought to feek for; only reviving now-and-then the memory of herfelf, · at the public places in turn, if the find herself likely · to be forgotten; and then she will be new again. · But this observation ought young Ladies always to have in their heads, that they can hardly ever expect to gratify their v nity, and at the same time · gain the admiration of men worthy of making part-· ners for life. They may, in short, have many ad-· mirers at public places, but not one Lover. · Sally Martin knew nothing of this doctrine. Her

• beauty was in its bloom, and yet she found herself • neglected. • Sally Martin, the Mercer's Daughter:

"She never fails being here; was the answer, and the accompanying observation, made to every Que-

· flioner, Who is that Lady?

· At last, her destiny approached. It was at a Masquerade, that she first saw the gay, the handsome Lovelace, who was just returned from his travels.

• She was immediately struck with his figure, and with
• the brilliant things that she heard fall from his lips as

he happened to fit near her. He, who was not then

· looking out for a Wife, was taken with Sally's fmartnefs. ness, and with an air that at the same time shewed

her to be equally genteel and felf fignificant; and

· figns of approbation mutually passing, he found no · difficulty in acquainting himself where to visit her

· next day. And yet it was some mortification to a per-

· fon of her felf-confequence, and gay appearance, to · fubmit to be known by fo fine a young gentleman as

· no more than a Mercer's daughter. So natural is it

for a girl brought up as Sally was, to be occasionally

· ashamed of those whose folly had set her above

· herfelf.

· But whatever it might be to Sally, it was no dif-· appointment to Mr. Lovelace, to find his Mistress of · no higher degree; because he hoped to reduce her · foon, to the lowest condition that an unhappy wo-

· man can fall into.

· But when Miss Martin had informed herself, that · her lover was the Nephew and prefumptive Heir of · Lord M. she thought him the very man for whom · The had been fo long and fo impatiently looking out; · and for whom it was worth her while to spread her * toils. And here it may not be amiss to observe, that · it is very probable, that Mr. Lovelace had Sally Mar-

· tin in his thoughts, and perhaps two or three more · whose hopes of marriage from him had led them to

· their ruin, when he drew the following whimfical · picture, in a Letter to his friend Belford, not inferted

in the preceding Collection.

"Methinks, fays he, I fee a young couple in court-" ship, having each a design upon the other: The girl of plays off: She is very happy, as she is: She cannot " be happier: She will not change her fingle state: "The man, I will suppose, is one who does not con-

of fess, that he defires not that she should: She holds of ready a net under her apron; he another under his

" coat; each intending to throw it over the other's " neck; she over his, when her pride is gratified, and

" she thinks she can be sure of him; he over hers, . when when the watched-for yielding moment has carried consent too far—And suppose he happens to be the more dextrous of the two, and whips his net over her, before she can cast hers over him; how, I would fain know, can she be justly entitled to cry out upon cruelty, barbarity, deception, sacrifices, and all the rest of the exclamatory nonsense, with which the pretty sools, in such a case, are wont to din the ears of their conquerors? Is it not just, thinkest thou, when she makes her appeals to gods and men, that both gods and men should laugh at her, and hitting her in the teeth with her own seloinious intentions, bid her sit down patiently under her deserved disappointment?

In short, Sally's parents, as well as herself, encouraged Mr. Lovelace's visits. They thought they might trust to a discretion in her which she herself was too wise to doubt. Pride they knew she had. And that, in these cases, is often called discretion— Lord help the Sex, says Lovelace, if they had not Pride!—Nor did they suspect danger from that specious air of sincerity, and gentleness of manners, which he could assume or lay aside whenever he

· pleafed.

· The fecond Masquerade, which was no more than · their third meeting abroad, completed her ruin, from · fo practifed, tho' fo young a deceiver; and that be-· fore the well knew the was in danger: For, having · prevailed on her to go off with him about Twelve o'clock to his Aunt Forbes's, a lady of honour and · fortune, to whom he had given reason to expect her · future Niece [the only hint of Marriage he ever gave her], he carried her to the house of the wicked wo-· man, who bears the name of Sinclair in these Pa-· pers: And there, by promises, which she understood · in the favourable sense (for where a woman loves, she · feldom doubts enough for her own fafety) obtained · an easy conquest over a virtue that was little more · than nominal. · He

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· He found it not difficult to induce her to proceed in the guilty commerce, till the effects of it became too apparent to be hid. Her Parents then (in the

· first fury of their disappointment, and vexation for being deprived of all hopes of fuch a Son-in-law)

turned her out of doors.

Her disgrace thus published, she became hardened; and, protected by her feducer, whose favourite Mistress she then was, she was so incensed against her Parents for an indignity fo little fuiting with her pride, and the head they had always given her, that the refused to return to them, when, repenting of their passionate treatment of her, they would have · been reconciled to her: And, becoming the favour-· ite Daughter of her Mother Sinclair, at the persuafions of that abandoned woman, the practifed to bring on an abortion, which she effected, tho' she was so far gone, that it had like to have cost her her life.

· Thus, unchastity her first crime, murder her next, · her conscience became seared; and, young as she was, · and fond of her deceiver, foon grew indelicate enough, · having to thorough-placed a Schoolmistress, to do · all the could to promote the pleasures of the man · who had ruined her; fcrupling not, with a spirit · truly diabelical, to endeavour to draw in others to · follow her example. And it is hardly to be believed · what mischiefs of this fort she was the means of ef-· fecting; woman confiding in, and daring woman; and she a creature of specious appearance, and great · art.

· A still viler wickedness, if possible, remains to be

· faid of Sally Martin.

· Her Father dying, her Mother, in hopes to re-· claim her, as the called it, proposed to her to guit the · house of the infamous Sinclair, and to retire with her · into the country, where her difgrace, and her then · wicked way of life, would not be known; and there · fo to live, as to fave appearances; the only virtue she had ever taught her; besides that of endeavouring rather to delude than to be deluded.

· To this Sally confented; but with no other in-

· tention, as the often owned (and gloried in it) than to cheat her Mother of the greatest part of her sub-

· stance, in revenge for consenting to her being turned

out of doors long before, and by way of reprifal for

having persuaded her Father, as she would have it-

to cut her off, in his last Will, from any share in

· his fortune.

This unnatural wickedness, in half a year's time. · The brought about; and then the Serpent retired to · her obscene den with her spoils, laughing at what she · had done; even after it had broken her Mother's · heart, as it did in a few months time: A fevere. · but just punishment for the unprincipled education

· the had given her.

· It ought to be added, that this was an iniquity, of · which neither Mr. Lovelace, nor any of his friends, · could bear to hear her boaft; and always check'd her for it whenever the did; condemning it with one · voice: And it is certain, that this and other instances · of her complicated wickedness, turned early Love-· lace's heart against her; and, had she not been sub-· fervient to him in his other pursuits, he would not have endured her: For, speaking of her, he would · fay, Let not any one reproach us, Jack: There is no

wickedness like the wickedness of a woman (a).

· A bad education was the preparative, it must be confessed: And for this Sally Martin had reason to thank her Parents: As they had reason to thank themselves, for what followed: But, had she not · met with a Lovelace, the had avoided a Sinclair; and · might have gone on at the common rate of wives fo educated; and been the Mother of children turned out to take their chance in the world, as the was; fo · many lumps of foft wax, fit to take any impression VOL. VIII.

that the first accident gave them; neither happy, nor making happy; every-thing but useful; and well off, if not extremely miserable.

POLLY HORTON was the daughter of a gentle-

· woman well descended; whose Husband, a man of family, and of honour, was a Captain in the Guards.
· He died when Polly was about Nine years of age,

· leaving her to the care of her Mother, a lively young Lady of about Twenty-fix; with a genteel

provision for both.

· Her Mother was extremely fond of her Polly; but had it not in herself to manifest the true, the genuine fondness of a Parent, by a strict and guarded education; dressing out, and visiting, and being visited by the gay of her own Sex, and casting out her eye abroad, as one very ready to try her fortune again in the married state.

This induced those airs, and a love to those diverfions, which make a young widow, of so lively a turn, the unfittest Tutress in the world, even to her

· own daughter.

· Mrs. Horton herself having had an early turn to Music, and that fort of Reading, which is but an earlier debauchery for young minds, preparative to the groffer at riper years, to wit, Romances and Novels, Songs and Plays, and those without distinction, moral or immoral, she indulged her daughter in the fame tafte; and at those hours, when they could not take part in the more active and lively amusements and Kill-times, as some call them, used to employ Miss to read to her; happy enough in her own imagination, that, while she was diverting her own ears, and fometimes, as the piece was, corrupting her own heart, and her child's too, she was teaching Miss to read, and improve her mind; for it was the boaft of every tea-table half-hour, That Miss Horton, in propriety, accent, and emphasis, surpassed all the young Ladies of her age: And, at other times, compliment-· ing

ing the pleased Mother—Bless me, Madam, with what a surprising grace Miss Horton reads!—She enters into the very spirit of her subject - This she could have from nobody but you! An intended praise; but, as the subjects were, would have been a severe satire in the mouth of an enemy!-While the fond, the inconsiderate Mother, with a delighted air, would cry, Why, I cannot but fay, Miss Horton does credit to her Tutress! And then a Come-hither, my best · Love! And, with a kiss of approbation, What a · pleasure to your dear Papa, had he lived to see your · improvements, my Charmer!—Concluding with a · figh of fatisfaction; her eyes turning round upon the circle, to take in all the filent applauses of theirs! · But little thought the fond, the foolish Mother, what · the plant would be, which was springing up from · these seeds! Little imagined she, that her own ruin, as well as her child's, was to be the consequence of · this fine education; and that, in the same ill-fated hour, the honour both of Mother and Daughter was to become a facrifice to the intriguing Invader.

This the laughing girl, when abandoned to her
evil destiny, and in company with her Sister Sally,
and others, each recounting their settings-out, their progress, and their fall, frequently related to be her

education and manner of training-up.

This, and to see a succession of Humble Servants buzzing about a Mother, who took too much pride in addresses of that kind, what a beginning, what an example, to a constitution of tinder, so prepared to receive the spark struck from the steely forehead, and slinty heart, of such a Libertine, as at last it was their fortune to be encountered by!

· In short, as Miss grew up under the influences of such a Directress, and of books so light and frothy, with the inflaming additions of Mufic, Concerts, Opera's, Plays, Assemblies, Balls, and the rest of the rabble of amusements of the modern life, it is no wonder, that, like early fruit, the was foon ripened to the hand of the infidious gatherer.

At Fifteen, she own'd, she was ready to fansy herself the Heroine of every Novel, and of every Comedy she read, so well did she enter into the spirit of her subject: She glowed to become the object of some Hero's slame; and perfectly longed to begin an intrigue, and even to be run away with by some enterprising Lover: Yet had neither Consinement nor Check to apprehend from her indiscreet Mother: Which she thought absolutely necessary to constitute a Parthenissa!

· Nevertheless, with all these fine modern qualities, did she complete her Nineteenth year, before she met with any address of consequence: One half of her admirers being asraid, because of her gay turn, and but middling fortune, to make serious applications for her favour; while others were kept at distance, by the superior airs she assumed; and a third sort, not sufficiently penetrating the soibles either of Mother or Daughter, were kept off by the supposed watchful care of the former.

• But when the man of intrepidity and intrigue was
• found, never was Heroine so soon subdued, never
• Goddess so early stript of her celestials! For, at the
• Opera, a divertion at which neither she nor her Mo• ther ever missed to be present, she beheld the specious
• Lovelace; beheld him invested with all the airs of
• heroic insult, resenting a slight affront offered to his
• Sally Martin, by Two gentlemen who had known
• her in her more hopeful state, one of whom Mr.
• Lovelace obliged to sneak away with a broken head,
• given with the pommel of his sword, the other with
• a bloody nose; neither of them well supporting that
• readiness of offence, which, it seems, was a part
• of their known characters to be guilty of.

The gallantry of this action drawing every byflander on the fide of the Hero, O the brave man! ried Polly Horton aloud, to her Mother, in a kind · of rapture, How needful the protection of the Brave to

· the Fair! with a softness in her voice, which she

had taught herself, to suit her fansied high condition

of life.

· A speech so much in his favour, could not but take the notice of a man who was but too fensible of the advantages which his fine person, and noble air, gave him over the gentler hearts, who was always watching every female eye, and who had his ear con-· tinually turned to every affected voice; for that was one of his indications of a proper subject to be at-

tempted - Affectation of every fort, he used to say, is · a certain sign of a wrong-turned head; of a faulty ' judgment: And upon such a basis I seldom build in vain.

· He instantly resolved to be acquainted with a young creature, who feemed fo strongly prejudiced · in his favour. Never man had a readier invention

· for all forts of mischief. He gave his Sally her Cue.

· He called her Sifter in their hearing. And Sally · whisperingly gave the young Lady, and her Mother, · in her own way, the particulars of the affront she

· had received; making herfelf an Angel of Light, to

· cast the brighter ray upon the character of her heroic

· Brother. She particularly praised his known and

· approved courage; and mingled with her praifes of

· him, fuch circumstances relating to his birth, his · fortune and endowments, as left him nothing to do

· but to fall in love with the enamoured Polly.

· Mr. Lovelace presently saw what turn to give to · his professions: So brave a man! yet of manners so

gentle! hit the young Lady's taste: Nor could she · fuspect the heart, that such an aspect cover'd. This

· was the man! the very man! she whispered to her

· Mother: And, when the Opera was over, his fer-· vant procuring a coach, he undertook, with his fpe-

· cious Sifter, to fet them down at their own lodgings.

· tho' fituated a quite different way from his: And N 3 · there 270

* there were they prevailed upon to alight, and partake · of a flight repast.

· Sally pressed them to return the favour to her at her Aunt Forbes's, and hoped it would be before her Bro-* ther went to his own feat.

· They promised her, and named their evening.

· A splendid entertainment was provided. The gueffs came, having in the interim found all that was faid of · his name, and family, and fortune, to be true. Perfons of so little strictness in their own morals, took it not into their heads to be very inquisitive after his.

· Music and dancing had their share in the entertainment: These opened their hearts, already half-opened · by Love: The Aunt Forbes, and the Lover's Sifter, · kept them open by their own example: The Hero fung, vowed, promised: Their gratitude was moved, · their delights were augmented, their hopes increased; their confidence was engaged; all their appetites up in arms; the rich wines co-operating; beat quite off · their guard, and not Thought enough remaining fo · much as for suspicion; Miss, detach'd from her Mother by Sally, foon fell a facrifice to the successful In-

· triguer.

The widow herfelf, half intoxicated, and raifed as · The was with artful mixtures, and inflamed by Love · unexpectedly tendered by one of the libertines his con-· stant companions (to whom an Opportunity was con-· trived to be given to be alone with her, and that · closely followed by Importunity) fell into her Daughter's · error. The consequences of which, in length of time, · becoming apparent, grief, shame, remorfe, seized · her heart (her own indifcretion not allowing her to · arraign her Daughter's); and she survived not her de-· livery; leaving Polly with child likewife: Who, when · delivered, being too fond of the gay Deluder to re-· nounce his company, even when she found herself de-· luded, fell into a course of extravagance and dissolutee ness; ran through her fortune in a very little time;

and, as an high preferment, at last, with Sally, was admitted a quarter-partner with the detestable Sinclair.

· All that is necessary to add to the History of these unhappy women, will be comprised in a very little

· compass.

After the death of the profligate Sinclair, they kept on the infamous trade with too much success; till an accident happened in the house—A gentleman of family killed in it in a fray, contending with another for a new-vamp'd face. Sally was accused of holding the gentleman's arm, while his more favoured adversary ran him through the heart, and then made off. And she,

being tried for her life, narrowly escaped.

This accident obliged them to break up house-keeping; and not having been frugal enough of their illigotten gains (lavishing upon one, what they got by another) they were compelled, for subsistence-sake, to enter themselves as under-managers at such another house as their own had been. In which service, soon after, Sally died of a sever and surfeit got by a debauch: And the other, about a month after, by a violent cold, occasioned thro' carelessiness in a Salivation.

Happier Scenes open for the remaining characters; for it might be descending too low to mention the untimely Ends of *Dorcas*, and of *William*, Mr. Lovelace's wicked servant; and the pining and consumptive ones of *Betty Barnes* and *Joseph Leman*, unmarried both, and in less than a year after the happy death of their excellent young Lady.

The good Mrs. NORTON passed the small remainder of her life, as happily as she wished, in her beloved softer-daughter's dairy-house, as it used to be called: As she wished, we repeat;—for she had too strong aspirations after Another life, to be greatly attached to

This.

She laid out the greatest part of her time in doing good by her advice, and by the prudent management of the Fund committed to her direction. Having lived an exemplary life from her youth upwards; and seen her Son happily settled in the world; she departed with ease and calmness, without pang or agony, like a tired traveller, falling into a sweet slumber: Her last words expressing her hope of being restored to the Child of her Bosom; and to her own excellent Father and Mother, to whose care and pains she owed that good Education to which she was indebted for all her other blessings.

The Poors Fund, which was committed to her care, fhe refigned, a week before her death, into the hands of Mrs. Hickman, according to the direction of the Will, and all the accounts and difbursements with it; which she had kept with such an exactness, that that Lady declares, that she will follow her method, and only wishes

to discharge the trust as well.

Miss Howe was not to be persuaded to quit her mourning for her dear friend, until Six months were fully expired: And then she made Mr. HICKMAN one of the happiest men in the world. A woman of her fine sense and understanding, married to a man of virtue and good-nature (who had no past capital errors to resect upon, and to abate his joys, and whose behaviour to Mrs. Hickman is as affectionate, as it was respectful to Miss Howe) could not do otherwise. They are already blessed with two sine children; a Daughter, to whom, by joint consent, they have given the name of her beloved Friend; and a Son, who bears that of his Father.

She has allotted to Mr. Hickman, who takes delight in doing good (and that as much for its own fake, as to oblige her) his part of the management of the Poors Fund; to be accountable for it, as fhe pleasantly says, to her. She has appropriated every Thursday morning for her part of that management; and takes so much delight in the task, that she declares it to be one of the most agreeable of her amusements. And the more

agreeable,

ing

agreeable, as she teaches every one whom she benefits, to bless the Memory of her departed Friend; to whom she attributes the merit of all her own charities, as well as the honour of those which she dispenses in pursuance of her Will.

She has declared, That this Fund shall never fail while she lives. She has even engaged her Mother to contribute annually to it. And Mr. Hickman has appropriated twenty pounds a year to the same. In confideration of which the allows him to recommend four objects yearly to partake of it.—Allows, is her style; for the assumes the whole prerogative of dispensing this charity; the only prerogative she does or has occasion to In every other case, there is but one will between them; and that is generally his or hers, as either speaks first, upon any subject, be it what it will. Mrs. HICKMAN, the fometimes as pleafantly as generously tells him, must not quite forget that she was once Miss Howe, because if he had not loved her as such, and with all her foibles, she had never been MRS. HICK-MAN. Nevertheless she seriously, on all occasions, and that to others, as well as to himself, confesses, that she owes him unreturnable obligations for his patience with her in HER Day, and for his generous Behaviour to her in HIS.

And still the more highly does she esteem and love him, as she reslects upon his past kindness to her beloved Friend; and on that dear Friend's good opinion of him. Nor is it less grateful to her, that the worthy man joins most sincerely with her in all those respectful and affectionate recollections, which make the memory of the Departed precious to Survivors.

Mr. Belford was not fo destitute of humanity and affection, as to be unconcerned at the unhappy fate of his most intimate friend. But when he reslects upon the untimely Ends of several of his companions, but just mentioned in the preceding history (a)—On the shock-

(a) See Vol. VII. p. 13. And Vol. VIII. p. 138. 226.

ing despondency and death of his poor friend Belton -- On the fignal justice which overtook the wicked Tomlinson -On the dreadful exit of the infamous Sinclair-On the deep remorfes of his more valued friend - And, on the other hand, on the Example fet him by the most excellent of her Sex-and on her bleffed preparation, and happy departure—And when he considers, as he often does with awe and terror, that his wicked habits were so rooted in his depraved heart, that all these Warnings, and this lovely Example, seemed to be but necessary to enable him to subdue them, and to reform; and that fuch awakening Calls are hardly ever afforded to men of his cast, or (if they are) but seldom attended with such happy effects in the Prime of Youth, and in the full Vigour of Constitution: - When he reflects upon all these things, he adores the Mercy, which thro' these Calls has fnatched him as a brand out of the fire: And thinks himself obliged to make it his endeavour to find out, and to reform, any of those who may have been endangered by his means; as well as to repair, to the utmost of his power, any damage or mischiefs which he may have occasioned to others.

With regard to the Trust with which he was honoured by the inimitable Lady, he had the pleasure of acquitting himself of it in a very sew months, to every-body's fatisfaction; even to that of the unhappy family; who sent him their thanks on the occasion. Nor was he, at delivering up his accounts, contented with resigning the Legacy bequeathed to him, to the Uses of the Will. So that the Poors Fund, as it is called, is become a very considerable Sum; and will be a lasting bank for relief

of objects who best deserve relief.

There was but one Earthly Bleffing which remained for Mr. Belford to wish for, in order, morally speaking, to secure to him all his other bleffings; and that was, the greatest of all worldly ones, a virtuous and prudent Wise. So free a liver as he had been, he did not think that he could be worthy of such a one, till, upon an impar-

Miss

impartial examination of himself, he found the pleasure he had in his new resolutions so great, and his abhorrence of his former courses so sincere, that he was the

less apprehensive of a deviation.

Upon this prefumption, having also kept in his mind fome encouraging hints from Mr. Lovelace; and haveing been fo happy as to have it in his power to oblige Lord M. and that whole noble family, by some fervices grateful to them (the request for which from his unhappy friend was brought over, among other papers. with the dead body, by De la Tour); he befought that Nobleman's Leave to make his addresses to Miss CHAR-LOTTE MONTAGUE, the eldest of his Lordship's two Nieces: And making at the same time such proposals of Settlements as were not objected to, his Lordship was pleased to use his powerful interest in his favour. And his worthy Niece having no engagement, she had the goodness to honour Mr. Belford with her hand; and thereby made him as completely happy as a man can be. who has enormities to reflect upon, which are out of his power to atone for, by reason of the death of some of the injured parties, and the irreclaimableness of others.

'Happy is the man who, in time of health and firength, fees and reforms the error of his ways!—
But how much more happy is he, who has no capital

and wilful errors to repent of!—How unmixed and fincere must the joys of such a one come to him!

Lord M. added bountifully in his life-time, as did also the two Ladies his Sisters, to the fortune of their worthy Niece. And as Mr. Belford has been blessed with a Son by her, his Lordship at his death [which happened just three years after the untimely one of his unhappy Nephew] was pleased to devise to that Son, and to his descendents for ever (and in case of his death unmarried, to any other children of his Niece) his Hertfordshire Estate (designed for Mr. Lovelace) which he made up to the value of a moiety of his real Estates; bequeathing also a moiety of his personal to the same Lady.

N 6

Miss PATTY MONTAGUE, a fine young Lady [to whom her Noble Uncle, at his death, devised the other moiety of his real and personal Estates, including his Seat in Berkshire] lives at present with her excellent Sister Mrs. Belford; to whom she removed upon Lord M's death: But, in all probability, will soon be the Lady of a worthy Baronet, of antient family, fine qualities, and ample fortunes, just returned from his Travels, with a character superior to the very good one he set out with: A case that very seldom happens, altho'

the End of Travel is Improvement.

Colonel MORDEN, who, with fo many virtues and accomplishments, cannot be unhappy, in feveral Letters to the Executor, with whom he corresponds from Florence [having, fince his unhappy affair with Mr. Lovelace, changed his purpose of coming so soon to reside in England as he had intended] declares, That altho' he thought himself obliged either to accept of what he took to be a challenge, as fuch; or tamely to acknowlege, that he gave up all refentment of his Cousin's wrongs; and in a manner to beg pardon for having spoken freely of Mr. Lovelace behind his back; and altho' at the time he owns he was not forry to be called upon, as he was, to take either the one course or the other; yet now, coolly reflecting upon his beloved Cousin's reasonings against Duelling; and upon the price it had too probably cost the unhappy man; he wishes he had more fully confidered those words in his Cousin's posthumous Letter-" If God will allow him Time for Repentance, " why should you deny it him?" (a).

To conclude—The worthy Widow Lovick continues to live with Mr. Belford; and by her prudent behaviour, piety, and usefulness, has endeared herself to her Lady,

and to the whole Family.

^{• (}a) Several worthy persons have wished, that the heinous Practice of
• Duelling had been more forcibly discouraged, by way of Note, at the
• Conclusion of a Work designed to recommend the bigbest and most im• portant Dostrines of Christianity. It is humbly presumed, that those
• persons have not sufficiently attended to what is already done on that
• subject in Vol. II. p. 60. and in Vol. VIII. Letters x. xxxvii. xxxviii.
• xxxix.• POST-



POSTSCRIPT.

Referred to in the PREFACE.

IN WHICH

Several Objections that have been made, as well to the Catastrophe as to different Parts of the preceding History, are briefly considered.

THE foregoing Work having been published at three different periods of time, the Author, in the course of its publication, was favoured with many anonymous Letters, in which the Writers differently expressed their wishes with regard to the apprehended catastrophe.

Most of those directed to him by the gentler Sex, turned in favour of what they called a Fortunate Ending. Some of the fair writers, enamoured; as they declared, with the character of the Heroine, were warmly folicitous to have her made happy: And others, like-

- · wise of their mind, insisted that Poetical Justice required that it should be so. And when, says one in-
- genious Lady, whose undoubted motive was goodnature and humanity, it must concluded, that it is in
- an author's power to make his piece end as he pleafes,
- why should he not give pleasure rather than pain to
- · the Reader whom he has interested in favour of his
- · principal characters?

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• Others, and some Gentlemen, declared against • Tragedies in general, and in favour of Comedies, al-• most in the words of Lovelace, who was supported • in his taste by all the women at Mrs. Sinclair's, and • by Sinclair herself. • I have too much Feeling, said • he (a). There is enough in the world to make our • hearts sad, without carrying grief into our diversions,

" and making the diffresses of others our own."

And how was this happy ending to be brought about? Why, by this very easy and trite expedient; to wit, by reforming Lovelace, and marrying him to Clarissa—Not, however, abating her one of her trials, nor any of her sufferings [for the sake of the sport her distresses would give to the tender-hearted reader as she went along] the last outrage excepted: That indeed, partly in compliment to Lovelace himself, and partly for delicacy-sake, they were willing to spare her.

· But whatever were the fate of his work, the Author was refolved to take a different method. He always thought, that fudden Conversions, fuch especially, as were left to the candour of the Reader to suppose and make out, had neither Art, nor Nature, nor even Probability, in them; and that they were moreover of very bad example. To have a Lovelace for a feries of years glory in his wickedness, and think that he had nothing to do, but as an act of grace and favour · to hold out his hand to receive that of the best of wo-· men, whenever he pleased, and to have it thought, · that Marriage would be a sufficient amends for all his · enormities to others, as well as to her; he could not · bear that. Nor is Reformation, as he has shewn in · another piece, to be secured by a fine face; by a passion • that has fense for its object; nor by the goodness of a · Wife's heart, or even example, if the heart of the · Husband be not graciously touched by the Divine · Finger.

It will be seen by this time, that the Author had a great end in view. He has lived to see Scepticiss and Insidelity openly avowed, and even endeavoured to be propagated from the *Press*: The great doctrines of the Gospel brought into question: Those of self-denial and mortification blotted out of the catalogue of christian virtues: And a taste even to wantonness for out-door pleasure and luxury, to the general exclusion of domestic as well as public virtue, industriously promoted among all ranks and degrees of people.

In this general depravity, when even the Pulpit has lost great part of its weight, and the Clergy are confidered as a body of interested men, the Author thought he should be able to answer it to his own heart, be the success what it would, if he threw in his mite towards introducing a Reformation so much wanted: And he imagined, that if in an age given up to diversion and entertainment, he could steal in, as may be said, and investigate the great doctrines of Christianity under the sashionable guise of an amusement; he should be most likely to serve his purpose; remembring that of the Poet:

· A verse may find him who a sermon flies, · And turn delight into a sacrifice.

• He was refolved therefore to attempt something that
• never yet had been done. He considered, that the
• Tragic poets have as seldom made their heroes true ob• jects of pity, as the Comic theirs laudable ones of imi• tation: And still more rarely have made them in their
• deaths look forward to a future Hope. And thus,
• when they die, they seem totally to perish. Death,
• in such instances, must appear terrible. It must be
• considered as the greatest evil. But why is Death set
• in shocking lights, when it is the universal lot?

He has indeed thought fit to paint the death of the
wicked as terrible as he could paint it. But he has endeavoured to draw that of the good in fuch an amiable
manner

manner, that the very Balaams of the world should not forbear to wish that their latter end might be like

· that of the Heroine.

· And after all, what is the Poetical Justice so much contended for by some, as the generality of writers have managed it, but another sort of dispensation than

• have managed it, • but another fort of dispensation than that with which God, by Revelation, teaches us, He has thought fit to exercise mankind; whom placing here only in a state of probation, he hath so intermingled good and evil, as to necessitate us to look forward for a more equal dispensation of both?

The Author of the History (or rather Dramatic Narrative) of Clarissa, is therefore well justified by the Christian System, in deferring to extricate suffering Virtue to the time in which it will meet with the Comple-

tion of its Reward.

But not absolutely to shelter the conduct observed in it under the sanction of Religion [an authority perhaps not of the greatest weight with some of our modern critics] it must be observed, that the Author is justified in its Catastrophe by the greatest master of reason, and the best judge of composition, that ever lived. The learned Reader knows we must mean Aristotle; whose sentiments in this matter we shall beg leave to deliver in the words of a very amiable writer of our own Country.

'The English writers of Tragedy, fays Mr. Addifon (a), are possessed with a notion, that when they

represent a virtuous or innocent person in distress, they ought not to leave him till they have delivered him

out of his troubles, or made him triumph over his

enemies.

This error they have been led into by a ridiculous doctrine in Mod rn Criticism, that they are obliged to an equal distribution of rewards and punishments, and

an impartial execution of Poetical Justice.

· Who

- Who were the first that established this rule, I know not; but I am sure it has no foundation in
- NATURE, in REASON, or in the PRACTICE OF
- · THE ANTIENTS.
- We find, that good and evil happen alike unto
- ALL MEN on this fide the grave: And as the principal defign of Tragedy is to raife commiseration and
- terror in the minds of the audience, we shall defeat
- this great end, if we always make Virtue and Inno-
- cence happy and fuccessful.
- Whatever croffes and disappointments a good man fuffers in the Body of the Tragedy, they will make
- but small impression on our minds, when we know,
- that, in the last Ast, he is to arrive at the end of his
- wishes and defires.
- When we see him engaged in the depth of his afflictions, we are apt to comfort ourselves, because we
- are fure he will find his way out of them, and that his
- e grief, how great soever it may be at present, will soon
- terminate in gladness.
 - ' For this reason, the antient Writers of Tragedy
- treated men in their Plays, as they are dealt with in
- the World, by making Virtue fometimes happy and
- fometimes miserable, as they found it in the Fable which they made choice of, or as it might affect their
- · Audience in the most agreeable manner.
- ' Aristotle considers the Tragedies that were written
- in either of those kinds; and observes, that those which ended unhappily had always pleased the people,
- which ended unhapping had always pleated the people,
- and carried away the Prize, in the public disputes of the Stage, from those that ended happily.
- Terror and Commiseration leave a pleasing anguish
- in the mind, and fix the Audience in such a serious
- composure of thought, as is much more lasting and
- 6 delightful, than any little transient Starts of Joy and
- Satisfaction.
- ' Accordingly we find, that more of our English
- Tragedies have succeeded, in which the Favourites of

the Audience fink under their calamities, than those

in which they recover themselves out of them.

' The best Plays of this kind are The Orphan, Venice Preserved, Alexander the Great, Theodosius, All for Love, Oedipus, Oroonoko, Othello, &c.

'King Lear is an admirable Tragedy of the same kind, as Shakespeare wrote it: But as it is reformed according to the chimerical notion of POETICAL JU-

STICE, in my humble opinion it has loft half its

beauty.

' At the same time I must allow, that there are very noble Tragedies, which have been framed upon the other Plan, and have ended happily; as indeed most of the good Tragedies which have been written fince: the starting of the above-mentioned Criticism, have taken this turn: As The Mourning Bride, Tamerlane (a), Ulysses, Phadra and Hippolytus, with most of Mr. Dryden's. I must also allow, that many of Shakespeare's, and several of the celebrated Tragedies of Antiquity, are cast in the same form. I do not therefore dispute against this way of writing Tragedies; but against the Criticism that would establish This as the only method; and by that means would very much cramp the English Tragedy, and perhaps give a wrong bent to the genius of our writers.'

· This subject is further considered in a Letter to the

Spectator (b).

- " I find your opinion, fays the author of it, con-" cerning the late-invented term called Poetical Justice, " is controverted by some eminent critics. I have
- "drawn up fome additional arguments to strengthenthe opinion which you have there delivered; having " endeavoured to go to the bottom of that matter....

"The most perfect man has vices enough to draw down punishments upon his head, and to justify Pro-

(b) See Spect. Vol. VII. No 548.

⁽a) Yet in Tamerlane, two of the most amiable characters, Moneses and Arpasia, fuffer death.

vidence in regard to any miseries that may befal him. " For this reason I cannot think but that the instruction of and moral are much finer, where a man who is virtuous in the main of his character falls into diffrefs, and finks under the blows of fortune, at the end of a Tragedy, than when he is represented as happy and triumphant. Such an example corrects the infolence " of human nature, foftens the mind of the beholder with fentiments of pity and compassion, comforts him " under his own private affliction, and teaches him not of to judge of mens virtues by their fuccesses (a). I cannot think of one real hero in all antiquity fo far raifed above human infirmities, that he might not be very " naturally reprefented in a Tragedy as plunged in miffortunes and calamities. The Poet may still find out " some prevailing passion or indiscretion in his cha-" racter, and shew it in such a manner as will sufficiently " acquit Providence of any injustice in his sufferings: " For, as Horace observes, the best man is faulty, tho" " not in fo great a degree as those whom we generally " call vicious men (b). " If fuch a strict Poetical Justice (proceeds the Letter-" writer) as some gentlemen insist upon, were to be

"writer) as some gentlemen insist upon, were to be observed in this art, there is no manner of reason why it should not extend to heroic Poetry, as well as Tragedy. But we find it so little observed in Homer, that his Achilles is placed in the greatest point of glory and success, tho' his Character is morally vicious, and only poetically good, if I may use the phrase of our modern Critics. The Eneid is filled with innocent unhappy persons. Nisus and Euryalus, Lausus and Pallas, come all to unfortunate ends. The Poet takes notice in particular, that, in the sacking of Troy, Ripheus fell, who was the most just man among the Trojans:

• (a) A caution that our Bleffed Saviour himself gives in the case of the Eighteen persons killed by the fall of the tower of Silvam, Luke Xiii. 4. (b) Vitiis nemo sine nascitur: optimus ille,

Qui minimis urgetur . ---

. -- Cadit & Ripheus, justissimus unus

" Qui fuit in Teucris, & servantissimus æqui.

. Diis aliter vifum eft .--

" The gods thought fit .- So blameles Ripheus fell,

. Who lov'd fair Justice, and observ'd it well."

* And that Pantheus could neither be preferved by his transcendent piety, nor by the holy fillets of Apollo, whose priest he was:

. - Nec te tua plurima, Pantheu,

" Labentem pietas, nec Apollinis infula texit. Æn. II.

" Nor could thy piety thee, Pantheus, fave,

" Nor ev'n thy priesthood, from an early grave.

"I might here mention the practice of antient Tragic Poets, both Greek and Latin; but as this particular is touched upon in the paper above-mentioned,

" I shall pass it over in silence. I could produce passages

out of Aristotle in favour of my opinion: And if in one place he says, that an absolutely virtuous man

of should not be represented as unhappy, this does not

" justify any one who should think fit to bring in an

absolutely virtuous man upon the stage. Those who are acquainted with that author's way of writing,

know very well, that to take the whole extent of his

" fubject into his divisions of it, he often makes use of

of fuch cases as are imaginary, and not reducible to practice....

"I shall conclude, fays this gentleman, with observing, that the spectator above-mentioned is so far against the rule of Poetical Justice, as to affirm, that

good men may meet with an unhappy Catastrophe

in Tragedy, it does not say, that ill men may go off unpunished. The reason for this distinction is very

of plain; namely, because the best of men [as is said of above] have saults enough to justify Providence for

any misfortunes and afflictions which may befal them;

but there are many men so criminal, that they can

have no claim or pretence to happiness. The best of

" men may deserve punishment; but the worst of men · cannot deferve happiness.'

· Mr. Addison, as we have seen above, tells us, that · Aristotle, in considering the Tragedies that were

· written in either of the kinds, observes, that those

· which ended unhappily had always pleafed the people,

· and carried away the prize, in the public disputes of

• the Stage, from those that ended happily.

· shall take leave to add, that · this preference was given at a time when the entertainments of the Stage were committed to the care of the magistrates; when the prizes contended for were given by the State; when, of consequence, the emulation among writers was ardent; and when learning was at the highest pitch of

glory in that renowned commonwealth.

It cannot be supposed, that the Athenians, in this their highest age of taste and politeness, were less humane, less tender-hearted, than we of the present. But they were not afraid of being moved, nor ashamed of shewing themselves to be so, at the distresses they saw well painted and represented. In short, they were of the opinion, with the wifest of men, That it was better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of mirth; and had fortitude enough to trust themselves with their own generous grief, because they found their hearts mended by it.

Thus also Horace, and the politest Romans in the

Augustan age, wished to be affected:

Ac ne forte putes me, quæ facere ipse recusem, Cum recte tractant alii, laudare maligne; Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur Ire poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit, Irritat, mulcet; falsis terroribus implet, Ut magus; & modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.

Thus Englished by Mr. Pope:

Yet, left you think I railly more than teach, Or praise malignly Arts I cannot reach;

Let me, for once, presume t'instruct the times To know the Poet from the Man of Rhymes.
'Tis He who gives my breast a thousand pains: Can make me feel each passion that he seigns; Enrage—compose—with more than magic art, With pity and with terror tear my heart; And snatch me o'er the earth, or thro' the air, To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

Our fair readers are also desired to attend to what a celebrated Critic (a) of a neighbouring nation says on the nature and design of Tragedy, from the rules laid down by the same great Antient.

Tragedy, fays he, makes man modest, by reprefenting the great masters of the earth humbled; and

it makes him tender and merciful, by shewing him the strange accidents of life, and the unforeseen dis-

graces to which the most important persons are sub-

· ject.

But because Man is naturally timorous and compassionate, he may fall into other extremes. Too much fear may shake his constancy of mind, and too much compassion may enseeble his equity. Tis the business of Tragedy to regulate these two weaknesses.

It prepares and arms him against disgraces, by shewing them so frequent in the most considerable per-

fons; and he will cease to fear extraordinary accidents, when he sees them happen to the highest part

of Mankind. And still more efficacious, we may add, the example will be, when he sees them hapen

to the best.

But as the end of Tragedy is to teach men not to fear too weakly common misfortunes, it proposes also to teach them to spare their compassion for objects that deserve it. For there is an injustice in being moved at the afflictions of those who deserve to be miserable. We may see, without pity, Clytemnestra

flain by her fon Orestes in Æschylus, because she had murdered

⁽a) Rapin, on Aristotle's Poetics.

- murdered Agamemnon her husband; yet we cannot
- fee Hippolytus die by the plot of his Stepmother Phæ-
- dra, in Euripides, without compassion, because he
- died not, but for being chafte and virtuous.'
 - · These are the great authorities so favourable to the
- · ftories that end unhappily. And we beg leave to re-
- inforce this inference from them, That if the tempo-
- · rary fufferings of the Virtuous and the Good can be
- · accounted for and justified on Pagan principles, many
- · more and infinitely stronger reasons will occur to a
- · Christian Reader in behalf of what are called unhappy
- · Catastrophes from the consideration of the doctrine
- of future rewards; which is every-where strongly
- enforced in the History of Clarissa.
 - · Of this (to give but one instance) an ingenious
- · Modern, distinguished by his rank, but much more
- · for his excellent defence of fome of the most important
- · doctrines of Christianity, appears convinced in the
- · conclusion of a pathetic Monody, lately published; in
- · which, after he had deplored, as a man without hope
- · (expressing ourselves in the Scripture phrase) the loss of
- an excellent Wife; he thus confoles himfelf:
 - · Yet, O my foul! thy rifing murmurs stay,
 - · Nor dare th' All-wife Disposer to arraign,
 - · Or against his supreme decree
 - · With impious grief complain.
- · That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade,
- · Was his most righteous Will: And be that Will obey'd.
 - · Would thy fond love his grace to her controul,
 - · And in these low abodes of sin and pain
 - · Her pure, exalted foul,
 - · Unjustly, for thy partial good, detain?
 - · No-rather strive thy grov'ling mind to raise
 - · Up to that unclouded blaze,
 - · That heav'nly radiance of eternal light,
 - · In which enthron'd she now with pity sees,
 - · How frail, how insecure, how slight
 - · Is ev'ry mortal bliss.

But of infinitely greater weight than all that has
been above produced on this subject, are the words of
the Psalmist.

"As for me, fays he (a), my feet were almost gone, my steps had well nigh slipt: For I was envious at the foolish, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked. For their strength is firm: They are not in trouble as other men; neither are they plagued like other men—Their eyes stand out with fatness: They have more than their heart could wish—Verily I have cleansed mine heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocence; for all the day long have I been plagued, and chastened every morning. When I thought to know this, it was too painful for me. Until I went

" into the fanctuary of God; then understood I their end—Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and af-

" terward receive me to glory."

• This is the Psalmist's comfort and dependence. And
• shall man, presuming to alter the common course of
• nature, and, so far as he is able, to elude the tenure
• by which frail mortality indispensably holds, imagine,
• that he can make a better dispensation; and by call• ing it Poetical Justice, indirectly reflect on the Di• vine?

The more pains have been taken to obviate the objections arising from the notion of Poetical Justice, as the doctrine built upon it had obtained general credit among us; and as it must be confessed to have the appearance of humanity and good-nature for its supports. And yet the writer of the History of Clarissa is humbly of opinion, that he might have been excused referring to them for the vindication of his Catastrophe, even by those who are advocates for the contrary opinion; since the notion of Poetical Justice, sounded on the modern rules, has hardly ever been more strictly observed in works of this nature, than in the present performance.

For. Is not Mr. Lovelace, who could perfevere in his villainous views, against the strongest and most frequent convictions and remorfes that ever were fent to awaken and reclaim a wicked man-Is not this great, this wilful transgreffor, condignly punished; and his punishment brought on thro' the intelligence of the very Toleph Leman whom he had corrupted (a); and by means of the very women whom he had debauched (b) -Is not Mr. Belton, who has an Uncle's hastened death to answer for (c) - Are not the whole Harlowe-family-Is not the vile Tomlinfon-Are not the infamous Sinclair, and her wretched partners-And even the wicked Servants, who, with their eyes open, contributed their parts to the carrying on of the vile schemes of their respective principals - Are they not All likewise exemplarily bunified?

On the other hand, Is not Miss Howe, for her noble friendship to the exalted Lady in her calamities—Is not Mr. HICKMAN, for his unexceptionable morals, and integrity of life—Is not the repentant and not ungenerous Belford—Is not the worthy Norton—made

fignally happy?

And who that are in earnest in their profession of Christianity, but will rather envy than regret the triumphant death of CLARISSA; whose piety, from her early childhood; whose diffusive charity; whose steady virtue; whose Christian humility; whose forgiving spirit; whose meekness, and resignation, HEAVEN only could reward (d)?

· We shall now, according to expectation given in the Preface to this Edition, proceed to take brief no-

· tice of fuch other objections as have come to our know-

· lege: For, as is there faid, · This work being ad-(a) See Vol. VII. p. 228. (b) Ibid. p. 242. (c) See Vol. VII.

in the Work as Vol. II. p. 245, 246, the dispensations of Providence are instified by herself. And thus she ends her Restections—" I shall not live always—May my Closing Scene be happy!"

She had her wish. It was happy.

"dreffed to the Public as an Hiftory of Life and Man-"ners, those parts of it which are proposed to carry with them the force of Example, ought to be as un-

" objectible as is confiftent with the design of the whole,

" and with human Nature."

· Several persons have censured the Heroine as too cold in her love, 'too haughty, and even sometimes provoking. But we may presume to say, that this objection has arisen from want of attention to the Story, to the Character of Clarissa, and to her particular Situation.

It was not intended that she should be in Love, but in Liking only, if that expression may be admitted. It is meant to be every-where inculcated in the Story,

for Example-fake, that the never would have married

Mr. Lovelace, because of his immoralities, had she been left to herself; and that her ruin was principally

owing to the perfecutions of her friends. · What is too generally called Love, ought (perhaps as generally) to be called by another name. Cupidity. or a Paphian Stimulus, as some women, even of condition, have acted, are not words too harsh to be fubilituted on the occasion, however grating they may be to delicate ears. But take the word Love in the gentlest and most honourable sense, it would have been thought by fome highly improbable, that Clariffa · should have been able to shew such a command of her passions, as makes so distinguishing a part of her Character, had fhe been as violently in Love, as certain warm and fierce spirits would have had her to be. A few Observations are thrown in by way of Note in · the present Edition, at proper places, to obviate this Objection, or rather to bespeak the Attention of hasty · Readers to what lies obvioufly before them. For thus · the Hero ne anticipates this very Objection, expostu-· lating with Miss Howe on her contemptuous treat-. ment of Mr. Hickman; which [far from being guilty

. of the same fault herself] she did on all occasions, and

· declares

· declares she would do, whenever Miss Howe forgot

· herfelf, altho' she had not a day to live:

" O my dear, fays she, that it had been my Lot (as "I was not permitted to live fingle) to have met with " a man, by whom I could have acted generously and

" unrefervedly!

" Mr. Lovelace, it is now plain, in order to have a of pretence against me, taxed my behaviour to him with " stiffness and distance. You, at one time, thought me " guilty of some degree of Prudery. Difficult situations " should be allowed for; which often make seeming occasions for censure unavoidable. I deserved not " blame from him, who made mine difficult. And if " I had had any other man to deal with than Mr. Love-" lace, or had he had but half the merit which Mr. " Hickman has, you, my dear, should have found, " that my Doctrine, on this subject, should have go-" verned my Practice.' See this whole Letter (a); fee · also Mr. Lovelace's Letter No lv. Vol. VIII. p. 236,

· & seq. where, just before his Death, he entirely acquits

· her conduct on this head.

· It has been thought by some worthy and ingenious · persons, that if Lovelace had been drawn an Infidel or · Scoffer, his Character, according to the Taste of the · present worse than Sceptical Age, would have been more natural. It is, however, too well known, that there are very many persons, of his Cast, whose ac-· tions discredit their belief. And are not the very De.

· vils, in Scripture, faid to believe and tremble?

But the Reader must have observed, that great, and. · it is hoped, good Use, has been made throughout the · Work, by drawing Lovelace an Infidel only in Pra-· Etice; and this as well in the arguments of his friend · Belford, as in his own frequent Remorfes, when · touched with temporary Compunction, and in his last . Scenes; which could not have been made, had eit er

⁽a) Vol. VII. p. 64, 65. of the First Edition; and p. 231. of

of them been painted as fentimental Unbelievers. Not · to fay, that Clariffa, whose great Objection to Mr. · Wyerley was, that he was a Scoffer, must have been · inexcuseable had she known Lovelace to be so, and had · given the least attention to his Addresses. On the con-· trary, thus the comforts herfelf, when the thinks the · must be his- "This one consolation, however, re-" mains: He is not an Infidel, an Unbeliever. Had he " been an Infidel, there would have been no room at all " for hope of him; but (priding himself as he does in " his fertile invention) he would have been utterly " abandoned, irreclaimable, and a Savage (a).' And it · must be observed, that Scoffers are too witty in their · own Opinion; in other words, value themselves too · much upon their profligacy, to aim at concealing it. · Besides, had Lovelace added ribbald jests upon Re-· ligion, to his other liberties, the freedoms which would · then have passed between him and his friend, must · have been of a nature truly infernal. And this far-· ther hint was meant to be given, by way of inference, · that the man who allowed himself in those liberties · either of speech or action, which Lovelace thought · shameful, was so far a worse man than Lovelace. · For this reason is he every-where made to treat jests on facred things and subjects, even down to the My-· thology of the Pagans, among Pagans, as undoubted · marks of the ill breeding of the jefters; obscene images · and talk, as liberties too shameful for even Rakes to

· allow themselves in; and injustice to creditors, and in · matters of Meum and Tuum, as what it was beneath

· him to be guilty of.

· Some have objected to the meekness, to the tameness, as they will have it to be, of the character of · Mr. Hickman. And yet Lovelace owns, that he rose · upon him with great spirit in the interview between · them; once, when he thought a reflection was but · implied on Miss Howe (b); and another time, when · he

(a) See Vol. IV. p. 318, 319. (b) See Vol. VI. p. 337.

he imagined himself treated contemptuously (a). Miss Howe, it must be owned (the not to the credit of her own character) treats him ludicrously on several occasions. But so she does her Mother. And perhaps a Lady of her lively turn would have treated as whimsically any man but a Lovelace. Mr. Belford speaks of him with honour and respect (b). So does Colonel Morden (c). And so does Clarissa on every occasion. And all that Miss Howe herself says of him, tends more to his reputation than discredit (d), as Clarissa indeed tells her (e).

And as to Lovelace's treatment of him, the Reader must have observed, that it was his way to treat every man with contempt, partly by way of self-exaltation, and partly to gratify the natural gaiety of his disposition. He says himself to Belford (f), 'Thou knowest I love him not, Jack; and whom we love not, we cannot allow a merit to; perhaps not the merit they should be granted.' Modest and dissident men, writes Belford, to Lovelace, in praise of Mr. Hickman, 'wear not soon off those little precisenesses, which the consident, if ever they had them, presently get over (g).'

But, as Miss Howe treats her Mother as freely as fhe does her Lover; so does Mr. Lovelace take still greater liberties with Mr. Belford, than he does with Mr. Hickman, with respect to his person, air, and address, as Mr. Belford himself hints to Mr. Hickman (b). And yet he is not so readily believed to the discredit of Mr. Belford, by the Ladies in general, as he is when he disparages Mr. Hickman. Whence can this partiality arise?—

: Mr. Belford had been a Rake: But was in a way of reformation.

⁽a) See Vol. VI. p. 341. (b) Ibid. p. 401, 402. (c) Vol. VIII. p. 168.

⁽d) Vol. II. p. 4-10. III. p. 187,188.

⁽e) See Vol. II. p. 55, 56. (f) Vol. VI. p. 328.

⁽g) Ibid. p. 402. (b) Vol. VIII. p. 120.

· Mr. Hickman had always been a good man.

: And Lovelace confidently fays, That the women love a man whose regard for them is founded in the

· knowlege of them (a).

: Nevertheless, it must be owned, that it was not proposed to draw Mr. Hickman, as the man of whom the Ladies in general were likely to be very fond. Had it been fo, Goodness of heart, and Gentleness of manners. great Affiduity, and inviolable and mode/t Love, would not of themselves have been supposed sufficient recommendations. He would not have been allowed the · least share of preciseness or formality, altho' those defects might have been imputed to his reverence for the object of his passion: But in his character it was defigned to shew, that the same man could not be · every-thing; and to intimate to Ladies, that in chufing companions for life, they should rather prefer the honeft heart of a Hickman, which would be all their own. · than to rifque the chance of sharing, perhaps with · fcores, (and some of those probably the most profligate of the Sex) the volatile mischievous one of a Love-· lace: In short, that they should chuse, if they wished · for durable happiness, for rectitude of mind, and not for speciousness of person or address: Nor make a jest of a good man in favour of a bad one, who would · make a jest of them and of their whole Sex.

· Two Letters, however, by way of accommodation, are inferted in this edition, which perhaps will give Mr. Hickman's character fome heightening with fuch · Ladies, as love spirit in a man; and had rather suffer

by it, than not meet with it.-

Women, born to be controul'd, · Stoop to the Forward and the Bold, Says Waller-And Lovelace too!

· Some have wished that the Story had been told in the usual narrative way of telling Stories designed to · amufe

· amuse and divert, and not in Letters written by the · respective persons whose history is given in them. The · author thinks he ought not to prescribe to the taste of · others; but imagined himself at liberty to follow his · own. He perhaps mistrusted his talents for the nar-· rative kind of writing. He had the good fortune to · fucceed in the Epistolary way once before. A Story · in which fo many persons were concerned either prin-· cipally or collaterally, and of characters and dispositions · fo various, carried on with tolerable connexion and perspicuity, in a series of Letters from different per-· fons, without the aid of digreffions and epifodes foreign to the principal end and defign, he thought had no-· velty to be pleaded for it: And that, in the present · age, he supposed would not be a slight recommenda-* tion.

But besides what has been said above, and in the Preface, on this head, the following opinion of an ingenious and candid Foreigner, on this manner of

writing, may not be improperly inferted here.

"The method which the Author has pursued in the History of Clarissa, is the same as in the Life of Pamela: Both are related in samiliar Letters by the parties themselves, at the very time in which the events happened: And this method has given the author great advantages, which he could not have drawn from any other species of narration. The minute particulars of events, the sentiments and conversation of the parties, are, upon this plan, exhibited with all the warmth and spirit, that the passion supposed to be predominant at the very time, could produce, and with all the distinguishing characteristics which memory can supply in a History of recent transactions.

"Romances in general, and Marivaux's amongst others, are wholly improbable; because they suppose the History to be written after the series of events is closed by the catastrophe: A circumstance which implies a strength of memory beyond all example and

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" proba-

" probability in the persons concerned, enabling them,
that the distance of several years, to relate all the parti-

" culars of a transient conversation: Or rather, it im" plies a yet more improbable confidence and famili-

" arity between all these persons and the author.

"There is, however, one difficulty attending the Epistolary method; for it is necessary, that all the characters should have an uncommon taste for this kind of conversation, and that they should suffer no event, nor even a remarkable conversation, to pass, without immediately committing it to writing. But

of the preservation of the Letters once written, the author has provided with great judgment, so as to

" render this circumstance highly probable (a)."

· It is prefumed that what this gentleman favs of the · difficulties attending a Story thus given in the Episto-· lary manner of writing, will not be found to reach the · History before us. It is very well accounted for in it. · how the two principal Female characters come to take · fo great a delight in writing. Their subjects are not · merely subjects of amusement; but greatly interesting · to both: Yet many Ladies there are who now lauda-· bly correspond, when at distance from each other, on · occasions that far less affect their mutual welfare and · friendships, than those treated of by these Ladies. The two principal gentlemen had motives of gaiety and · vain-glory for their inducements. It will generally be · found, that persons who have talents for familiar write-· ing, as these correspondents are presumed to have, will · not forbear amusing themselves with their pens, on · less arduous occasions than what offer to these. These · Four (whose Stories have a connexion with each

• (a) This quotation is translated from a CRITIQUE on the HISTORY
• of CLARISSA, written in French, and published at Amsterdam. The
• whole C itique is rer dered into English, and inserted in the G ntleman's
• Magazine of June and August 1749. The author has done great honour in it to the History of Clarista; and as there are Remarks pub• lished with it, answering several objections made to different passages
• by that candid Foreigner, the Reader is referred to the aforesaid Maga-

· zines, for both.

other) out of a great number of characters which are introduced in this Hiftory, are only eminent in the

· Epistolary way: The rest appear but as occasional

· writers, and as drawn in rather by necessity than

· choice, from the different relations in which they stand

with the four principal persons.

The Length of the piece has been objected to by some, who perhaps looked upon it as a mere Novel or Romance; and yet of these there are not wanting works of equal length.

They were of opinion, that the Story moved too flowly, particularly in the first and second Volumes, which are chiefly taken up with the Altercations between

Clariffa and the feveral persons of her Family.

But is it not true, that those Altercations are the Foundation of the whole, and therefore a necessary part of the work? The Letters and Conversations, where the Story makes the slowest progress, are presumed to be charasteristic. They give occasion likewise to suggest many interesting Personalities, in which a good deal of the instruction essential to a work of this nature is conveyed. And it will, moreover, be remembred, that the Author, at his first setting out, apprised the Reader, that the Story (interesting as it is generally allowed to be) was to be principally looked upon as the Vehicle to the Instruction.

To all which we may add, that there was frequently a necessity to be very circumstantial and minute, in order to preserve and maintain that Air of Probability, which is necessary to be maintained in a Story designed to represent real Life; and which is rendered extremely busy and active by the plots and contrivances formed and carried on by one of the principal Characters.

· Some there are, and Ladies too! who have supposed

that the excellencies of the Heroine are carried to an
improbable, and even to an impracticable height, in

this History. But the education of Clariffa from early

childhood ought to be confidered, as one of her very

great advantages; as, indeed, the foundation of all her excellencies: And it is hoped, for the fake of the doctrine defigned to be inculcated by it, that it will. · She had a pious, a well-re'd, a not meanly-de-· scended woman for her Nurse, who with her milk. as Mrs. Harlowe fays (a), gave her that nurture which · no other Nurse could give her. She was very early · happy in the conversation-visits of her learned and · worthy Dr. Lewen, and in her correspondencies, not with him only, but with other Divines mentioned in her last Will. Her Mother was, upon the whole, a good woman, who did credit to her birth and her · fortune; and both delighted in her for those improvements and attainments, which gave her, and them in ber, a distinction that caused it to be said, that when he was out of the family, it was confidered but as a • common family (b). She was moreover a Country · Lady; and, as we have feen in Miss Howe's charac-• ter of her (c), took great delight in rural and houf-· hold employments; tho' qualified to adorn the brightest

circle.
It must be confessed, that we are not to look for Clarissa's among the constant frequenters of Ranelagh and Vaux-hall, nor among those who may be called. Daughters of the Card-table. If we do, the character of our Heroine may then indeed be justly thought not only improbable, but unattainable. But we have neither room in this place, nor inclination, to pursue a subject so invidious. We quit it therefore, after we have repeated, that we know there are some, and we hope there are many, in the British dominions [or they are hardly any-where in the European world] who, as far as occasion has called upon them to exert the like humble and modest, yet steady and useful, virtues, have reached the persections of a Clarissa.

(a) See Vol. IV. p. 74. (b) See Vol. VII. p. 199. See also her Mother's praises of her to Mrs. Norton, Vol. I. p. 260. (c) See Vol. VIII. p. 203-206.

Having

• Maving thus briefly taken notice of the most mate• rial objections that have been made to different parts of
• this History, it is hoped we may be allowed to add,
• That had we thought ourselves at liberty to give copies
• of some of the many Letters that have been written on
• the other side of the question, that is to say, in appro• bation of the Catastrophe, and of the general Conduct
• and Execution of the work, by some of the most emi• nent judges of composition in every branch of Litera• ture; most of what has been written in this Postscript
• might have been spared.

might have been spared.

But as the principal objection with many has lain against the length of the piece, we shall add to what we have said above on that subject, in the words of one of those eminent writers: That, If, in the History before us, it shall be found, that the Spirit is duly diffused throughout; that the characters are various and natural; well distinguished and uniformly supported and maintained: If there be a variety of incidents sufficient to excite Attention, and those so conducted, as to keep the Reader always awake; the Length then must add proportionably to the pleasure that every Person of Taste receives from a well-drawn Picture of Nature. But where the contrary of all these qualities shock the understanding, the extravagant personmance



will be judged tedious, tho' no longer than a Fairy-

" Tale.



TOTHE

Author of CLARISSA.

F, 'mid their round of pleasure, to convey An useful Lesson to the Young and Gay;

To fwell their eyes with pearly drops, and share,

· With Cards and Drefs, the converse of the Fair;

· If, with the boasted Bards of Classic Age,

· Th'attention of the Learned to engage,

· And in the bosom of the Rake to raise

· A tender, focial Feeling-merit praise;

The Gay, the Fair, the Learn'd, ev'n Rakes, agree To give that praise to Nature, Truth, and Thee.

· Transported now to Harlowe-Place, we view

. Thy matchless Maid her godlike tasks pursue;

· Visit the Sick or Needy, and bestow

· Drugs to relieve, or words to foften woe;

· Or, with the pious Lewen, hear her foar

Heights unattain'd by female minds before.
Then to her Ivy-Bow'r she pleas'd retires,

• And with light touch the trembling keys inspires;

While wakeful Philomel no more complains,
But, raptur'd, liftens to her fweeter strains.

· Now (direful contrast!) in each gloomy shade

· Behold a pitying Swain, or weeping Maid!

And, hark! with fullen fwing, the tolling bell Proclaims that loss which language fails to tell.

To the Author of CLARISSA. 301

· In awful filence foon a fight appears,

· That points their forrows, and renews their tears:

For, lo! far-black'ning all the verdant meads,
With flow parade, the fun'ral pomp proceeds:

· Methinks ev'n now I hear th' encumber'd ground,

· And pavement, echo with a rumbling found;

· And fee the fervants tearful eyes declare

· With speaking look, The herse, the herse, is here!

· But, O thou Sister of Clarissa's heart,

· Can I the anguish of thy foul impart,

· When, from your chariot flown with breathless hafte,

· Her clay-cold form, yet beauteous, you embrac'd;

· And cry'd with heaving fobs, and broken strains,

· Are these—are these—my much-lov'd Friend's Remains?

· Then view each Harlowe-Face; remorfe, despair,

· And felf-condemning grief, are pictur'd there.

· Now first the Brother feels, with guilty sighs,

Fraternal passions in his bosom rise:
By shame and forrow equally oppress,

• The Sifter wrings her hands, and beats her breaft.

· With streaming eyes, too late, the Mother blames

· Her tame submission to the tyrant James:

· Ev'n he, the gloomy Father, o'er the herse

· Laments his Rashness, and recalls his Curse.

· And thus each Parent, who, with haughty fway,

· Expects his child to tremble and obey;

· Who hopes his pow'r by rigour to maintain,

· And meanly worships at the shrine of gain;

· Shall mourn his error, and, repenting, own,

· That Blis can ne'er depend on wealth alone.

. Riches may charm, and Pageantry invite:

But what are these, unless the minds unite?
Drive then insatiate Aviring from your breast

· Drive then insatiate Av'rice from your breast,

· Nor think a Solmes can make Clariffa bleft.

· And you, ye Fair, the wish of ev'ry heart, Tho' grac'd by Nature, and adorn'd by Art,

Tho?

302 To the Author of CLARISSA.

· Tho' fprightly Youth its vernal bloom bestow,

· And on your cheeks the blush of Beauty glow,

· Here see how soon those roses of a day,

· Nipt by a frost, fade, wither, and decay !

· Nor Youth nor Beauty could Clariffa fave,

· Snatch'd to an early, not untimely grave.

· But still her own unshaken Innocence,

· Spotless and pure, unconscious of offence,

In the dread hour of death her bosom warm'd
With more than manly courage, and disarm'd

· The griefly king: In vain the tyrant try'd

· His awful terrors—for the fmil'd, and dy'd.

· You too, ye Libertines, who idly jest

· With Virtue wrong'd, and Innocence diffrest;

· Who vainly boaft of what should be your shame,

· And triumph in the wreck of female fame;

· Be warn'd, like Belford, and behold, with dread,

· The Hand of Vengeance hov'ring o'er your head!

· If not, in Belton's Agonies you view

· What dying horrors are referv'd for you.

· In vain ev'n Lovelace, healthy, young, and gay,

· By Nature form'd to please, and to betray,

· Try'd from himself, by change of place, to run;

· For that intruder, Thought, he could not shun.

· Tasteless were all the pleasures that he view'd

· In foreign courts; for CONSCIENCE still pursu'd:

· The loft Clariffa, each fucceeding night,

· In starry garment, swims before his fight;

· Nor ease by day her shrill complaints afford,

· But far more deeply wound than Morden's fword.

· O if a Sage had thus on Attic plains

· Improv'd at once and charm'd the lift'ning fwains;

· Had he, with matchless energy of thought,

· Great Truths like these in antient Athens taught;

· On fam'd Ilyssus' banks in Parian stone

· His breathing Bust conspicuous would have shone;

· Ev'n

To the Author of CLARISSA. 303

· Ev'n Plato, in Lyceum's awful shade,

· Th' instructive page with transport had survey'd;

· And own'd its author to have well supply'd

· The place his Laws to Homer's felf deny'd (a).

• (a) By the Laws of Plato's ideal Commonwealth, Homer was deny'd a place there, on account of the bad tendency of the morals he afcribes to his Gods and Heroes. But (fays the philosopher) as it is fitting that every degree of merit should have its proper reward, pour fragrant oil on the poet's head, and crown him with a woollen wreath, and then banish him to some other city. Plato de Repub. lib. 3.



me with the derivate that I do not not support

. escentos sid fille es de cioval list barere

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- II. From the same. The three next following Letters brought by a fervant in livery, dir cted To the departed Lady ; viz.
- III. From Mrs. Norton. With the news of a general Reconciliation, upon her own conditions.
- IV. From Miss Arabella. In which she affures her of all their returning Love and Favour.
- V. From Mr. John Harlowe. Regretting, that things have been carried to far; and defiring her to excuse his part in what had patsed.
- VI. Belford, To Lovelace. His Executorial proceedings. Eleven posthumous Letters of the Lady. Copy of one of them written to himfelf. Tells Lovelace of one written to bim, in pursuance of her promise in her Allegorical Letter (See No. lii. of Vol. VII.) Other Executorial proceedings. The Colonel's Letter to James Harlowe, fignifying Clariffa's request to be buried at the feet of her Grandfather.
- VII. From the same. Mrs. Norton arrives. Her surprize and grief to find her beloved young Lady departed. The posthumous Letters calculated to give comfort, and not to reproach.
- VIII. IX. X. XI. XII. Copies of Clarissa's posthumous Letters to her Father, Mother, Brother, Sifter, and Uncles.
- Substance of her Letter to her Aunt Hervey, concluding with advice to her Coufin Dolly.
- Substance of her Letter to M s Howe, with advice in favour of Mr. Hickman.
- XIII. Belford, To Lovelace. The wretched Sinchair breaks her leg. and dispatches Sally Martin to beg a visit from him, and that he will procure for her the Lady's forgiveness. Sally's remorfe for the treatment she gave her at Rowland's. Acknowleges the Lady's ruin to be in a great measure owing to their infligations.
- XIV. From the same. Miss Howe's distress on receiving the fatal news, and the posthumous Letters directed to her. Copy of James Harlowe's Answer to Colonel Morden's Letter, in which he relates the unspeakable distress of the family; endeavours to exculpate himself; defires the body may be fent down to Harlowe-Place; and that the Colonel will favour them with his company, XY.

- XV. Belford, To Lorelace. The corpse sent down, attended by the Colonel, and Mrs. Norton.
- XVI. Morebray, To Belford. An account of Lovelace's delirious unmanageableness, and extravagant defign, had they not all interposed. They have got Lord M. to him. He endeavours to justify Lovelace by Rakith principles, and by a true story of a villainy which he thinks greater than that of Lovelace by Clariffa.
- XVII. Lovelace, To Belford. Written in the height of his delirium. The whole world, he fays, is but one great Bedlam. Every one in it mad but himself.
- XVIII. Belford, To Morubray. Defires that Lovelace, on his recovery, may be prevailed upon to go abroad. And why. Exhorts him and Tourville to reform, as he is refolved to do.
- XIX. Belford, To Lovelace. Describing the terrible impatience, despondency, and death of the wretched Sinclair.
- As the had house is often mentioned in this work, without any other stigma than what arises from the wicked principles and actions occasionally given of the wretches who inhabit it; Mr. Belford here enters into the secret retirements of these creatures, and exposes them in the appearances they are supposed to make, before they are tricked out to ensure weak and inconsiderate minds.
- XX. Colonel Morden, To Mr. Belford. With an account of his arrival at Harlowe-Place before the body. The dreadful diffress of the whole family in expectation of its coming. The deep remorfe of James and Arabella Harlowe. Mutual recriminations on recollecting the numerous instances of their inexorable cruelty. Mrs. Norton so ill, he was forced to leave her at St. Albans. He dates again to give a further account of their distress on the arrival of the berse. Solemn respect paid to her memory by crouds of people.
- XXI. From the same. Further interesting accounts of what passed among the Harlowes. Miss Howe expected to see, for the last time, her beloved friend.
- XXII. From the same. Miss Howe arrives. The Colonel receives her. Her tender woe; and characteristic behaviour.
- XXIII. From the same. Mrs. Norton arrives. Amended in spirits. To what owing. Further recriminations of the unhappy Parents. They attempt to see the corpse; but cannot. Could ever wilful bard-beartedness, the Colonel asks, be more severely punished? Substance of the Lady's posthumous Letter to Mrs. Norton.
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- XXV. Belford, To Colonel Morden. Compliments him on his pathetic narratives. Further Account of his Executorial proceedings.
- XXVI. James Harlowe, To Belford.
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- The Lady's LAST WILL. In the preamble to which, as well as in the body of it, she gives several instructive hints; and displays, in

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XXIX. Belford, To Lord M. Apprehends a vincictive refertment from the Colonel. Defires that Mr. Lovelace may be prevailed on to take a tour.

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Summery account of proceedings relating to the execution of the Lady's Will, and other matters. Subflance of a Letter from Mr. Belford to Mr. Hickman; of Mr. Hickman's Answer; and of a Letter from Mis Howe to Mr. Belford, p. 119—122.

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XXXI. Lovelace, To Belford. Describing his delirium as dawning into sense and recollection. All is conscience and horror with him, he says. A description of his misery at its height.

XXXII. From the fame. Revokes his last Letter, as assamed of it. Yet breaks into fits and starts, and is ready to go back again. Why, he asks, did his Mother bring him up to know no controul? His heart sickens at the recollection of what he was. Dreads the return of his malady. Makes an effort to forget all.

XXXIII. From the same. Is preparing to leave the kingdom. His route. Seasonable warnings, tho' delivered in a ludicrous manner, on Belford's resolution to reform. Complains that he has been strangely kept in the dark of late. Demands a Copy of the Lady's Will.

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XXXV. Lovelace, To Belford. Pities Tomlinson. Finds that he is dead in prison. Happy that he lived not to be hanged. Why. No discomfort so great but some comfort may be drawn from it. Endeavours to defend himself by a whimsical case which he puts between A, a miser, and B, a thief.

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cautions and warnings.

A breach of confidence in some cases is more excuseable than to keep a fecret. Raillies him on his person and air, on his Cousin Charlotte, and the Widow Lovick.

XXXVII. Mr. Belford, To Colonel Morden. On a declaration he had heard he had made of taking vengeance of Mr. Lovelace. His arguments with him on that subject from various topics.

XXXVIII. The Lady's posthumous Letter to her Cousin Morden. Containing arguments against DUELLING, as well with regard to her particular case, as in general. See also Letter x, to her Brother on the same subject.

- XXXIX. Colonel Morden, To Mr. Belford. In answer to his pleas against avenging his Cousin. He paints in very strong colours the grief and distress of the whole family on the loss of a child whose character and excellencies rise upon them to their torment.
- XL. From the same. Further particulars relating to the execution of the Lidy's Will. Gives his thoughts of womens friendships in general; of that of Miss Howe, and his Cousin, in particular. An early habit of familiar Letter-writing, how improving. Censures Miss Howe for her behaviour to Mr. Hickman. Mr. Hickman's good character. Caution to Parents who desire to preserve their Childrens veneration for them. Mr. Hickman, unknown to Miss Howe, puts himself and equipage in mourning for Clarissa. Her lively turn upon him on that occasion. What he, the Colonel, expects from the generosity of Miss Howe in relation to Mr. Hickman. Weakness of such as are asraid of making their Last Wills.
- XLI. Belford, To Miss Howe. With copies of Clarista's posthumous Letters; and respectfully, as from Colonel Morden and himself, reminding her of her performing her part of her dear friend's last defires in making one of the most deserving men in England happy. Informs her of the delirium of Lovelace, in order to move her compassion for him, and of the dreadful deaths of Sinclair and Tomlinson.
- XLII. Miss Howe, To Mr. Belford. Observations on the Letters and subjects he communicates to her. She promises another Letter in answer to his and Colonel Morden's call upon her in Mr. Hickman's favour. Applauds the Colonel for purchasing her beloved friend's jewels in order to present them to Miss Dolly Hervey.
- XLIII. From the same. She accounts for, tho' not defends, her treatment of Mr. Hickman. She owns, that he is a man worthy of a better choice; that she values no man more than him; and affures Mr. Belford, and the Colonel, that her endeavours shall not be wanting to make him happy.
- XLIV. Mr. Belford, To Miss Howe. A Letter full of grateful acknowledgements for the favour of hers.
- XLV. Lord M. To Mr. Belford. Acquainting him with his Kinfman's fetting out for London, in order to embark. Wishes him to prevent a meeting between him and Mr. Morden.
- XLVI. Mr. Belford, To Lord M. Has had a vifit from Mr. Lovelace. What paffed between them on the occasion. Has an interview with Colonel Morden.
- XLVII. From the fame. Just returned from attending Mr. Lovelace part of his way towards Dover. Their folemn parting.
- XLVIII. From the fame. An account of what passed between himself and Colonel Morden at their next meeting. Their affectionate parting.
- XLIX. Miss Horve, To Mr. Belford. Gives, at his request, the character of her beloved friend at large; and an account of the particular distribution of her time in the twenty-four hours of the natural day.
- L. Lowelace, To Belford, from Paris. Conscience the conqueror of fouls.

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fouls. He cannot run away from his reflections. Alterations in his proposed route. He desires a particular account of all that has passed since he left England.

LI. Belford, To Lovelace. Answers him as to all the particulars he writes about. Wishes he would bend his course towards the Pyrenees,

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LII. Lovelace, To Belford. Has received a Letter from Joseph Leman (who, he says, is conscience-ridden) to inform him, that Colonel Morden resolves to bave bis will of bim. He has hints from Mowbray to the same effect. He cannot bear to be threatened. He will write to the Colonel to know his purpose. He requires Belford fairly to acquaint him with what he knows of it. He cannot get off his regrets on account of the dear Lady for the blood of bim.

LIII. Belford, To Lovelace. It would be matter of ferious reflection to him, he fays, if that very Leman, who had been his machine, should be the instrument of his fall. Beseeches him to avoid the Colonel:

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LIV. I overlace, To Belford. His refentment on believing himself to be threatened. Has written to the Colonel to know his intention: But yet in such a manner that he may handsomely avoid taking it as a challenge; tho' in the like case be owns that he himself should not. Copy of his Letter to the Colonel.

- LV. Lovelace, To Belford. He is now in his way to Trent, in order to meet Colonel Morden, in pursuance of his Answer to his Letter. Copy of that Answer; and of his Reply. His reflections on his ingratitude to the most excellent of women haunt him in all his amusements, and make him the most miserable of beings. He acquits the Lady of all tyranny, affectation, and undue reserve: Execrates the women; who, by the efficacy which his wanton and conceited folly gave to their instigations. have amply, he says, revenged upon him their own ruin, which they lay at his door. He is sure of victory; but will not, if he can help it, out of regard to the memory of Clarissa, kill the Colonel.
- LVI. From the same. Interview with Colonel Morden. To morrow, fays he, is the day, that will, in all probability, fend either one or two ghosts to attend the Manes of my Clarissa. He doubts not to give the Colonel his life, or his death; and to be able, by next morning Eleven, to write all the particulars.

LVII. THE ISSUE OF THE DUEL.

CONCLUSION.

POSTSCRIPT.

A Copy of VERSES on the Work.



A

COLLECTION

Of SUCH of the

Moral and Instructive SENTIMENTS,

CONTAINED IN THE

PRECEDING HISTORY,

As are prefumed to be of

GENERAL USE and SERVICE.

Digested under Proper HEADS.

With References to the Volume, and Page, where each Sentiment, Caution, Aphorism, Reflection, or Observation, is to be found.

Adversity. Affliction. Calamity. Misfortune.



REAT allowance ought to be made for the warmth of a spirit embitter'd by undeserved difgraces, vol. i. p. 214.

> People in Misfortune are apt to confirue even unavoidable accidents into flights or neglects, ii. 145.

Adversity is the state of trial of every good quality, ii. 149. People in Adversity should endeavour to preserve laudable customs, that so, if sunshine return, they may not be losers by their trials, ibid. iii. 44.

When Calamities befal us, we ought to look into ourselves, and fear, ii. 238. 246.

Misfortunes are often fent to reduce us to a better reliance than that we have been accustomed to fix upon, ii. 245. v. 338, 339.

No one is out of the reach of Misfortune. No one therefore should glory in his prosperity, ii. 245.

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Perfons in Calamity, when they wish for death, should be fure that they wish for it from proper motives. Worldly Disappointments will not, of themselves, warrant such wishes, iii. 266.

Adversity will call forth graces in a noble mind, which could not have been brought to light in prosperous fortune, iv. 64. See all iii. 80.

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vi. 342. 370.

In the school of Affliction we are taught to know ourselves, to compassionate and bear with one another, and to look up to a better state, vi. 386. vii. 111.

The unhappy never want enemies, vii. 74.

The person who makes a proper use of Calamity, may be said to be in the direct road to glory, vii. 111. viii. 31.

Perfons who labour under real Evils, will not puzzle themselves with conjectural ones; vii. 112.

Calamity is the test of integrity, vii. 201, 202.

Distress makes the humbled heart diffident, vii. 212.

Calamity calls out the fortitude that diffinguishes a spirit truly noble, vii. 318. See also iv. 64. vi. 119.

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Encroaching and defigning men make an artillery of a woman's hopes and fears, and play it upon her at their pleasure, i. 126.

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i. 183. 276, 277.

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scruple the means, i. 250.

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freedoms beget great ones, iii. 168. iv. 209. 304.

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I love, when I dig a pit, fays Lovelace, to have my prey tumble in with fecure feet and open eyes; for then a man can look down upon her with an O-ho, charmer! how came you there? ibid.

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Libertines, in order the better to carry on their defigns upon the unwary of the Female Sex, particularly against those who are prudish, frequently make pretences to Platonic Love, iv. 142.

If a woman fuffers her Lover to fee she is loth to disoblige him,

let her beware of an encroacher, iv. 146.

The Libertine, who by his specious behaviour has laid asleep a woman's suspicion and caution, is in the way to complete all his views, iv. 175.

If a woman will keep company with a man who has reason to think himself suspected by her, I am fure, says Lovelace, it is a very

hopeful fign, ibid.

Women are apt to allow too much to a kneeling Lover, iv. 215. Nine parts in ten of women who fall, fays Lovelace, owe their diffrace to their own vanity or levity, or want of circumspection and proper referve, iv. 237.

Libertines, equally tyrannical and suspicious, expect that a wife should have no will, no eyes, no love, no hate, but at their di-

rection, iv. 248.

Travelling together gives opportunities of familiarity between the Sexes, says Lovelace, iv. 253. Women therefore should be choice of the company they travel with.

Women should be early taught to think highly of their Sex; for pride, as Lovelace says, is an excellent substitute for virtue, iv. 313.

A wo-

A woman of the brightest talents, who throws herself into the power of a Libertine, brings into question those talents, as well as her discretion, not only with himself, but with his leud companions, to whom, in secret triumph, he will be proud to shew his prize, iv. 344. vii. 46.

A modest woman fallen into gross company should avow her correctives by her eye, and not affect ignorance of meanings too

obvious to be concealed, iv. 347.

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A woman who has put herself into the power of a defigning man, must be satisfied with very poor excuses and pretences, for delay of marriage, iv. 349.

Want of power is the only bound that a libertine puts to his

views upon any of the Sex, ibid.

A fallen woman is the more inexcuseable, as, from the cradle, the Sex is warned against the delusions of men, iv. 361.

Men presume greatly on the liberties taken, and laughed off, in

Romping, v. I. See also iv. 191.

A Lady conscious of dignity of person should mingle with it a sweetness of manners, to make herself beloved, as well as respected, by all who approach her, v. 41.

A man who infults the modesty of a woman, as good as tells her, that he has seen something in her conduct, that warranted

his prefumption, v. 128.

A man who has offered the last indignity to a woman, yet expects forgiveness from her, must think ber as weak as be is wicked, v. 129. 203. vi. 224.

The woman who behaves with difrespect, either to her accepted Lover, or to her Husband, gives every vain man hope of standing

well with her, v. 136, 137. vi. 315.

Clariffa apprehends that Lovelace might have ground to doubt her conduct, from having been able to prevail upon her to correspond with him against paternal prohibition, and the light of her own judgment, v. 196. vi. 126, 127.

The nicest circumstances cannot be too nice to be attended to by women who are obliged either to converse or correspond with

free livers, v. 268.

A woman who, when attempted, descends to exposulation, let's the offender know, that she intends to forgive him, v. 296.

A man, whatever are his professions, always thinks the worse of a woman, who forgives him for making an attempt on her virtue, v. 297.

A man, who offers indecencies to a woman, depends for fecreey and forgiveness upon his own confidence, and her bashful-

ness, v. 320.

The woman who takes any indirect steps in favour of a libertine, if she escape present ill-treatment from him, intitles herself; when his Wife, to his future jealousy and censure, v. 344.

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She who puts herfelf out of a natural protection, is not to ex-

pect miracles in her favour, vi. 21.

The woman who hopes to reclaim a Libertine, may have reason to compare herself to one, who, attempting to save a drowning wretch, is drawn in after him, and perishes with him, vi. 125. 376.

Men take great advantages of even women of character, who can bear their free talk and boafts of Libertinism without resent-

ment, vi. 198, 199.

Chastity, like piety, is an uniform grace. If in look, if in speech, a girl give way to undue levity, depend upon it, says Lovelace, the devil has already got one of his cloven feet in her sheart, vi. 229, 230.

That woman must be indeed unhappy, whose conduct has laid

her under obligations to a man's filence, vi. 336.

A bold man's effrontery in company of women must be owing to his low opinion of them, and his high one of himself, vi. 362.

A good woman who vows duty to a wicked man, knowing him

to be fuch, puts to hazard her eternal happiness, vi. 375.

How dreadfully funk is the woman who supplicates for marriage to a man who has robbed her of her honour; and who can be thankful to him for doing her such poor justice! ibid.

How must such a one appear before bis friends and ter own, divested of that noble confidence which arises from a mind uncon-

scious of deserving reproach! ibid.

How does the fubject herself to the violator's upbraidings, and to his insults of generosity and pity, exerted in her favour! ibid.

It must cut to the heart a thoughtful mother, whose Husband continues in his profligate courses, to look round upon her Children, with the resection that she has given them a Father destin'd without a miracle to perdition, vi. 376.

It would be as unpardonable in a Lady, fays Lovelace (in the true Libertine spirit) to break her word with me, as it would be strange, if I kept mine to her. In Love-cases I mean; for as to

the rest, I am an honest moral man, vii. 244.

If a woman is conscious of having shewn weakness to a man who has insulted her modesty, she may then come to a composition with him, and forgive him, vii. 302.

I never knew a man, fays Mijs Howe, who deserved to be thought well of for his morals, who had a slight opinion of our

Sex in general, vii. 328.

If a woman consents to go off with a man, and he prove ever fo great a villain to her, she must take into her own bosom [the whole repreach, and] a share of his guilty baseness, vii. 328, 329.

Offences against women, and those of the most heinous nature, constitute and denominate the Man of Gallantry, vii. 358.

The

An

The pen, next to the needle, of all employments, whether for improvement or amusement, is the most proper and best adapted

to the genius of women, viii. 201, 202.

The woman who neglects the useful and the elegant, which distinguishes her own Sex, for the fake of obtaining the learning which is supposed peculiar to men, incurs more contempt by what the foregoes, than the gains credit by what the acquires, viii. 20%.

The practical knowlege of the domestic duties is the principal

glory of a woman, viii, 204.

The woman who aims at more than a knowlege of the beauties and graces of her mother tongue, too often endangers her family usefulness, ibid.

Young Ladies shou'd endeavour to make up for their defects in one part of their education, by their excellence in another, viii.

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[See the articles Courtship. Duty. Husband and Wife. Libertine. Marriage. Parents and Children. Reflections on Women, Vows.

Air and Manner. Address.

AIR and Manner are often more expressive than words, i. 7.
That Address in a man for which he is often most valued by a woman, is generally owing to his affurance, i. 239.

A concession should be made with a grace, or not at all,

ili. 295.

What a mere personal advantage is a plausible Address without morals! iv. 32.

A specious address frequently abates even a justly-conceiv'd dis-

pleafure, vi. 410.

There is a Manner in speaking that may be liable to exception. when the words without that Manner will bear none, vii. 267.

Anger. Displeasure.

Nger and difgust alter the property, at least the appearance, of things, ii. 98.

People hardly ever do any-thing in Anger, of which they do not repent, ii. 125.

A person of hard seatures should not allow himself to be very

angry, ii. 166.

We should not be angry at a person's not doing that for us, which he has a right either to do, or to let alone, ii, 244, 245. 298. iv. 316, 317.

Faulty people should rather be forry for the occasion they have

given for Anger, than refent it, iii. 176.

Nothing can be lovely in a man's eye with which he is difpleafed, V. 12. P 2

An angry or offended man will not allow to the person with whom he is displeased, the merit which is his due, v. 25.

Angry people should never write while their passion holds, v.

200.

Anger unpolishes the most polite, v. 261.

The Displeasure of friends is to be borne even by an innocent person, when it unquestionably proceeds from love, vi. 187.

An innocent person may be thankful for that Displeasure in her friend, which gives her an opportunity of justifying herself. ibid.

But then it is ungenerous in a displeased friend not to acknowlege, and ask excuse for, the mistake which caused the Displeasure, the moment he or she is convinced, *ibid*.

People of little understanding are most apt to be angry when their sense is called into question, viii. 152. [See Passion.

Apprehensions. Fear.

THE tender mind, drawn in to pursue an irregular adventure, will be ready to start at every unexpected appearance, i. 238.

The most apprehensive beginnings often make the happiest conclusions, ii. 182.

The certainty even of what we fear, is often more tolerable than the suspense, ii. 243.

The very event of which we are most apprehensive, is sometimes that which we ought to wish for, ii. 320.

Threateners, where they have an opportunity to put in force

their threats, are feldom to be feared, iii. 11.

It is better, in a critical and uncertain fituation, to apprehend without cause, than to subject one's felf to surprize, for want of forethought, iii. 115.

Evils are often greater in Apprehension, than in reality, iv. 203. An earnest disavowal of Fear often proceeds from Fear, v. 126. Few men fear those whom they do not value, v. 198.

Beauty. Figure.

Comeliness, not having so much to lose as Beauty has, will hold when Beauty will evaporate or fly off, i. 7.

Personal advantages are oftener snares than benefits, i. 194.

iii. 88.

Tho' Beauty is generally the creature of fancy, yet are there fome who will be Beauties in every eye, i. 203.

A good Figure, or Person, in man or woman, gives credit at

first fight to the choice of either, i. 277.

Men, more especially, ought to value themselves rather for their intellectual, than personal qualifications, i. 278.

The pretty fool, in all the fays, in all the does, will please, we know not why, ibid.

Who would grudge the pretty fool her day? ibid.

When

When her butterfly flutters are over, she will feel, in the general contempt she will meet with, the just effects of having neglected to cultivate her better faculties, i. 278.

While the discreet matron, who from youth has maintained her character, will find solid veneration take place of airy admiration,

and more than supply the want of the latter, ibid.

A lovely woman, whether angry or pleased, will appear love-

ly, iii. 328.

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That cruel distemper, which often makes the greatest ravages in the finest faces, is not always to be thought an evil, v. 248.

Goodness and generosity give grace and lustre to Beauty, vi. 350.

Blushes. Blushing:

A Distinction is to be made between the confusion which guilt will be attended with, and the noble consciousness that over-spreads the face of a fine spirit, on its being thought capable of an imputed evil, iii. 301.

Silence and Blushes are now no graces, fays Lovelace, with our

fine Ladies, iii. 304.

Harden'd by frequent public appearances, our modern fine Ladies would be as much ashamed as men to be found guilty cs. blashing, Lovel, ibid.

The woman who at a gross hint puts her fan before her face; seems to be conscious that her Blush is not quite ready, Lovel. iv.

[See Modesty.]

Censure. Character.

THE world, ill-natur'd as it is faid to be, is generally more just in giving Characters (speaking by what it feels) than is usually imagined, i. 119.

Those who complain most of the Censor outness of the world, perhaps ought to look inward for the occasion oftener than they

do, ibid.

A wrong step taken by a woman who aims to excel, subjects her to more severe censures from the world, whose envy she has excited, than that world would cast on a less persect character, i. 125.

Characters very good, or extremely bad, are feldom juftly

given, i. 172.

We should be particularly careful to keep clear of the faults we censure, ii. 59.

Haffy Cenfurers subject themselves to the charge of variableness in judgment, ii. 160.

We should always make allowances for the Characters, whether bad or good, that are given us by interested persons, ii. 213.

Many of those who have escaped censure, have not merited applause, ibid.

P 3

Where

Where reputation is concerned, we should not be in haste to censure, iii. 330.

We should never judge peremptorily on first appearances, ibid.

Good people, [or rather those who affect to be thought good] says Lowelase, are generally so uncharitable, that I should not chuse to be good, were the consequence to be, that I must think hardly of every-body else, iv. 6, 7. vi. 169.

Every man and woman, fays Lowclace, is apt to judge of others

by what they know of themselves, iv. 55.

A man who proves base to the confidence a woman places in him, justifies the harshest censures of such of his enemies, as would have persuaded her to reject him, v. 129.

Character runs away with, and byaffes all mankind, v. 253. In the very Courts of Justice, character acquits and condemns as often as fact, and fometimes in spite of fact, Loviel. ibid.

It is not always just to censure according to events, vi. 179.

Difficult situations make seeming occasions for censure unavoidable, vii. 231.

Cenforiousness and narrowness generally prevail with those who affect to be thought more pious than their neighbours, vii. 294.

Very few Ladies would be condemned, or even accused, in the

circles of Ladies, were they present, viii. 199.

Human depravity, it is feared, will oftener justify those who judge harshly, than those who judge favourably; yet will not good people part with their charity, viii. 200.

Nevertheless it is right to make that charity consist with cau-

tion and prudence, ibid.

Charity. Beneficence. Benevolence.

BEnevolent spirits are sufficiently happy in the noble consciousness that attends their Benevolence, i. 3. 293.

'Tis a generous pleasure in a Landlord, to love to see all his

tenants look fat, fleek, and contented, i. 76.

That spirit ought not to have the credit of being called bountiful, that referves not to itself the power of being just, iii. 192. iv. 89.

In cases where great good is wished to be done, it is grievous

to have the will without having the power, iv. 76.

True Generosity is Greatness of soul: it incites us to do more by a fellow-creature than can be strictly required of us, iv. 94.

Innocent and benevolent spirits are sure to be considered as aliens, and to be made to suffer, by the genuine sons and daughters of earth, vi. 190.

A beneficent person, diverted from her course by calamity, will resume it the moment she can, and go on doing good to all about

her, as before, vi. 352. vii. 22.

The power of conferring benefits is a godlike power, vii. 204.

A truly

A truly generous and beneficent person will, in a sudden distress, find out the unhappy before the fighing heart is overwhelmed by it, viii. 87. See also iv. 94.

A prudent person will suit her Charities to the person's usual

way of life, viii. 106. See alfo iv. 247.

Perfons blefs'd with a will, should be doubly careful to pre-

ferve to themselves the power, of doing good, viii. 110.

The honest, industrious, labouring poor, whom sickness, lameness, or unforeseen accidents, have reduced, ought to be the principal objects of our Charity, viii. 110, 111.

Small helps will fet forward the fober and industrious poor: An ocean of wealth will not be fufficient for the idle and profii-

gate, viii. 111.

It is not Charity to relieve the diffolute, if what is given to them deprive the worthy poor of fuch affiftance as would fet the

wheels of their industry going, ibid.

That Charity which provides for the morals, as well as for the bodily wants of the poor, gives a double benefit to the public, as it adds to the number of the hopeful, what it takes from that of the profligate, viii. 213.

Can there be in the eyes of that God, who requires nothing fo much from us as acts of beneficence to one another, a Charity more worthy than that of providing for the fouls as well as the bodies, of our fellow-creatures? ibid. [See Generofity.

Church. Clergy.

THE Church is a good place to begin a reconciliation in, if people mean any thing by their prayers, fays Lovelace, i. 205. Who that has views either worldly or cruel, can go to Church,

and expect a bleffing? ii. 301.

It is a juster satire upon human nature, than upon the Cloth, if we suppose, that those who have the best opportunities of being good, are less perfect than others, v. 81.

Professional as well as national reflections are to be avoided,

ibid.

The Church ought to be the only market-place for women, and domestic excellence their capital recommendation, v. 274.

A good Clergyman must love and venerate the Gospel he

teaches, and prefer it to all other learning, vii. 52.

The young Clergyman, who throws about to a Christian audience fcraps of Latin and Greek from the Pagan Classics, shews fomething wrong either in his heart or head, or in both, vii. 52, 53.

A general contempt of the Clergy, even Lovelace confesses, is a certain sign of a man of free principles, vii. 282.

P 4

[See Conscience, Death. Religion,

Comedies. Tragedies. Music. Dancing.

Libertines (afraid to trust themselves with serious and solemn restections) run to Comedies, in order to laugh away compunction, and to find examples of men as immoral as themselves, iv. 143.

Very few of our Comic Performances give good examples, ibid. Mr. Lowelace, Mrs. Sinclair, Sally Martin, Polly Horton, Mifs Partington, love not Tragedies. They have hearts too feeling. There is enough in the world, fay they, to make the heart fad, without carrying grief into our diversions, and making the diffresses of others our own, iv. 143.

Libertines love not any Tragedies, but those in which they

themselves act the parts of tyrants and executioners, ibid.

The woes of others, well represented, will unlock and open

a tender heart, Lovel. iv. 146.

The female heart expands, and forgets it forms, when its attention is carried out of itself at an agreeable or affecting Entertainment, Lovel. iv. 147.

[Women, therefore, should be cautious of the company they go

with to public Entertainments.]

Music, and other maidenly amusements, are too generally given up by women, when married, v. 254.

Music, fays Lovelace, is an amusement that may be necessary to

keep a young woman out of more active mischief, ibid.

Wine is an opiate in degree: How many women, fays Love-lace, have been taken at advantage by wine and intoxicating viands! v. 314.

Dancing is a diversion that women love; but they ought to be

wary of their company, v. 317.

Women to women, when warm'd by Dancing, Music, &c.

are great darers and provokers, v. 318.

Persons who sing and play tolerably, yet plead inability, wish not always to be believed, viii. 208.

Condescension.

Condescension that proceeds from force, or even from policy, may be often discovered to be forced, by observing the eyes and lips, ii. 174.

Condescension is not meanness, iv. 218. On the contrary, the

very word implies dignity, v. 13.

There is a glory in yielding, of which a violent spirit can hard-

Iy judge, iv. 218.

By Gentleness and Condescension, a requester leaves savourable impressions upon an angry person, which, on cooler resection, may bring the benefit denied at the time, iv. 316.

That Condescension which has neither pride nor infult in it,

gives a grace to the person, as well as to the action which demonstrates it, v. 13.

Conscience. Consciousness.

PErsons of Conscience will be afraid to begin the world unjuga-

A woman who by furprize, or otherwise, is brought to swerve, loses all that noble self-confidence, which otherwise would have given her a visible superiority over her tempter, iii. 125. See also ii. 255.

How uneafy are our reflections upon every doubtful occurrence, when we know we have been prevail'd upon to do a wrong thing! iii. 132.

It is a fatisfaction to a worthy mind, to have borne its testi-

mony against the vile actions of a bad one, iii. 240.

Self-complacency is necessary to carry a woman thro' this life, with tolerable satisfaction to herself, iv. 211.

The look of every person will be construed as a reproach, by one who is conscious of having capitally erred, vi. 377. See also iii. 338.

As to the world and its censures, fays Clarissa, however desirous I always was of a fair same, I never thought it right to give more than a second place to the world's opinion, vi. 419. See also i. 273. ii. 298. v. 9.

A pure intention, void of all undutiful refentments, is what must be my consolation, says Clarissa, whatever others may think of the measures I have taken, when they come to be known, vii. 114.

Confolation.

Those who have not deserved ill-usage, have reason to be the easier under it, ii. 153.

Who would not with patience fustain even a great evil, could she persuade herself, that it might most probably be dispensed in order to prevent a still greater? iii. 271.

How much lighter, on reflection, will the same evils fit on the heart of one who has not brought them upon herself, than upon one who has! ibid. See also ii. 180. 244.

There is one common point in which all shall meet, err widely as they may, iv. 37.

Patience and perseverance overcome the greatest difficulties, iv. 48.

If a person in calamity can confider herself as called upon to a give an example of patience and refignation, she will find her mind greatly invigorated, iv. 64.

All nature, and every-thing in it, has its bright and gloomy fide. We should not always be thinking of the worst, iv. 147.

Nil. 297.

P. 5.

My mind, fays Clariffa to Lovelace and Tomlinson, is prepared for advertity. That I have not deserved the evils I have met with, is my Consolation, v. 200. vi. 116. 186. 191. 194.

There must be a world after this to do justice to injured inno-

cence, and to punish barbarous perfidy, v. 293.

We often look back with pleasure on the heaviest griefs, when the cause of them is removed, v. 204.

No one ought to think the worse of herself for having suffered

what she could not avoid, v. 340.

Temporary evils may be borne with, because they are but temporary, vi. 33.

None are made to fuffer beyond what they can bear, and there-

fore ought to bear, vi. 116.

We know not the methods of Providence, nor what wife ends it may have to ferve, in its feemingly fevere difpensations, ibid.

A patient and innocent fufferer will look to a world beyond

this for its reward, vi. 178.

Many happy days may persons greatly unhappy live to see, if they will not heighten unavoidable accidents into guilty despondency, vi. 191.

We should, in an heavy evil, comfort ourselves, as we would

in the like circumstances comfort others, vi. 192.

This world is defigned but for a transitory state of probation. A good person, considering herself as travelling thro' it to a better, will put up with all the hardships of the journey, in hopes of an ample reward at the end of it, vi. 260.

Had I, fays Clarissa (drawing near her end) escaped the evils I labour under, I might have been taken in the midst of some gay promising hope; when my heart had beat high with desire of life; and when the vanity of this earth had taken hold of me, vi. 377.

What happiness, on reflection, does that person enjoy, who has not acted unworthy of herself in the time of trial and temp-

tation ! vii. 41, 42.

All the troubles of this world, as well as its joys, are but of

fhort duration, vii. III.

Things the most grievous to human nature at the time, often in the event prove the happiest for us, vii. 123. See also vii. 30.

We remember those we have long lost, with more pleasure than

pain, vii. 181.

Solemn impressions, that seem to weaken the mind, may, by proper reslection, be made to strengthen it, vii. 202.

Where there is a reliance made on Providence, it feldom fails to raife up a new friend for every old one that falls off, vii. 204.

There is often a necessity for a confiderate person's being unhappy, in order to be happy, vii. 212.

Good motions wrought into habits will yield pleasure at a time when nothing else can, vii, 240,

Perfons .

Persons enured to afflictions, and who have lived in constant hope of a better life, and have no flagrant vices to reproach themselves with, are the fittest comforters of friends in distress, viii. 82.

When a man has not great good to comfort himself with, it is right, Jays Lovelace, to make the best of the little that may

offer, viii. 143.

There never was any discomfort happen'd to mortal man, but fome little ray of Confolation would dart in, if the wretch was not fo much a wretch, as to draw, instead of undraw, the curtain, to keep it out, ibid.

See Adversity. Conscience. Death, Grief, Human Life.

Religion.

Controul. Authority.

NO extraordinary qualifications are to be expected from a manwho never, as a child, was subject to Controul, i. 67.

Young Ladies on whom parental Controul is known to fit heavilv, give a man of intrigue room to think, that they want to be parents themselves, Lovel. iii. 58.

A generous mind will then only be jealous of Controul, when it imagines its laudable friendships, or its generofity, are likely to be wounded by it, iii. 344.

A man, by feeming afraid of Controul, often subjects himself

to it, vi. 84.

People awed and controuled, tho' but by their own consciousness of inferiority, will find fault right or wrong with those of whose rectitude of mind and manners their own culpable hearts give them to be afraid, viii. 197.

See Duty. Parents and Children.

Covetoufness. Avarice.

A Covetous man acts as if he thought the world made for himfels

only, i. 80.

Covetous people may bear with every one's ill word, fince they are fo folicitous to keep what they prefer to every one's good word, i. 91.

The difference between obtaining a fame for generofity, and incurring the cenfure of being a mifer, will not, prudently ma-

naged, cost fifty pounds a year, i. 119.

A mifer's heir may, at a small expence, obtain the reputation of generofity, ibid.

When was an ambitious or covetous mind fatisfied with ac-

quifition ? i. 127.

A prodigal man generally does more injustice than a covetous one, i. 217. What

What man or woman, who is covetous of wealth or of power, defires either for the fake of making a right use of it? v. 201.

Time is the only thing of which we can be allowably covetous, finee we live but once in this world, and when gone, are gone from it for ever, viii. 221.

[See Self.

Courtship.

R Everence to a woman in Courtsbip is the less to be dispensed with, as, generally, there is but little of it shewn afterwards, i. 8.

A very ready consent often subjects a woman to contempt,

i. 11.

If a man cannot make a woman in Courtship own herself pleased with him, it is as much, and oftentimes more, to his purpose, to make her angry with him, Lovel. i. 19.

That difgust must be fincere, which is conceived on a first visit,

and confirmed in every after one, i. 102.

A woman who shews a very great dislike to the Lover, whom afterward she is induced to marry, had need to have a double share of prudence to behave unexceptionably to her bushand, i. 207. 270, 271. ii, 65.

He who perseveres in his addresses to a woman whose aversion or dislike to him he has no reason to doubt, wants the spirit that

diftinguishes a man, i, 216.

Very few people in Courtship see each other as they are, ii. 73. Our Courtship-days are our best days: Favour destroys Courtship, distance encreases it, Miss Howe, ii. 130.

A woman in Courtship has reason to resent those passions in her Lover, which are predominant to that he pretends to have

for her, ii. 141.

One of the greatest indignities that can be cast on a woman in Courtship, is, for a man to be so profligate as to engage himself in lewed pursuits, at the time he pretends his whole heart to be hers, ii. 161.

A woman accustomed to be treated with obsequiousness, will expect obsequiousness to the end of the Courtship chapter, says

Mifs Howe, iii. 171.

The man who expresses high respect to a woman, is entitled, if not to acceptance, to civility, iv. 171. See also i. 257.

A wife man will not discourage that discretion in a mistress,

which will be his glory and fecurity in a wife, iv. 219.

The woman who in Courtship treats haughtily or ill the man she intends to have, gives room for the world to think, either, That she has a mean opinion of him, and an high one of herself, vii. 231.---

Or, That she has not generosity enough to use moderately the

power which his great affection gives her, vii. 231, 232.

Such a woman gives reason to free livers to suppose (and to presume

presume upon it) that the man to whom she intends to give her hand has no share in her heart, vii. 232.

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And if the thew that regard to him after marriage, of which the thewed none before, it will be construed as a compliment to the Husband, made at the expence of the Wife's, and even of the Sex's delicacy, ibid.

Such a one will teach the world, by ber example, to despise the man, whom, when her Husband, she would wish it to respect, ibid.

To condescend with dignity, to command with kindness, and sweetness of manners, are points to be aimed at by a wise woman in Courtship, vii. 233.

She should let her Lover see, that she has generosity to approve of and reward a well-meant service:

That she has a mind that lifts her above the little captious follies which some attribute to the Sex:

That she refents not (if ever she has reason to be displeased) thro' pride, or with petulance:

That by infifting on little points, she aims not to come at or to secure great ones, perhaps not proper to be carried:

Nor leaves room to suppose that she thinks she has so much cause to doubt her own merit, as to make it needful to put her Lover upon disagreeable or arrogant trials:

But lets reason be the principal guide of her actions:

And then she will hardly ever fail of that respect which will make her judgment after marriage consulted, sometimes with a preference to a man's own; at other times as a delightful confirmation of his, vii. 233, 234.

When judgment is at a loss to determine the choice of a Lady who has feveral Lovers, fancy may the more allowably predominate, vii. 240.

Women cannot put the question to a Lover, Whether he mean honourably, or not, in his address, without affronting their own virtue and personal graces, vii. 263.

[They should therefore never admit of the address of a Libertine.

The woman who in Courtship uses ill the man she intends to have, restects not on the obligations her pride is laying her under

[See Advice to Women. Husband and Wife. Libertine. Love. Marriage. Parents and Children. Reflections on Women. Vows.

Credulity.

WOmen are fometimes drawn in to believe against probability, by the unwillingness they have to doubt their own merit,

Superfitious notions propagated in infancy, are hardly ever totally eradicated, not even in minds grown strong enough to despise the like credulous folly in others, ii. 283,

Credulity is the God of Love's prime minister, and they are never afunder, iii. 119.

Credulity permits us not, till we fuffer by it, to fee the defects

of those of whom we think highly, iv. 30.

We are all very ready to believe what we like, iv. 314. [See Courtship. Love. Lover.

Cruelty. Hard heartedness.

That Cruelty which children are permitted to shew to birds, and other animals, will most probably exert itself on their fellow-creatures, when at years of maturity, iv. 14.

Let the parents of such a child expect a Lovelace, iv. 342. vi.

212.

When we reflect upon the cruelties daily practifed upon fuch of the animal creation as are given us for food, or which we enfrare for our diversion, we shall be obliged to own, fays even Lovelace, that there is more of the savage in human nature, than we are aware of, iv. 16, 17, 18.

Infinite beauties are there to be found in a weeping eye, Lovel.

iv. 23.

Hard-heartedness is an effential in the character of a Libertine,

iv. 109. 317.

No heart bursts, fays the favage Lovelace, be the occasion for forrow what it will, which has the kindly relief of tears, v. 67.

[See Libertine. Tears.

Death. Dying.

M Elancholy objects and subjects will at times impress the most profligate spirits. [They should not therefore be run away from.] iv. 350.

What is Death, but a ceffation from mortal life? vi. 377.

It is but the finishing of an appointed course, ibid. The refreshing Inn, after a satiguing journey, ibid.

The end of a life of cares and troubles, ibid.

These men who give themselves airs of bravery on reslecting upon the last scenes of others, may be expected, if sensible at the time, to behave the most pitifully in their own, vii. 159.

What a dreadful thing is Death, to a person who has not one

comfortable reflection to revolve! vii. 162.

What would I give, fays the departing Belton, to have but one year of life before me, and to have the same sense of things I now have! ibid.

[See also the dying Belton's pleas to his Physician, and treatment of him, and of his own Sister, because they could give him no hope, vii. 187---190.

The feeds of Death are fown in us when we begin to live, and grow up, till, like rampant weeds, they choak the tender flower of life, vii. 189,

In beholding the Death of a friend, we are affected as well by what must one day be our own case, as by his agonies, vii. 191.

To be cut off by the fword of injured friendship is the most

dreadful of all Deaths, next to Suicide, vii. 193.

Refignation in Death, and reliance on the Divine mercies, give great comfort to the friends of the dying, vii. 194. viii. 66, 67.

A good conscience only can support a person in a sensible and

gradual Death, vii. 314. 360.

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It is a choice comfort at the winding up of our short story, fays Clarissa, to be able to say, "I have rather suffered injuries, than "offered them," vii. 401.

Nothing that is of confequence should be left to be done in the

last incapacitating hours of life, vii. 414. 420.

[See Clarista's noble behaviour in the agonies of Death, viii. 3-8. All fentiments of worldly grandeur vanish at that unavoidable

moment which decides the destiny of men, viii. 15.

What, in the last folemn moments, must be the reslection of those (if capable of reslection) whose study and pride it has been to seduce the innocent, and to ruin the weak, the unguarded, and the friendless; perhaps, too, by themselves made friendless? ibid.

[See the shocking and outrageous behaviour of Sinclair at her Death,

viii. 49, & feq.

See also the violent Death of Lovelace, viii. 246, & Seq.

What are twenty or thirty years to look back upon? viii. 31. In a long life, what friends may we not have to mourn for? ib. What temptations may we not have to encounter with? ibid.

In the loss of a dear friend, it is an high fatisfaction to be able to reflect, that we have no acts of unkindness to reproach ourfelves with, viii. 38.

Time only can combat with advantage very heavy deprivations,

viii. 84.

Nature will be given way to, till forrow has in a manner exhausted itself; then reason and religion will come in seasonably, with their powerful aids, to raise the drooping heart, ibid.

[See Consolation. Grief. Religion.

Delicacy. Decency. Decorum.

Much disagreeable evil will arise to a woman of the least Delicacy, from an Husband who is given to wine, i. 269.

What young woman of Delicacy would be thought to have inclinations fo violent, that she could not conquer them? or a will so stubborn, that she would not, at the entreaty and advice of her friends, attempt the conquest? ii. 75.

Punctilio is out of doors the moment a Daughter clandestinely

quits her Father's house, ii. 288.

How inexcuseable are those giddy creatures, who in the same hour leap from a parent's window to an Husband's bed! ibid.

Numberless

Numberless are the reasons that might be given why a woman of the least Delicacy should never think of going off with a man, iii. 18.

A woman who goes off with a man has no room either to practife Delicacy herfelf, or to expect it from the man, iii. 32. 37. 42.

A consent, in some nice Love-cases, were better taken for grant-

ed, than asked for, iii. 46.

Few, very few men are there, who have Delicacy enough to enter into those parts of the female character which are its glory and distinction, *ibid*.

Over-niceness may be under-niceness, v. 9.

Men need not give indelicate hints to women on subjects that relate to themselves, Lovel. v. 112.

A man who is grofs in a woman's company, adds he, ought to

be knock'd down with a club, ibid.

Delicate women make delicate women, and also decent men, v.

256.

There are points so delicate, that it is a degree of dishonour to have a vindication of one's felf from them thought necessary, vi. 137.

The free things that among us Rakes, fays Belford, pass for wit and spirit, must be shocking stuff to the ears of persons of Deli-

cacy, vi. 295, 296.

[See Advice to Women. Courtship. Duty. Libertine. Love. Marriage. Men and Women, &c.

Despondency. Despair.

I F we despond, there can be no hope of cure, iii. 263. vi. 396.

To despond is to add sin to sin, iv. 197.

When a profligate man, on being overtaken by a dangerous fickness, or inevitable calamity, desponds, what confolation can be given him either from his past life, or his future prospects? vi. 389.

This is the cause of my despair, Says Belton, that God's justice

cannot let his mercy operate for my comfort, vii, 163.

[See Confolation.

Deviation.

To condemn a Deviation, and to follow it by as great a one, what is it but to propagate a general corruption? ii. 165.

The Deviation of a person of eminence is more inexcuseable than that of a common person, iii. 193.

In unhappy fituations it will be difficult, even for worthy perfons, to avoid fometimes departing from the simple truth, iii. 206.

[How necessary is it then for such persons to be careful that they do not, by their own inconsideration, involve themselves in difficulties!

Worthy

Worthy persons, if inadvertently drawn into a Deviation, will endeavour instantly to recover their lost ground, that they may not bring error into habit, iii. 206.

A criminal Deviation in one friend is likely to cast a shade upon

the other, iii. 256.

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To the pure every little Deviation, fays Lovelace, feems offenfive, iv. 4.

One devious step at first setting out, frequently leads a person

into a wilderness of doubt and error, iv. 37. 75.

When we are betrayed into a capital Deviation, leffer Devia-

tions will hardly be avoidable, v. 55.

She who is too ready to excuse a wilful Deviation in another, renders her own virtue suspectable, Jam. Harl, vii. 343, 344.

[See Guilt. Human Nature.

Dignity. Quality.

U Pon true Quality and hereditary Distinction, if sense be not wanting, honours and affluence sit easy, i. 270.

If we affume a Dignity, and difgrace not by arrogance our affumption, every-body will treat us with respect and deference, ii. 11.

Hereditary Dignity conveys more diffrace than honour to defeendents who have not merit to adorn it, ii. 223.

Gentleman is a title of distinction, which a Prince may not deserve, iii. 130.

The first Dignity ought to be accompanied with the first merit, iv. 19.

Grandeur, fays Lovelace, always makes a man's face shine in a

woman's eye, v. 336.

People who are fenced in either by their Years or Quality, should not, fays Lovelace, take freedoms that a man of spirit ought to resent from others, vi. 214.

True Dignity admits not of pride or arrogance, vi. 301.

Some men have a native Dignity in their manner, which will procure them more regard by a look, than others can obtain by the most imperious commands, vii. 183.

The man who is good by choice, as well as by education, has that *Quality* in himfelf [that true Dignity], which ennobles human nature, and without which the most dignified by birth or rank

are ignoble, vii. 240.

Women who will not affume fome little Dignity, and exact respect from men, will render themselves cheap, and perhaps have their modesty and diffidence repaid with scorn and insult, Miss Howe, viii. 177.

[See Advice to Women, Courtship. Delicacy. Libertine, &c.

Double Entendre.

IT is an odious thing in a man to look fly and leering at a woman, whose modesty is invaded by another by indecent hints or Double Entendre, iii. 301.

What a groffness is there in the mind of that man, who thinks

to reach a Lady's heart by wounding her ears! iii. 320.

Well-bred men, who think themselves in virtuous company, will not allow in themselves such liberties of speech, as tho' not free enough for open censure, are capable of conveying impure images to the heart, iii, 322.

Men who go out of their way to hint free things, must either be guilty of abfurdity, meaning nothing; or, meaning fomething,

of rudeness, ibid.

Obscenity is so shameful even to the guilty, that they cannot

hint at it, but under a double meaning, iv. 346.

Even Lovelace declares, that he never did, nor ever will, talk to a Lady in a way that modesty will not permit her to answer him in, viii. 145.

[See Delicacy.

Drefs. Fashions. Elegance.

THE genius of a man who is fond of his person, or Dress, seldom strikes deep into intellectual subjects, i. 278.

A man vain of his person, endeavouring to adorn it, frequently

renders himself ridiculous, ibid.

Women owe to themselves, and to their Sex, to be always neat, and never to be surprised, by accidental visitors, in such a dishabille as would pain them to be seen in, ii. 149.

All that hoops are good for, fays Miss Howe, is, to clean dirty

shoes, and to keep fellows at distance, ii. 168.

The mind is often indicated by outward Drefs, iii. 332.

Homely persons, the more they endeavour to adorn themselves, the more they expose the defects they want to hide, iv. 27.

If women, fays Lovelace, would make themselves appear as elegant to an Husband, as they were desirous to appear to him while a Lover, the Rake, which all women love, would last longer in the Husband than it generally does, iv. 126.

A woman who would preferve a Lover's respect to her-person, will be careful of her appearance before him when in dishabille,

iv. 145.

Full Drefs creates dignity, augments confcioufness, and keeps

at distance an encroacher, ibid.

An elegant woman, in her earliest hour, will, for ber own pleasure, be as nice as others in full dress, ibid.

Elegant Dress contributes greatly to keep passion alive, v. 273.

Dress gives great advantage to women who have naturally a genteel air, and have been well educated, v. 277.

Per-

Persons who thro' misfortunes chuse not to dress, should not, however, give up neatnefs, vi. 193, 194.

A Fop takes great pains to hang out a fign, by his Drefs, of

what he has in his shop, vi. 362, 363.

A clumfy Beau feems to owe himself a double spite, making his ungracefulness appear the more ungraceful by his tawdriness in Drefs, Lovel. vi. 363.

Singularity of Drefs flews fomething wrong in the mind, ibid. Plain Drefs, for an ordinary man or woman, implies at leaft modesty, and procures kind quarter even from the censorious, vi. 363. viii. 191.

The Fashion or Dress that becomes one person, frequently

misbecomes another, vii. 95.

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Nature and Ease should be the guides in Dress or Fashion, ibid, [See Advice to Women. Delicacy. Dignity.

Duelling.

A Man of honour cannot go to law for verbal abuses given by

people entitled to wear fwords, i. 165.

Duelling is fo fashionable a part of brutal bravery, that a good man is often at a loss so to behave, as to avoid incurring either mortal guilt, or general contempt, ii. 60.

Those who throw contempt upon a good man, for chusing rather to pass by a verbal injury than imbrue his hands in blood,

know not the measure of true magnanimity, ibid.

'Tis much more noble to forgive, and much more manly to

despise, than to refent, an injury, ibid.

A man of spirit should too much disdain the man, who is capable of doing him wilfully a mean wrong, to put his life upon equal value with his own! ibid.

What an absurdity is it in a man, to put it in the power of one, who has done him a fmall injury, to do him (as it may happen) and those who love him, an irreparable one! ibid.

What a flagrant partiality is it in those men, who can themselves be guilty of crimes which they juftly hold unpardonable in their

nearest female relations! vii. 336 .---

Yet cannot commit them without doing fuch injuries to other families, as they think themselves obliged to resent unto death, when offered to their own! ibid.

An innocent man ought not to run an equal risk with a guilty

one, viii. 26. 157.

He who will arrogate to himself the province of the Almighty, who has declared, that vengeance is His, ought to tremble at what

may be the confequence, viii. 26. 157.

May it not, in case of the offended person's giving the challenge, be suitable to the Divine justice to punish the presumptuous innocent by the hand of the felf-defending guilty, referving him for a future day of vengeance? viii. 26. 158, 159.

Life is a fhort stage when longest: If Heaven will afford a wicked man time for repentance, who shall dare to deny it him? viii. 26. 158.

The conscience of the offender, when it shall please God to strike it, shall be sharper than an avenger's sword, viii. 26.

Duelling is not only an usurpation of the Divine prerogative, but it is an infult upon magistracy and good government, viii. 157.

'Tis an impious act; 'tis an attempt to take away a life that

ought not to depend upon a private sword, ibid.

An act, the consequence of which is to hurry a foul (all its fins upon its head) into perdition, endangering also that of the poor triumpher; fince neither intend to give to the other that opportunity for repentance which each prefumes to hope for himfelf, viii. 157, 158.

Where shall the evil of Duelling stop? Who shall avenge on

the avenger? viii. 158.

Who would not wish, that the aggressor should be still the guilty

aggressor? ibid.

Often has the more guilty been the vanquisher of the less guilty, See Guilt. Libertine.

Duty. Obedience.

A Good child will not feek to exculpate herfelf at the expence of the most revered characters, i. 27.

If we fuffer by an act of Duty, or even of generofity, we have this comfort on reflection, that the fault is in others, not in our-

felves, i. 125.

Altho' our parents or friends should not do every-thing for us that we may wish or expect, it becomes us nevertheless to be thankful to them for the benefits they have actually conferred on us, i. 131.

A good child, upon ill terms with her parents, tho' hopeless of fuccess, should leave no means unattempted to reconcile herfelf to them, were it but to acquit herfelf to herfelf, i. 163.

A fufferer may not be able to forbear complaining of the ill treatment she, meets with from her parents; but it may go against her to have even the person to whom she complains take the same liberties with them, i. 180.

The want of reward is no warrant for us to dispense with our

Duty, ibid.

The merit of Obedience confifts in giving up an inclination,

In reciprocal Duties, the failure on one fide justifies not a failure on the other, i. 240. 243. ii. 57, 58. vii. 243.

Prudence and Duty will enable a person to overcome the greatest

difficulties, i. 265.

Where is the praise-worthiness of Obedience, if it be only paid in instances where we give up nothing? ii. 63.

If a passion can be conquered, it is a sacrifice a good child owes to indulgent parents; especially if they would be unhappy if she made not such a sacrifice, ii. 95. See also i. 265.

No independency of fortune can free a child from her filial

Duty, ii. 234.

Nor ought any change of circumstances to alter her notions of Duty, iii. 147.

A Duty exacted with too much rigour, is often attended with

fatal consequences, iii. 192.

The duty of a child to her parents may be faid to be anterior to her very birth, iii. 197.

What is the precise stature or age at which a good child may

conclude herself absolved from her filial Duty? iii. 198.

A good person cannot look with indifference on any part of a

vow'd Duty, iii. 254.

A worthy person will make it her prayer, as well as her endeavour, that whatever trials she may be called upon to undergo, she may not behave unworthily in them, and may come out amended by them, iii. 256.

A daughter who chearfully gives up an inclination to the judgment of her parents, may be faid to have laid them under

obligation to her, iv. 34.

Can a fugitive Daughter enjoy herself, while her parents are in tears? iv. 249.

Other peoples not performing their Duty, is no excuse for the neglect of ours, says even Lovelace, vi. 203.

The world is too apt to fet itself in opposition to a general

Duty, vii. 49.

General Duties ought not to be weakened by our endeavouring to justify a fingle person, if faulty, however unhappily circumstanced, ibid.

There is no merit in performing a Duty, vii. 98.

A dutiful Daughter gives an earnest of making a dutiful and obliging Wife, vii. 178.

Duty upon principle will oblige to an uniformity of Duty in

every relation of life, ibid.

Rigour makes it difficult for sliding virtue to recover itself, vii. 343.

[See Parents and Children.

Education.

E Notice would never have appeared, ii. 113.

There is a docible feafon, a learning-time, in youth, which, fuffered to elapfe, and no foundation laid, feldom returns, iv. 149. Some genius's, like fome fruits, ripen not till late, *ibid*.

Industry and perseverance in study will do prodigious things, ibid. What an uphill labour must it be to a learner, who has those

firft

first rudiments to master at twenty years of age, which others

are taught at ten! iv. 149.

Parents ought to cultivate the minds of their Daughters, and inspire them with early notions of reserve and distance to men, Lovel, iv. 313.

It is not enough that a youth be put upon doing acts of beneficence; he must be taught to do them from proper motives, iv. 318.

A pious end, and a crown of glory, are generally the natural

fruits of a virtuous Education, viii. 22.

The person who aims at acquiring too many things, will hardly excel in any, viii. 209.

Improvement must attend upon those who are more ready to

hear than to speak, viii. 215.

[See Advice to Women. Duty. Parents and Children.

Example.

Persons distinguished by their rank, or their virtues, are answerable to the public for their conduct in material points, i. 4. Persons of prudence, and distinguish'd talents, seem to be sprinkled thro' the world, to do credit by their example to religion and virtue, i. 266.

No one should plead the errors of another, in justification of

his own, ii. 82. 336.

Persons who are fond of being thought of as examples, should look into themselves, watch, and fear, iv. 196.

Dearly do I love, fays Lovelace (speaking of Miss Rawlins) to engage with the Precept-givers and Example-setters, v. 317.

The Example at church of persons conspicuous for virtue, rank, and sense, gives an high credit to religion, vii. 237.

[See Religion. Virtue.

Expectation.

There is more joy in Expectation and preparation, than in fruition, be the pursuit what it will, i. 234.

Mankind cheat themselves by their raised Expectations of pleasure in prospect, ii. 78.

Very feldom is it that high Expectations are fo much as tolerably

answered, iv. 30.

The joys of Expectation are the highest of all our joys, v. 272.

Eyes.

△ Weeping Eye indicates a gentle heart, iv. 146.

A Sparkling Eyes, fays Lovelace, when the poetical tribe have faid what they will of them, are an infallible fign of a rogue, or room for a rogue, in the heart, iv. 174.

The Eye is the casement at which the heart generally looks out, Level. vi. 344. Many Many a woman, who will not shew herself at the door, has tipt the sly, the intelligible wink from the window, Lovel. vi. 344.

[See Tears.

Faults. Folly. Failings. Error.

A Man who gives the world cause to have an ill opinion of him, ought to take the consequence of his own Faults, i. 21.

Who ever was in Fault, Self being judge? i. 70.

What a hero or heroine must that person be, who can conquer a constitutional fault! i. 174. ii. 5. See also i. 120.

It is not enough for a person convicted of a Fault, to own it,

if he amend it not, i. 193.

An enemy wishes not a man to be without the Faults he upbraids him with, i. 275.

A woman who gives better advice than she takes, doubles the

weight of her own Faults, ii. 84.

Faults which arise from generous attachments, are not easily detected, iii. 195.

No man has a right to be displeased at freedoms taken with him for Faults which he is not ashamed to confess, iv. 26.

It ought to be our care, that whatever Errors we fall into, they should be the Faults of our judgment, and not of our will, iv. 97.

Great Faults, and great Virtues, are often found in the fame persons, iv. 330.

Repetition of Faults revives the remembrance of Faults for-

given, iv. 357.

When we are drawn into an Error, we should take care to make as few people as possible suffer by the consequence of it, v. 52.

One Crime is generally the parent of another, v. 341.

It is kind to endeavour to extenuate the Fault of one who is more ready to reproach than to excuse herself, vi. 128.

Wicked men will often abuse people for the confequence of their

own Faults, vi. 271.

Worthy minds should not be more ready to fly from the rebuke than from the Fault, vi. 420.

We may be mortified by a calamity brought upon ourselves; but this rather for the calamity's than the Fault's sake, vii. 107.

People are apt to make allowances for fuch Faults in others, as they will not amend in themselves, viii. 41, 42.

Persons who will not be at the pains of correcting constitutional Faults or Failings, frequently seek to gloss them over by some nominal virtues, viii. 177.

[See Guilt.

Favour.

F Avours are ask'd by some with an air that casts for rejection,

To exalt the person we favour above his merit, is but to depreciate him, ii, 81. See also i, 215.

A worthy mind will not ask a Favour, till it has confidered

whether it is fit to be granted, ii. 192.

In our expectations of Favours, we should divest ourselves of felf, so far as to leave to others the option they have a right to make, ii. 294, 295. vi. 422.

Awe, reverence, and apprehended prohibition, make a Favour

precious, Lovel. iii. 53.

To request a Favour is one thing; to challenge it as our due is another, iv. 316.

A petitioner has no right to be angry at a repulse, if he has not a right to demand what he sues for as a debt, iv. 316, 317.

The grace with which a Favour is conferred, may be as acceptable as the Favour itself, viii. 198.

Flattery. Compliments.

IF we have power to oblige, our Flatterers will tell us any-thing fooner than what they know we dislike to hear, i. 31.

Complimental flourishes are the poison of female minds, i. 220. Hyperbolic Compliments are elevated absurdities, ii. 176.

A man who flatters a woman hopes either to find her a fool, or to make her one, ibid.

It is not always wrong to take the man at his word, who, pretending to depreciate himself, lays out for a compliment, iii. 68.

iv. 3.
Undue compliments ought to be looked upon as affronts to the

understanding of the person to whom they are addressed, iii. 334. Women, by encouraging Flatterers, teach men to be hypocrites; yet, at other times, stigmatize them for deceivers, Lovel. iv. 4.

Great men do evil, and leave it to their Flatterers to find a reason for it afterwards, vii. 5.

Officious persons are always at hand to flatter, or footh, the

passions of the affluent, vii. 298.

Many persons endeavouring to avoid the imputation of Flattery, or Hypocrify, run into rusticity, or ill-manners, viii. 177.

[See Advice to Women.

Fond. Fondness.

THE woman must expect to bear slights from the busband, of whom she was too visibly fond as a lover, i. 31.

Fondness spoils more wives than it makes grateful, Solmes, i.

The fond mother ever makes an harden'd child, i. 287. Cov maids make fond wives, fays Mr. Solmes, ii. 65.

The Fondness of a wife to an husband, whom in courtship she despised for mental impersections, must be imputed either to dissimulation, or to very indelicate motives, ii. 71, 72.

We are apt to be fond of any-body that will fide with us when we are oppressed or provoked, ii. 200. Fond-

Fondness and Toying between a married pair before company, Lovelace himself condemns, not only as indiscreet, but as indecent and scandalous, iv. 328.

Single Ladies who shew too visible a Fondness for a man, dif-

charge him from all complaifance, v. 38.

Single Ladies should never be witnesses to those freedoms between fond husbands and wives (tho' ever so much the wife's friends) which they would not have offered to themselves, Lovel. vi. 229.

Forgiveness. Pardon.

MAny a young offender against modesty and decency, has been confirmed a libertine by a too easy forgiveness, iv. 110. See also i. 221.

An easy Forgiveness, where a person ought to be forgiven, will

encrease the obligation with a mind not ungenerous, v. 10.

A negative Forgiveness is an ungracious one, v. 27.

The person who would exact a promise of Pardon, tacitly ac-

knowleges that he deferves it not, v. 180.

May those be forgiven, prays Clarissa in the beight of ber calamities, who hinder my Father from forgiving me! and this shall be the harshest thing, relating to them, that falls from my pen, vi. 129, 130.

An accidental and unpremeditated error carries with it the

strongest plea for Forgiveness, vi. 130.

Tell Mr. Lovelace, nobly fays Clariffa, that I am endeavouring to bring my mind to fuch a frame, as to be able to pity him; and that I shall not think myself qualified for the state I am aspiring to, if, after a few struggles more, I cannot forgive him too, vi. 349. vii. 378.

Nothing can be more wounding than a generous Forgiveness,

vi. 382.

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The eafy Pardon perverse children meet with, when they have done the most rash and undutiful thing they can do, occasions many to follow their example, vii. 33.

To be forgiven by injured Innocents is necessary, Lovelace thinks,

to the divine Pardon, vii. 86.

Men are less unforgiving than women, Lovel. vii. 116.

Friendship.

TRUE Friendship admits not of reserve, i. 55.

Friendship should never give a byas against judgment, itid.

How shall we expect to avoid the censure of our enemies, if our Friends will not hold a looking-glass before us to let us see our impersections in it? i. 65.

Friend should judge Friend, as an indifferent person would be supposed to judge of him, i. 65. 181.

Vor. VIII, Q

It is natural for the person who has the misfortune of losing old

Friends, to be defirous of making new ones, i. 165.

Such a difference in temper and constitution in two young Ladies as excludes all imaginary rivalship, may be the cement of a firm Friend-Thip between them, i. 174.

The part of a true Friend is to footh, or conciliate, rather than to stimulate, or provoke, the anguish of a complaining spirit ill at ease

with her nearest relations, i. 181, 182.

A Brother may not be a Friend, but a Friend will always be a Bro-

ther, ii. 15.

An ingenuous and worthy mind will fay with Clariffa, " Spare me not because I am your Friend; but, rather, for that very reason spare " me net," ii. 146.

No true Friend can ask to be relieved from a distress, which would

involve a Friend in as deep a one, ii. 288.

But if, with a small inconvenience to ourselves, we could relieve our Friend from a great one, I would not, fays Miss Howe, admit the refuser into the outermost fold of my heart, ii. 288. See also ii. 239.

To be displeased with a Friend for telling us our faults, is putting ourselves into the inconvenient fituation of royalty, and our of the way

of amendment, ii. 294.

Veneration is hardly compatible with that fweet familiarity which

is necessary to unite two persons in the bands of Friendship, ibid.

The person who has been missed is obliged, as well in prudence, as in generofity and justice (that her own error may not spread) to caution a truly-beloved Friend not to fall into the like, iii. 196.

Freely to give reproof, and thankfully to receive it, is an indispens-

able condition of true Friendship, iii. 196. 205.

An apology made for an honest and friendly freedom, is a fort of ci-

vil affront, iii. 207.

It is kind [tho' it may be difficult] to conceal from a dear Friend those griefs which cannot be relieved, iv. 39.

Misfortunes give a call to discharge the noblest offices of Friendship.

ibid.

Great minds carry their Friendship beyond accidents, and ties of blood, iv. 65.

Fervent Friendships seldom subsist between two sister-beauties, both

toafts, iv. 183.

There is a confentaneousness in some minds, which will unite them Aronger to each other in a few hours, than can be done in years with some others whom yet we see not with disgust, iv. 294.

An active spirit in one Friend, and a passive one in the other, is

likely to make their Friendship durable, v. 255.

A great error ought less to be excused in one we value, than in one to whom we are indifferent, vi. 144.

True Friendship will make a person careful to shun every appearance

that may tend to debase it by selfish or fordid views, vi. 267.

No Friendship, but what is virtuous, can be worthy of that sacred rame, vi. 298. 301.

There are Friendships that are only bottle-deep, vi. 345. vii. 160,

Friend-

Friendships with gay people, who became intimate occause they were gay, the reason for their first intimacy ceasing, will fade, vi. 345.

The Friendship of gay people, and of free livers, ought more pro-

perly to be called Companion (bip, ibid. Ladies, conspicuously worthy, give fignificance to those whom they

honour with their intimacy, vi. 371. The ties of pure Friendship are more binding and tender than those of

nature, vi. 372. It is disgraceful to be thought to be the intimate Friend of a profligate

and incorrigible man, vi. 399.

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There is an exalted pleasure in intellectual Friendship, that cannot be tasted in the gross fumes of sensuality, vi. 405.

Warmth becomes Friendship when our Friend is struggling with un-

deferved calamity, vi. 407.

I have no notion, fays Miss Howe, of coolness in Friendship, be it disguised, or distinguished, by the name of Prudence, or what it will, ibid.

It is not every one who has a foul capable of Friendship, vi. 410.

One day profligate men will be convinced, that what they call Friendship is chaff and stubble; and that nothing is worthy of that sacred name that has not virtue for its base, vii. 162.

The good opinion we have entertain'd of a person we have once thought worthy of it, is not to be lightly given up, vii. 211.

Friendship, generally speaking, is too fervent a flame for female

minds to manage, Col. Morden, viii. 167.

- A light that, but in few of their hands, burns fleady, and often hurries the Sex into flight and absurdity; and, like other extremes,

is hardly ever durable, Col. Morden, ibid.

Marriage, which is the highest state of Friendship, generally ab-

forbs the most vehement Friendship of female to female, ibid.

What female mind is capable of two fervent Friendships at the same time? ibid.

The following are the requifites, according to Col. Morden, of fervent and durable female Friendship; to wit, That both should [like Clarissa and Miss Howe have enlarged hearts, a good education, and minds thirfling after virtuous knowlege .-

That they should be nearly of equal fortunes, in order to be above that dependence on each other, which frequently destroys the familiari-

ty that is the cement of Friendship .-

That each should excel in different ways, that there might not be

room for either to envy the other. -

That each should see something in the other to fear, as well as to

That it should be an indispensable condition of their Friendship, each to tell the other of her failings, and to be thankful for the freedom

That the one should be, by nature, gentle; the other made so by her love and admiration of her Friend, ibid.

Gaming.

Aming is equally a wafter of time and talents, i. 69.

Except for trifles, what prudent person would submit to Chance

what they are already fure of? viii. 212.

It is making my friends a very ill compliment, fays Clariffa, to suppose they wish to be possessed of what belongs to me; and I should be very unworthy, if I desir'd to make myself a title to what is theirs, ibid.

High Gaming is an immorality, a fordid vice, the child of avarice, and a direct breach of that commandment which forbids us to covet what is our neighbour's, *ibid*.

Generofity. Generous Minds.

R Eserves are painful to open and free spirits, i. 9.
Generous Minds are rather to be invited than intimidated, i. 48.80.

A generous spirited woman, to be happy, should take care not to

marry a fordid man, i. 77.

A generous mind will love the person who corrects her in love, the better for the correction, i. 182.

The tenderest and most generous minds, when harshly treated, frequently become the most inflexible, ii. 79.

Generofity engages the noble-minded as strongly as Love, ii. 160. Undue displeasure, when appearing to a generous Mind undue, will procure to the supposed offender high amends, ii. 162.

Noble-minded persons, in the exertion of their munificence, filently

reproach the rest of the world, ii. 170.

Tho' a generous person may wish she had not been laid under obligations for a benefit unrequestedly conferr'd on herself, or her dependents, yet she cannot but love the obliger the more for the exertion of a spirit so like her own, ibid.

A generous person highly praised will endeavour to deserve the good opinion of the applauder, that she may not at once disgrace his judg-

ment and her own heart, ii. 178, 179.

A truly generous and candid Mind will often make excuses for other people in cases where it would not have allow'd of one for itself, ii. 288. See also ii. 170.

A generous Mind cannot abuse a generous confidence, iii. 41.

A truly generous Spirit will, in requifite cases, give advice against itfelf, iii. 196.

A frank, or open-minded person, at once, where he likes, mingles

Minds, and is forward to diffipate diffidences, iii. 300.

A generous Spirit cannot enjoy its happiness without communication,

iii. 316.

The person who has the advantage in an argument, and is incapable of infult or triumph upon it, will disappoint envy, and subdue ill-will, iv. 62.

True Generofity is more than Politeness, it is more than good Faith, t is more than Honour, it is more than Justice, fince all these are but duties, iv. 94.

The Man who would be thought generous, must first be just, iv. 98

A gene-

A generous Mind will not take pleasure in vexing even those by whom it has been diftress'd, v. 198.

Leave should not be waited for to do a right, a just, a generous

thing, if it be in one's power to do it, v. 259, 260.

It may be very generous in one person to offer what it would be un-

generous in another to accept, vi. 305.

A person of a Mind not ungenerous, will rather be sorry for having given an offence, than displeased at being amicably told of it, vi. 331.

Generous Minds are always of kin, ibid.

A generous Mind must be uneasy when it is laid under obligations which are beyond its power to return, vi. 372.

Love and Gratitude will not be narrow'd down to mere family-confiderations, viii. 100.

It is generous to take the part of an absent person, if not flagrantly culpable, viii. 199.

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Generofity is the happy medium between parfimony, and profuseness, viii. 206.

A generous Mind will not scruple to give advantage to a person of merit, tho' not always to her own advantage, viii. 208.

See Friendship. Goodness.

Goodness. Grace.

Good person will not wilfully incur the censure even of an adverfary, i. 65. A good man need not be afraid that his conduct should be pry'd into, 1. 70.

Goodness is greatness, i. 246.

A good person, far from being guilty of a falshood, will not have recourse to equivocation, i. 267.

People, fays Lovelace, who act like Angels, ought to have Angels

to deal with, ii. 177.

How great a fatisfaction is it to a good Mind to be able to reflect, that it has rather suffered, than offered, wrong! iii. 25.

A good man will not make the flumbers of a worthy woman un-

eafy, iii. 268.

A worthy person will be always ready to draw favourable conclusions on the actions and words of others, v. 194.

A good person will wish to make every one happy, even to her very

fervants, v. 214.

Goodness and generosity of sentiments give grace and lustre to beauty, vi. 350.

A good woman will have other views in living, than the common ones of eating, fleeping, dreffing, vifiting, &c. vi. 398.

Goodness must be uniform, vii. 352.

The word Grace is the Rake's Shibboleth. There are no hopes of one who can make a jest of it, or of him who uses it, viii. 62.

A good-natured and polite person will not expose even pretenders to science in their absence to the ridicule of lively spirits, viii. 210.

See Friendship. Virtue.

Gratitude. Ingratitude.

T is Ingratitude and Tyranny in a woman to use a man the worse for his respect to her, i. 257.

A thankful spirit is the same as a joyful one, iv. 285.

We must be greatly sensible of the Ingratitude of those we love, vi. 376.

To take-advantage of an innocent creature's good opinion, to her own detriment, or ruin, is the most ungrateful wickedness that be com-

mitted by man, vii. 292.

Particular inflances of Ingratitude in another to us, should not be permitted to narrow and contract our charity into general doubt or jealoufy, viii. 199.

Grief. Sorrow. Grievances.

THen grievances are to be enumerated, flight matters are often thrown in to make weight, that otherwife would not have been complained of, i. 219.

That filence wants not either merit or amiableness, which is owing to the person's being afraid of discovering by his voice, the depth of his

concern, ii. 172.

What a poor passive machine is the body, when the mind is difordered! ii. 188.

Sorrow makes an ugly face odious, Lovel. v. 19. vii. 5, 6.

Those who mourn for a lost friend, will find their Grief very much abated, when they are themselves attacked by a dangerous, or painful

illness, Lovel. iv. 323.
Grief, Jays Lovelace, is a flow worker, and gives time to pop in a

little joy between its sullen fits, iv. 375.

It is the humble, filent Grief that only deferves pity, v. 20.

How anxiously do we pray for the life of a dear child in its illness, which when grown to maturity we have reason to wish had not been granted to our prayers ! vii. 30.

Those, who fly from home to avoid an heavy scene, labour under more diffress in the intermediate suspense, than they could have were

they to be present at it, vii. 364.

Seafonable and necessary employments should be found out, to amuse and to divert persons suffering under violent Grief, or loss of dearest friends, viii. 20.

It is natural for us, in every deep and fincere Grief, to interest

in it all we know, viii. 69.

Grief [for the loss of friends] may be mellowed by time into remembrances more sweet than painful, viii. 102. [See Adversity, Confolation.

Vice. Wickedness. Evil Habits. Evil Guilt. Courfes.

Abits are not eafily changed, i. 245. viii. 134. Vice is a coward, and will hide its head when fleadily oppoted by an advocate for virtue, ii. 19.

What

What must be the force of evil Habits in a man, who thinks right, yet diferaces his knowlege by acting worong! iii. 157.

The guilty eye will fink under an examining one that is insocent,

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The Guilty less bear the detecting truth, than the innecent do the degrading falshood, iv. 208.

Bad men take more pains to be wicked, than it would cost them

to be good, iv. 303. v. 344.

The fun thines alike upon the bad and the good; but the guilty mind it cannot illuminate, v. 330.

Every vice generally brings on its own punishment, v. 331.

The injured will often sweetly sleep, when the injurer cannot close his eyes, ibid. There can hardly be a greater punishment hereafter, fays Lovelace,

reflecting on his last outrage on Clarista, than that which I at this in-

stant experience in my own remorie, ibid. What a dejection must ever fall to the lot of Guilt, fays Lovelace

on Clariffa's behaviour in the Penknife Scene, were it given to Innocence always thus nobly to exert itself! vi. 62.

Many people are deterred from Evil rather by the fear of detection,

than by principle, vi. 197.

To plunder a wreck, and to rob at a fire, are the most barbarous of all villainies, vi. 396.

Sins prefumptuously committed against knowlege, and against warn-

ing, are the most unpardonable of all others, vii. 33.

Those who cannot stand the shock of public shame, ought to be doubly careful that they incur not private Guilt that may bring them to it, vii. 212.

Guilt, when detected, is, literally speaking, its own punisher even in this world, fince it makes the haughtiest spirits look like miscreants,

VII. 274.

Evil Courses can no longer yield pleasure than while thought and reflection can be kept off, viii. 123.

See Innocence. Ingratitude. Libertine. Remorfe. Repentance.

Happiness. Content.

T is happy for a person to leave the world possessed of every one's love, i. 5.

Happiness and Riches are two things, and very seldom meet toge-

ther, i. 127.

Were we perfect, which no one can be, we could not be happy in this life (even in the usual acceptation of the word) unless those with whom we have to deal, and more especially those who have any controul over us, were governed by the principles by which we ourselves are directed, i. 127, 128.

To know we are happy, and not to leave it to after-reflection to look back upon the preferable Past with an heavy and self-accusing heart, is the highest of human selicities, ii. 167.

What an happiness must that man know, who moves regularly to fome laudable end, and has nothing to reproach himself with in his progress to it! v. 224.

The heiress to Content is the richest heiress that can be sought after, v. 221. [See Friendship. Generosity. Goodness.

Health.

Sound Health will make the foul and body pleased with each other, i. 274.

Poverty is the mother of Health, ii. 110.

Temperance will give Health and Vigour to an originally tender conflitution, iii. 28.

Health disposes us to be pleased with ourselves; and then we are in a way to be pleased with every one else, vi. 359.

In Health every hope rifes upon us; every hour presents itself to us on dancing feet, ibid.

What Mr. Addison says of Liberty, may, with still greater propriety, be said of Health; for what is Liberty itself without Health?

It makes the gloomy face of Nature gay;

Gives beauty to the Sun, and pleasure to the Day. ibid.

Men of very strong bodily Health seldom know how to pity the fick or infirm, vii. 171.

[See Physic. Vapours.

Heart. Humanity.

A wrong head may be convinced; but who can give an Heart where it is wanting? ibid.

The person who wants a feeling Heart, wants the highest joy in this life, i. 296. Yet is saved many griefs by that defect, ibid.

Where the Heart in all important cases involuntarily, as may be said, misgives, its misgivings ought generally to be attended to, as if the impulses of Conscience, ii. 300.

It is more to a man's praise to shew a kind Heart, than a cun-

ning head, ii. 310.

Persons of Humanity will not be ashamed, on proper occasions, to

thew by their eyes that they have feeling Hearts, iv. 319.

Women should make it a rule to judge of the Heart of a man, as he is or is not affected by the woes of others, whether real or represented, ibid.

He who can place his pride in a barbarous infenfibility, is ignorant

of the principal glory of the Human Nature, ibid.

Who can be happy, fays Lovelace, and have a feeling Heart? yet he, who has it not, must be a Tyger, and no Man, v. 176.

Even those people who have bad Hearts, will have a veneration

for those who have good ones, vi. 194. See also v. 48.

What the unpenetrating world call Humanity, is often no more than a weak mind pitying itself, Lovel. vi. 217.

A capacity of being moved by the diffresses of our fellow-creatures is

far from being disgraceful to a manly Heart, vi. 275.

Sweet is the pain which generous natures feel for the diffresses of others, vii. 205.

A kind Heart is a greater bleffing to its possession, than it can be to my other person who may receive benefit from it, vii. 221.

[See Friendship. Generosity. Goodness.

Honesty.

Honesty.

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Hat a praise is it to Honesty, that every man pretends to it?
even at the instant that he knows he means to be a knave?

Honesty is the chief pride of the low. In the high, the love of power, of grandeur, of pleasure, mislead, and induce a paramount pride, which too often swallows up the more landable one, ii. 150.

What is there in this dull word, or thing, call'd Honesty, asks Love-lace, that even I cannot help thinking the temporary emanation of it, in such a man as Tomlinson, amiable? v. 205, 206.

It is so much every one's duty to be honest, that no one has merit in being so; every honest man therefore may call himself honest without the imputation of vanity, viii. 193. [See Goodness.

Human Life.

HE plainest path in our journey thro' life, is, as acknowlege, Lovelace, the safest and the best, iv. 48.

In all human affairs, the convenient and inconvenient, the good and the bad, are so mingled, that there is no having the one without

the other, iv. 236.

As Human Life is chequer-work, a person of prudence will set so much good against so much bad, in order to strike a balance, iv. 316.

When can creatures, who hold by so uncertain a tenure as that of Mortality, be said to be out of danger? vi. 386.

This is one of those common forms of speech, that prove the frailty and the presumption of poor mortals at the same time, ibid.

What are ten, twenty, or thirty years to look back to, in the longest of which periods forward, we shall all perhaps be mingled with the dust from whence we sprung? vii. 174.

What is even the longest Life that in high health we wish for? what, as we go along, but a Life of apprehensions, sometimes for our friends, and oftener for ourselves? vit. 334.

And at last, when arrived at the old age we covet, one heavy loss or deprivation having succeeded another, we see ourselves stripped, as may be said, of every one we lov'd; and exposed as uncompanionable poor creatures to the slights of jostling youth, who want to push us off the stage in hopes to possess what we have, vii. 334,

And, superadded to all, our own infirmities every day encreasing; of themselves enough to make the Life we wish for, the greatest disease of all, vii. 335.

To wish for an exemption from all infelicities, were to wish for that which can never happen in this world, and what perhaps ought not to be wish'd for, if by a wish we could obtain it, since we are not to live always, vii. 339.

[See Consolation.

Human Nature.

Ature gives us relations that choice would not have made fuch, i. 201.

What a world is this! one half of the people in it tormenting

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the other half, yet being themselves tormented in tormenting? ii. 38. vi. 208.

What a contemptible rogue, whether in poor or rich, is Human Nature! Lovel. iii. 169. v. 164. See als iv. 55.

How apt is Human Nature to justify a byas which it would give

a person pain to contend with! iii. 207, 208. iv. 97.
It is but shaping the bribe to the taste, and every one has his price,

Lovel. v. 164.

The clown, as well as his betters, practifes what he censures, and censures what he practifes, v. 244.

In every human breast some one passion generally breaks thro' principle, and controuls us all, Lovel. vi. 5.

In fome things we all err, vi. 338.

Those who err on the unsavourable side of a judgment, are like to be in the right sive times in six: So vile a thing is Human Nature, says Lovelace, vii. 9.

[See Detraction.

Humility.

Perfons of Humility and Affability, by their sweetness of manners, insensibly draw people into their sentiments, iv. 62.

ners, infensibly draw people into their sentiments, iv. 62.

All human excellence is but comparative. There may be perform who excel us, as much as we fansy we excel the meanest, viii. 198.

The grace that makes every grace amiable is Humility, ibid.

[See Duty. Goodness.

Husband and Wife.

Hat an Husband must that man make, who is fond of prerogative, and yet stands in need of the instruction which a man should be qualified to give! i. 212.

The heart, not the figure of a man, is what should determine a

woman in the choice of an Husband, i. 268.

Sobriety in a man is a great point to be fecured, fince so many mis-

chiefs happen thro' excess, i. 269.

As obedience is made a part of the matrimonial vow, a woman should not teach a man, by a failure in that, to dispense with perhaps more material parts of his, i. 271.

The principal views of a good Wife, in adorning her person, should be to preserve her Husband's affection, and to do credit to his choice,

i. 284.

A married woman should be even fearful of attracting the eyes of any man but those of her Husband, ibid.

A gloomy spirit in an Husband will swallow up a chearful one in

his Wife, ii. 16.

Greatness of soul is required in a woman of sense and generosity, to make her in her heart sorbear to despise a low-minded Husband, ii. 67, iv. 217.

Husbands are often jealous of their authority and confequence with

women who have wit, ii. 92.

A Wife is the keeper of her Husband's honour, iii, 81,

A Wife's faults in the world's eye, bring more difgrace upon the Husband than even upon herself, iii. 81. iv. 101.

The Wife, by infidelity, may do more injury to the Husband than

the Husband can to the Wife, iii. 84.

Handsome Husbands often make a Wife's heartake, iii. 172, 173. Handsome Husbands think the women they marry under obligation to them, iii. 173.

An Husband and Wife may be too much of one temper to agree,

iii. 189.

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Two persons of tempers not comparatively bad, may be very unhappy,

if they will be both out of humour at one time, ibid.

It is a most affecting thing to be separated by death from a good Husband, and left in destitute circumstances, and that not by bis fault, iii. 300.

An wife man will rather endeavour to inspire a consciousness of dignity in the heart of his Wife, than to depress and humble her

in her own eyes, iv. 81. 89. 117.

Prudence, virtue, and delicacy of mind in a Wife do a man more honour in the eyes of the world, than the same qualities in himself, iv. 101. A good woman will be as delicate of her Husband's honour as of her

own, iv. 219.

A good Wife will think it her duty to lay up out of her own feparate provision, if not a too scanty one, for the family good, and for accidents, ibid.

A tyrant Husband, says Lovelace, makes a dutiful Wife, iv. 248,249. The virtue of a woman who has a bad Husband is always in danger, iv. 266—268.

A proud and bad spirit cannot bear a superiority of talents in a Wife,

tho' fhe and all her excellencies are his in full property, v. 14.

A bountiful-temper'd Wife should take care that by doing more than justice to others, she does not less than justice by her Husband, v. 51.

To bear much with some Wives, is to be under a necessity to bear

more, v. 152.

Husbands and Wives who live together in good understanding, give to strangers an almost unerring proof of the goodness of their hearts, vi. 194. Et è contra.

Happy is the marriage where neither Man nor Wife has any wilful or premeditated evil [or low cunning] to reproach each other with! ibid.

What good principles, fays Lovelace, must that Wife have, who [in temptation] preserves her faith to a man who has no share in her affections! vi. 315.

It is impossible that a man of a cruel nature, of a sportive invention, and who has an high opinion of himself, and a low one of the Female Sex, should make a tender and good Husband, vii. 42.

A prudent Wife will conquer by yielding, vii. 43.

Women should consider, that a man who is made uneasy at home, can divert himself abroad; which a woman cannot so easily do, without scandal, viii. 168.

The managing Wife, if prudent, may lay a feeming obligation on a meek or good-natured Husband, by the performance of no more than her duty, viii. 170. [See Advice to Women. Courtship. Marriage.

348 SENTIMENTS, &c. extracted from Hypocrify.

THE man who has actually prevail'd with a woman to throw herself into his power, has no occasion for Hypocrify, iii. 128. See also iii. 56.

What an Hyæna is the woman who will put her handkerchief to

her eye oftener than she wets it ! iii. 300.

A text of scripture is often, Lovelace says, a cloak for an Hypoerite, iv. 290. [See Human Nature.

Ill-will. Envy. Hatred. Malice. Spite.

Hom we fear more than love, we are not far from hating, i. 20.

Ill-will, if it cannot find occasions of disgust, will make them, i. 21.

Merit and excellence are the fuel that keeps envy alive, i. 55. 74. Envy and Ill-will often extend their malignancy to the whole families of the hated person, i. 75.

ill-will has eyes ever open to the faulty fide; as good-will, or love,

is blind even to real imperfections, i. 124.

Hotred is an enemy even to the common forms of civility, i. 195. Projects form'd in Malice, and founded in Selfishness, ought to be disappointed, i. 202.

Hatred mifrepresents all things, i. 251.

Spiteful people will fometimes shew gaiety and favour to one they value not, merely to vex another, with whom they are displeased, ii. 172.

Absence heightens Malice, ii. 329.

Hatred and Anger are but temporary passions in worthy minds, iv. 278. Where the ear is open to accusation, accusers will not be wanting, vii. 74.

Imagination.

THE Female Sex have great advantages over the other in all the powers that relate to the Imagination, ii. 111.

Persecution and Discouragement depress ingenuous minds, and blunt

the edge of lively imaginations, ii. 113.

Whatever we strongly imagine is at the time more than imaginary, altho' it may not appear so to others, ii. 182.

Warm Imaginations are not without a mixture of Enthusiasm,

iv. 64.

Fancy or Imagination, be the subject either joyous or grievous,

is able to outgo fact, vii. 364.

People of strong imaginations are generally distinguished from people of judgment by their peculiar slights and whimsies, viii. 115.

Inclination.

Persons may be drawn in against inclination, till custom will make an Inclination, i. 62.

Some people need no greater punishment than to be permitted to pursue their own Inclinations, i. 156,

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Whatever our hearts are in, fays Lovelace, our heads will follow, iii. 63.

It is the art of the Devil, and of Libertines, to fuit temptations to Inclinations, iii. 80. vi. 24. [See Libertine. Love.

Indiscretion. Inconsidereteness. Presumption.

THE Indifcretions of a reputedly prudent person are a wound to Virtue, ii. 63.

A great and wilful Indifcretion not only debases a person in her own eyes, but weakens her authority and influence over others, iii. 47.

It is one of the cruellest circumstances that attend the faults of the Inconsiderate, that she makes all who love her unhappy, and gives joy only to the enemies of her family, iii. 130.

Presumption join'd to Inexperience is often the ruin even of well-

meaning persons, iv. 36.

A worthy mind drawn into an Indiscretion, will have as much concern for the pain given by it to those she loves, as for the disgraces brought upon herself, v. 52.

[See Advice to Women.

Infidel. Scoffer.

Here can be no hope of a man of profligate life, whose vices have taken root in Infidelity, iv. 319.

Those who know least are the greatest Scoffers, Jays Belford,

vi. 39c.

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Scoffers generally censure without knowlege, laugh without reason, and are noisy and loud on things of which they know the least, Belf. ibid. [See Guilt. Religion.

Innocence.

An innocent man may despise obloquy, i. 275.

An innocent person doubted, will not fear his tryal, iii. 86.

Innocence (according to its company) had better have a greater mixture of the serpent with the dove, than it generally has, Lovel. v. 114.

Happy is the person who can say with Clarissa, "I should be glad that all the world knew my heart. Let my enemies sit in judgment upon my actions; fairly scamn'd, I fear not the result,"

v. 174, 175.

"Let them even ask me my most secret thoughts; and whether the revealing of them make for me or against me, I will reveal them,"

V. 175.

An innocent person, being apt to judge of others hearts by his own, is the easiest to be imposed upon, vii. 68. [See Goodness. Virtue.

Infolence.

HE man who can fawn and creep to those by whom he hopes to be a gainer, will be insolent and over-bearing to those on whom he can have no such view, i. 171. ii. 182.

In-door Infolents, who frighten women, children, and fervants,

are generally cravens among men, ii. 15.

Infolent controul more effectually subdues a female spirit than kind-

ness and concession, ii. 16.

Some people act by others, as if they thought patience and forbearance necessary on one fide to be upon good terms together; but always take care rather to owe, than to lay the obligation, ii. 125.

People who find their anger has made them confiderable, will fel-

dom be p'eased, iii. 208, 209.

Concessions made to ungenerous spirits, serve only to confirm them in their insolence, iii. 209.

Infolence is the parent of meanness, v. 211. [See Guilt. Libertine.

Judgment.

A Nerror against Judgment is infinitely worse than an error in

Judgment, i. 273.

In order to form a Judgment of the tempers of men with whom we incline to have a close connexion, we should attend to their behaviour upon slight disappointments or provocations; and then we shall be able perhaps to decide what is to be ascribed to art in them, and what to nature, ii. 122.

She who acts up to the best of her Judgment at the time she is called upon to act, has the less to blame herself for, the event should

prove unfavourable, iii. 34. See alfo i. 125.

The eye and the heart, when too closely allied, are generally at

enmity with the Judgment, iii. 188. iv. 57, 58.

To judge of the reasonableness of the conduct and resentment of others, we ought to put ourselves exactly in their situations, vii. 43.

Justice. Injustice. Right. Wrong.

IN an unjust donation, the giver and receiver [the latter knowing it to be fo] are both culpable, i. 81. 127. 318.

There is a Right and Wrong in every-thing, let people put what

gloss they will upon their actions, ii. 165.

A woman may then doubt the Justice of her cause, when those who loved her, and are not principals in the point in debate, condemn her, iii. 197.

A man reflects upon himself, and upon the company he has kept, if he treats common inflances of Justice, Gratitude, and Benevolence,

as extraordinary, iv. 94, 95.

Libertine as I am thought to be, fays Lovelace, I never will attempt to bring down the measure of Right and Wrong to the standard of my own actions, vi. 338.

Those who take advantage of the necessities of their fellow-creatures, in order to buy any-thing cheaper than the real worth, are no better than robbers for the difference, vi. 395, 396.

There never was a woman fo criminal, who had not fome to

justify and fide with her, vii. 347.

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In all the Recommendations, the good and convenience of both parties should be consulted, vii. 85, 86, in the Note. 99.

If reflections are justly thrown upon us, we ought, instead of refentng, to profit by them, viii. 120. If unjust, we ought to despise them, and the reslector too, fince it would be inexcuseable to strengthen by anger an enemy, whose malice might be disarmed by contempt, viii. 120.

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Justice, no less than Mercy, is an Attribute of the Almighty, viii. 125.

Keepers. Keeping.

Man may keep a woman, but not his estate, iv. 131.

Rakes who despise matrimony, often become the dupes of low-bred women, who govern them more absolutely than a wife would attempt to do, ibid.

Keepers who are in possession of estates by legal descent, will not wish that their Fathers had despised Matrimony as they do, iv. 132.

Ought not Keepers to have the same regard for posterity as their Fathers had? ibid.

How can any-thing be expected but riot and waste, from creatures who know the uncertain tenure by which they hold, and who have an interest quite different from that of their Keepers? ibid.

Many confiderations with-hold a wife from infidelity to a man's bed, that cannot weigh with a miftress, iv. 132, 133.

Men who keep women, as little know how to part with them as if they were married to them, iii. 134.

Men will bear many things from a kept mistress, which they would not bear from a wife, ibid.

Kept women, who are generally low-born, low-educated creatures, can make no other returns for the partnership in a man's fortunes into which they are lifted, but the libidinous ones which a man cannot boast of but to the disgrace of both, iv. 135.

A Keeper, as he advances into years, will find his appetite to Libertinism go off; and that the regular family-life will be more and more palatable to him, ibid.

Many confiderations, respecting himself and his illegitimate children, should weigh with a man who keeps a mistress, and despites wedlock, iv. 135, 136.

The man who is capable of fondness to his offspring, and has a feel-

ing heart, will marry, iv. 136.

The natural fruits of treading in crooked paths are dangers, difgrace,

and a too-late repentance, iv. 136.

Keepers are often the cullies of their own Libertinism, sliding into the married state will their well-worn dexies, which they might have enter'd into with their ladies or superiors, ibid.

[See the remarkable story of Tony Jenyns, a noted Keeper, iv. 136. And of Mr. Belton and his Thomasine, iv. 138.

Old men, imagining themselves under obligation to their young para-

mours, feldom keep any-thing from their knowlege, v. 36.

A consuming malady, and a consuming mistress [as in Belton's case] are dreadful things to struggle with in the last stage of life, vi.321.vii.90.

Hardly ever was there a Keeper, that made not a Keeperes, vi.323. In the last stage of a Keeper's life, the Mistress's more favoured gallant has been sometimes his Physician; the dying man's Will has been ready made for him; and Widow's weeds have been provided the moment he is departed, in order to establish a marriage, vii.90.

See Libertine.

Law. Lawyer.

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HE Law afferts not itself until it is offended, i. 113. Old Practifers in the Law value themselves too much, for

dispatch, upon their skill as draughtsmen, iv. 234.

The Lawyers who, for the fake of a paltry fee, undertake to make black white, and white black, endeavour to establish iniquity by quirks, and to rob the innocent, v. 80. --- And are as base, Lovelace fays, as his and old Sinclair's vile imp'ement Dorcas, vi. 9.

The Law is a word that carries in it natural terror to a guilty

mind, vi. 63.

No wonder it should, fays Lovelace, since those who will damn themfelves to procure ease and plenty in the world, must tremble at everything that feems to threaten their methods of obtaining that eafe and plenty, vi. 63. 91.

It is but gloffing over one part of a ftory, and omitting another, fays Lovelace, that will make a bad cause a good one, vii. 276.

Learning.

Letter'd education too generally fets the children of the poor above those servile offices, by which the business of the world is carried on, iv. 148.

Take the world thro', there are twenty happy people among the unletter'd, to one among those who have had a school education, ibid.

Yet who would not wish to lift to some little distinction, and genteel usefulness, the person he defires to reward! ibid.

The little words in the Republic of Letters, like the little folks in

a nation, are the most useful and fignificant, iv. 275.

A man of the deepest Learning may hear something from even a mean preacher that he knew not before, or at least that he had not confidered in the fame light, iv. 322.

The early Learning of women, which chiefly confifts in what they pick up from inflaming Novels, and improbable Romances, contributes greatly to enervate and weaken their minds, vii. 261.

Libertine. Rake.

THE man wants but an opportunity to put in practice the crimes he is not ashamed to have imputed to him, i. 69.

A Libertine Lover, if preferred to a virtuous one, is more likely to justify the dislike of his opposers, than the choice of his favourer, i. 266. Rakes are more suspicious than honest men, iii. 79.

Libertines, by the frailty of those women they have triumphed over-

judge of the whole Sex, iii. 80.

" Once subdued, and always subdued," is an article in the Rake's

Creed, iii. 87. iv. 176.

A Libertine who is a man of sense and knowlege must have taken great pains to suppress many good motions and reflections as they arose in his mind, or levity must be surprisingly predominant in it, iii. 157.

The chief pleasure of a Libertine must arise from the pain, the

suspense, the anguish of mind which he gives to the heart of a woman he pretends to love, iii. 281.

A Libertine believes that no woman can be chaste or virtuous from

principle, iv. 33.

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Every woman who favours a Libertine, confirms him in his bad

opinion of the Sex, ibid.

If a woman loves a Libertine, how will she bear the thought of sharing her interest in him with half the town, and those perhaps the dregs of it? ibid.

Prayers, tears, and the most abject submission, are fuel to be pride of

a Libertine, ibid.

Fortunes squander'd, estates mortgaged or sold, and posterity robb'd, are too often the result of a marriage with a Libertine, iv. 34.

A Libertine, familiarized to the diffress he occasions, is seldom betrayed into a tenderness foreign to his nature, iv. 109.

A Libertine will be more ashamed of shewing compassion by a weeping eye, than of the most atrocious crimes, iv. 110.

Libertines [as well as women love them] have not the ardors, Miss

Howe fays, that honest men have, iv. 112.

Libertines are generally more severe exactors of implicit obedience, and rigorous virtue, than other men, v. 266.

No man, who can think but of half the plagues that pursue an intriguing spirit, would ever quit the fore-right path, vi. 244.

A man who when old would enjoy in peace his own reflections, Lovelace confess, should never be a Rake, vi. 313.

The friendships and intimacies of Libertines are only calculated for

ftrong life and health, vi. 389.

What an ungrateful, what an unmanly, what a meaner than reptile pride is his, whose delight is in the ruin of a person who consides in his honour, and whom he ought to protect! viii. 15, 16.

Men of gallantry and intrigue are the instruments of Satan, to draw poor souls into those subtile snares which at last will entangle

their own feet, viii. 125.

Libertines are infinitely worse animals than beasts of prey; fince these destroy thro' hunger and necessity only; those from wantonness and sport, viii. 210.

[See Advice to Women. Courtship. Cruelty. Men and Women.

Parents and Children. Vows. Wit.

Little Spirits. Meanness. Narrowness.

SOME Persons have Meanness in their very pride; and their Nar-rowness goes hand in hand with it, i. 88.

Like little Souls will find one another out, as well as like great

ones, ibid.

Little Spirits will always accommodate themselves to the tempers of

those they want to work upon, ii. 11.

Grudging and narrow Spirits know not how to confer a benefit with that grace, which gives the principal merit to a beneficent action, ii. 12.

One Meanness is not to be justified by another, ii. 164. To be afraid of little Spirits is to encourage insults, iii. 218.

Meanness must ever be the portion of the man who is detected in acting vilely, v. 128.

Tame Spirits will ever be imposed upon, v. 152.

There is a malignancy in Little Minds, which makes them wish to bring down the worthy to their own level, vii. 233.

Nothing subjects the human mind to so much Meanness, as the consciousness of having done wilful wrong to our fellow-creatures, vii.338.

People of narrow Spirits will praise generous ones, because they find it to their purpose, that all the world, but themselves, should be open-minded, viii. 170.

Narrow-minded persons, judging by their own hearts, impute pride and ostentation to worthy persons, as their motives to good actions, viii. 197.

[See Covetousness. Partiality. Self.

Love

THE Love which has not taken root deep enough to shoot out into declaration, will not be brought forward by the blighting winds of anger or resentment, i. 10.

Love takes deepest root in the steadiest minds, i. 62.

Gratitude is not always to be construed into Love, i. 64.

That Lion Love is not to be turned into a Lap-dog, i. 66.

Prodigies, the they obtain our admiration, never attract our Love,

i. 170.

Love, to look back upon, must appear to be a very foolish thing, when it has brought a person, born to affluence, into indigence, and laid a generous mind under obligation and dependence, i. 182.

What is commonly called Love, is a narrow, circumscribed, selfish passion; and, where the object of it is unworthy, a passion too

ignoble for a pure mind to encourage, i. 183.

Pride and vanity are often the fource of Love, i. 198.

A person truly in Love will be wholly engross'd by one object, i. 199. 204.

Love will acquit where Reason condemns, i. 250.

A prudent person will watch over the first approaches of Love, i. 253.
'Tis a degree of impurity in a woman to love a sensual man, i. 272.
Great encouragement must be given to Love to make it unconquerable, i. 276.

Unrequited [or slighted] Love frequently turns to deepest hate,

i. 290.

Love delights to tame the lion-hearted, ii. 9.

What a worse than Moloch-deity is Love, if it expects an offering to be made to its shrine of reason, duty, and discretion! ii. 70.

Love is a passion that often begins in folly, or thoughtlessness, and

is carried on with perverseness, ii. 76.

Love is as bufy as a Monkey, and as mischievous as a School-boy, says Miss Howe, ii. 77.

Violent Love is a fervor, like all other fervors, that lasts but a little while, ibid.

Love is generally founded on mere notional excellences, ibid. Time and difcretion will enable a woman to get over a first

paffion, ii. 95.

Love

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Love

Love that deserves the name, obliges the Lover to seek the satisfaction of the beloved object, more than his own, ii. 119. iii. 222.

True Love is ever accompanied with fear and reverence, ii. 182.

A quarrel, fays Miss Howe, has sometimes its conveniencies in Love, ii. 243. And more or less, adds Lovelace, all Lovers quarrel, iv. 48.

Love is a fleeting thing, little better than a name, where morality

or virtue does not distinguish the object of it, ii. 255.

Silent awe, the humble, doubting eye, and even the hefitating voice, are the natural indications of true and respectful Love. iii. 24.

True Love is fearful of offending, iii. 71.

Weakness, Lowelace fays, is the true name for Love, iii. 82.

All the world is ready to excuse a fault owing to Love, because all the world is apt to be missed by it, ibid.

Love was ever a traitor to its harbourer, Lovel. iii. 88.

Love is not naturally a doubter, iii. 119.

That avow'd Love which is follow'd by marriage, however headfirong and indifereet, will have more excuses made for it than generally it ought to find, iii. 204.

It is all over with reasoning Ladies, Lowelace says, when once Love

gets into their heads, iii. 316.

Platonic Love is Platonic Nonfense, iv. 142.

A first passion thoroughly subdued often makes the man a rover, the

woman a tyranness, iv. 179.

If Love is allowed to be an excuse for the most unreasonable follies, what is meant by the doctrine of subduing our passions? iv. 280.

What must be that Love which has not some degree of purity for its

object? ibid.

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A worthy woman who consents to marry, need not be urged explicitly to declare her Love, iv. 326, 327.

The proof of true Love is respect, not freedom, iv. 327.

Love is an encroacher: Love never goes backward. Nothing but the highest act of Love can satisfy an indulged Love, iv. 331.

Love and Compassion are hard to be separated, v. 12. Love is seldom the friend of Virtue, Lovel. v. 18.

Love humanizes the fiercest spirits, v. 38.

Love is a fire that, if play'd with, will burn the fingers, v. 39.

Love hardly ever was under the dominion of prudence, or of any reafoning power, Lovel. v. 263.

What once a woman hopes in Love-matters, she always hopes while

the re is room for hope, Lovel. vi. 361.

Respectful Love is an inspirer of actions worthy of itself, vii. 9.

As the graces of the *mind* are improveable in every added year of life, which will impair the transitory ones of person, upon what a sim basis does that man build his Love, who admires a woman for the former more than for the latter! viii. 33.

Love will draw an Elephant thro' a key-hole, viii. 149.

Love not always admits of an air of even due dignity to the object of it, viii. 168.

A first Love overcome, makes a person indifferent to a second,

Love at first Sight.

E wish, in compliment to our own sagacity, to be confirmed in our firft-fighted impressions, i. 277.

But few first-fighted impressions ought to be encouraged, i. 315. Shall it be faid of any young Lady, that the powers of fancy are too

hard for her duty and prudence? iv. 34.

All women, from the Counters to the Cook-maid, are put into high good humour with themselves, when a man is taken with them at first fight, Lovel. v. 165.

And be she ever so plain, she will find twenty good reasons to defend

the judgment of fuch a man, ibid.

HEN a Lover is easy, he is sure, i. 61. The Lover gains a great point when he can bring a young

Lady to correspond with him privately, and against prohibition, ibid. Lovers disposed to write upon a plaintive subject, will often make their Ladies cruel, when they only ought to be fo, and are not, Lovel. i. 198.

The tempers of Lovers, whether gentle or ungentle, are to be found

out by the manner of their address in courtship, i. 200.

The man who shews tenderness for the calamities of others, gives a moral affurance that he will make a good husband, i. 268.

A woman can have but small hopes of a Lover, over whom his own worthy relations can have no influence, i. 272.

The small still voice of supplication denotes and becomes the modest Lover, ii. 68.

A Lady can hardly ever effeem as an husband, the man whom as a

Lover she despises, ii. 133. How pleasantly can a false Lover pass his time, while the gentle bofom of a Lady heaves with pity for his supposed sufferings for her! ii. 155.

A blustering braving Lover cannot deserve encouragement, ii. 182. A Lover has not a right to be displeased with a Lady on her side of the folemnity, ii. 298.

It is better for a Lady, that her Lover should go away displeased with her, than that he should leave her dissatisfied with herself, ii. 304.

A generous Lover must feek to oblige the object of his Love in every

thing effential to her honour, and peace of mind, iii. 10.

When people fet out wrong together, it is very difficult to avoid recrimination, iii. 147.

The more ardent the man is while a Lover, the more indifferent,

very probably, will he be when an husband, iii. 172.

Lovers chuse to be alone, and are ashamed to have even a child prefent, to witness to their foolish actions, and more foolish expressions, iv. 348.

[See Advice to Women. Courtship. Duty. Love. Marriage. Parents and Children.

Magnanimity. Fortitude. Hope. Steadiness.

STeadiness of mind, when it finks not into obstinacy, is an high virtue, which when tried and known, sets a person above the attempts of the meanly machinating, i. 126, 127.

To hope for better days is half to deserve them; for could we have ground for such an hope, if we did not resolve to merit what it bids us

afpire to? ii. 149.

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Some men behave as if they thought blufler was Magnanimity,

A man fometimes, by braving a danger, escapes it, iii. 11.

To exert spirit only where it is laudably call'd for, is the true Magnanimity, iii. 91.

Hope is the cordial that keers life from flagnating, iii. 266.

How glorious it is for a woman reduced to the greatest distress by an ungrateful Lover to say, as Clarissa does, "You, Sir, I thank you, have lower'd my fortunes; but, I bless God, my mind is not sunk with my fortunes: It is, on the contrary, raised above Fortune, and above you!" v. 129.

He who loves Bravery in a man, ought to admire Fortitude in a

woman, vi. 43.

Little do those know the force of innate principles, who imagine, that penury, or a prison. can bring a right-turn'd mind to be guilty of a baseness, in order to avoid short-liv'd evils, vi. 352.

Great fentiments uttered with dignity by a good person, give, as it

were, a visibility to the foul, ibid.

The finner in his last hours will be generally found to be the real

coward, the faint in bis the true hero, vi. 390.

The woman who can, for virtue, and for honour's fake, subdue a passion which it is in her power to gratify, merits every-thing next to adoration, vii. 238.

[See Friendship. Goodness.

Marriage.

EXalted qualities may be funk in a low and unequal Marriage, i. 87.

A fingle Lady, who can be brought but to balance on the change of her flate, may be easily determined by the glare and fplendor of the nuptial preparations, and the pride of becoming the mistress of a family, i. 135.

It is neither just nor honest to marry where there can be no Love, i. 190. Women should be allowed to judge of the person with whom they

can or cannot live happily, i. 207.

It is dreadful, as well as dishonest, to marry a man in hopes of his

death, ibid.

Marriage, with the best prospects, is a very solemn engagement: Enough to make a young creature's heart ake, when she thinks seriously of it, Cl. ibid.

Marry first, and Love will come after, is a shocking affertion; since a thousand things may happen to make the state but barely tolerable,

when it is entered into with mutual affection, i. 208.

How unhappy must be that Marriage, in which the husband can have no confidence in the Love of his wife! ibid.

The woman who has a competency of her own, makes but an ill compli-

compliment to herself, when she changes her condition for superfluities, if she has not superior or stronger motives, i. 213.

Honeymoon lasts now-a-days but a firmight, Aut. Harlowe, i. 222. A prudent man will not wish to marry a woman who has not in

h art to give, i. 227.

How much easier and pleasanter is it for a woman to obey the man of her choice, than one she would not have had, could she have avoided it, i. 270, 271.

No matter whom that woman marries, who has a flight notion of

the matrimonial duty, ii. 32.

That woman, who accompanies to the Altar a man to whom she is averse, will find it difficult, afterwards, if she prefers her own peace of mind, to avoid the necessity of playing the hypocrite with him, ii. 65.

Those who marry from motives of convenience and duty, are gene-

rally more happy than those who marry for Love, ii. 76.

Persons of discretion, Says Mis Howe, are apt to consider too much

to marry, ii. 141.

Invectives against Marriage are a reflection upon the laws and good order of fociety, and upon a man's own ancestors; and are more inexcuseable in men of family, than in others, ii. 178.

A choice made by what is called Love, is feldom durably happy; because Love generally exalts the object above its merits, and makes the Lover blind to faults, which, on a nearer intimacy, are so obvious, that both parties often wonder how they could be so grossly cheated, ii. 255.

It is absolutely necessary, to complete happiness in the married State, fays Lovelace, that one should be a fool: But then that fool should know the other's superiority, otherwise the obstinate one would disappoint the wise one, iii. 121.

A man of spirit would not marry a Princess, if he thought she but balanced a moment in her choice of him, or of an Emperor, Lovel.

iii. 173.

The man who knows it to be in his power to marry, yet delays, or refignedly leaves it to the woman to name the day, is to be both suffered and described his 240 211 212

spected and despised, iii. 240. 311. 313.

Marriage is the highest state of friendship: If happy, it lessens our cares, by dividing them, at the same time that it doubles our pleasures

by mutual participation, iii. 288.

Stings of conscience, from a wrong behaviour in a first Marriage, may p stibly make the faulty person tolerable in a second, iv. 106.

It is the most cruel of fates for a woman to be forced to marry a

man whom she in her heart despises, iv. 112.

The queernesses which old Antony Harlowe says he has seen in families, where the man and wife lived upon the best terms, made him loth to marry, iv. 157.

Marriage is a state that ought not to be entered into with indiffer-

ence on either fide, iv. 208.

Large settlements in Marriage make a woman independent, and a

rebel of course, Lovel. iv. 247.

In unequal Marriages, those frequently incur censure, who, n ore happily yoked, might be intitled to praise, v. 214.

It

Mild

It is happy for giddy men, as well as for giddy women, in common cases, that cerem my and parade are necessary to Wedlock, v. 351.

Let a man do what he will by a fingle woman, the world is encou-

ragingly apt to think Marriage a sufficient amends, vi. 52 (a).

What is that injury, on this principle infers Lowelace, which a Church-rite will at any time repair? ibid (a).

Marriage, fays Lovelace, is a true dramatic recompence for the worft that can be done to a woman, vi. 227 (a).

[See Advice to Women. Courtship. Husband and Wife. Love.

Masters. Mistresses. Servants.

Udgments of persons tempers are to be made by their domestic behaviour, and by their treatment of their Servants, i. 64. 215.

Servants should take care, if there are any young Ladies where they live, how they make parties, or affist in clandestine correspondencies, i. 161.

Policy, as well as generofity, will induce Masters and Mistresses to repose a confidence in their Servants, ii. 150.

People in low stations have often minds not fordid, ibid.

Take number for number, there are more honest low people, than high, ibid.

Many Servants will fcorn to deceive a confidence, ibid.

That Servant cannot have found principles, who can allow herfelf to fay that her Mistress shall not suspect her for nothing, ibid.

A Master's communicativeness to his Servants is a means for an ene-

my to come at his fecrets, ii. 309.

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The Servants of people of quality generally talk of their Master's pedigree and descent, with as much pride as if they were related to him, iii. 157. vi. 22.

Servants seldom keep their Master's secrets from one another, be those secrets of ever so much importance to their Master, iii. 157.

Servants are generally worse to have concerns with than their Principals, iii. 180.

The greatest plagues people of condition meet with, proceed from the Servants they take with a view to lessen their cares, iv. 205.

Servants will be apt to take liberties with those Masters who employ them in a way that their duty will not warrant, v. 147.

Servants united in one cause are intimate the moment they see one

another, v. 165, 166.

They know immediately the kin, and the kin's kin, of each other, tho' dispersed over the three kingdoms, as well as the genealogies and kin's kin of those whom they serve, v. 166.

[See Lovelace's opinion of Servants, vii. 182 --- 185.

(a) (a) These three articles are recommended to the consideration of these who would have had Clarissa to marry Lovelace, after his outrage on her honour. The doctrine inculcated in them was what he depended on, and was what encouraged him to commit the outrage. It was necessary that he should be convinced of his mistake. The conviction was given by Clarissa; and his utter ruin was the consequence of his atrocious guilt.

Mild and humanc-temper'd Masters are feldom duly observed by their Servants, vii. 172, 173.

Servants often make excuses for faults with such looks, as shew they

believe not what they themselves say, vii. 173.

It becomes not gentlemen to treat with infolence people who by their stations are humbled beneath their feet, ibid.

A Master owes protection to the meanest of his houshold, ibid.

He that rewards well, and punishes seasonably and properly, will be well served, vii. 183.

The art of governing the under-bred lies more in looks than in

words, ibid.

The Master who pays not his Servants duly, or intrusts them with fecrets, lays himself at their mercy, ibid.

Wit in a Servant, except to his companions, is fauciness, Lovel.

vii. 184.

If a Servant ventures to expostulate upon a supposed unreasonable command, he should wait for a proper season, and do it with humility and respect, vii. 184, 185.

[See Generosity. Goodness.

Meekness.

Empers that will bear much, will have much to bear, i. 30. 50. 52. 126. ii. 175. 329. iii. 130.

The gentlest spirits, when provoked, are usually the most deter-

mined, i. 86. See alfo i. 50.

The man of temper is mostly the truly brave man, ii. 60.

Meekness of disposition, and servility of heart, are very distinct qualities, i. 212. ii. 196.

Meekness and Patience are characteristic virtues in a woman, iii. 172.

iv. 220.

Presence of mind on arduous occasions is very confistent with Meek-

ness, v. 194.

Meekne's of temper shewn by a person defending her unjustly-queshioned character, demonstrates a greatness of mind, superior, in that instance, to that of the censurer, vi. 182.

Meek men abroad are not always meek men at home, vi. 414. And if they were, fays Mifs Howe, I should not, I verily think,

like them the better for their Meekneis, ibid.

Affability, Gentleness, Meekness, are the characteristics of a real fine Lady, viii. 178. [See Goodness. Violent Spirits.

Men and Women.

A LL that dangling fellows are good for, Says Miss Herce, is to give Women an air of vanity and affuredness in public places, ii. 4. Heroes have their fits of fear, Cowards their brave moments, and virtuous Women their moments critical, Lovel. iv. 364.

It is not fit, Lovelace fays, that at any age, or in any station of

life, a Woman should be independent, v. 61.

Girls who are quite disengaged, seldom hate, tho' they may not love, v. 137.

A Woman generally despises the Man she governs, v. 259.

A Man of honour will not exculpate himself by loading a Woman, vi. 336.

Men

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Men are known by their companions, vi. 362.

So fensible, and so filly at the same time! what a various, what a foolish creature is Man! vii. 367.

Those Women who take delight in writing generally excel the Men

in all the graces of the familiar ftyle, viii. 202.

A Woman of eighteen, Miss Howe takes upon ber to say (look the world thro'), is more prudent and conversable than a Man at twenty-five, viii. 216.

[See Advice to Women, Courtship, Duty. Friendship. Love.

Marriage.

Merit. Demerit.

Here cannot be a greater fign of want of Merit, than when a man feeks to pull down another's character, in order to build up his own, ii. 214.

Persons of Merit have a right to all the benefits conferred upon them,

iii. 157.

There may be a Worthiness and Merit so superior, as will put envy itself to silence, iv. 62.

It is presumption to expect tokens of value, without resolving to deferve them, iv. 208.

We should endeavour to like and dislike according to the real Merit

or Demerit of the object, iv. 280.

Great Merit is coy. Coyness has not always its foundation in pride, vii. 372. [See Goodness. Praise.

Minutiæ.

Reat consequences, like great folks, sometimes owe their greatness to small causes, and little incidents, iii. 43. In all matters that admit of doubt or jealousy, the smallest circumfrances are of more importance than the strongest affeverations, iii.

Great engines are frequently moved by finall forings, iv. 341.

The minutest circumstances are often of great service in matters of the last importance, vi. 14.

The Minutize are of consequence to be attended to in all critical un-

dertakings, vi. 83.

Minutenesses may be observed, where greater articles are not neglected for them, vii. 309.

Modesty. Audacity.

Modest person challenged will be diffident, the innocent, i. 63.

The Bold and Forward, not being sensible of defects, assume, while the Modesty of the really worthy man permits him not to explain himself, i. 87.

Why should a person who delights to find out what is praise-werthy in another, be supposed ignorant of his own worth? ii. 66.

A modest woman will not despise those who have not every fine quality that may be conspicuous in herself, ibid.

A modest Lady, who throws herself into the power of a Rake, is very unequal to the adventure iii. 167. iv. 109.

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A modest man has generally a treasure in his mind, that requires only the key of encouragement to unlock it, to make him thine, iii.

200, 201.

Shall not a modest woman wish-to confort with a modest man, before whom, and to whom, she may open her lips, secure of his good opinion of all she says, and which therefore must inspire her with an agreeable confidence? iii. 201.

A truly modest woman may make even an audacious man keep his

distance, iv. 236, 237.

Rakish hearts can no more taste the beauty and delicacy of modest

obligingness, than of modest love, vi. 390.

Modest or diffident men wear not soon off those little precisenesses. which the affured, if ever they had them, presently get over, vi. 402.

Well may women, Jays Miss Howe, who are fond of Libertines, be the sport and ridicule of such -- Would not very little reflection teach us, that a man of merit must be a man of Modesty? vi. 415.

The characteristic of Virgin Modesty, adorned by conscious dignity,

is, freedom and referve happily blended, vii. 205.

A modest man should no more be made little in his own eyes, than in the eyes of others. It he be, he will have a diffidence which will give aukwardness to every-thing he says or does, vii. 230.

See Advice to Women. Blushes. Delicacy.

Obligation. Oblige. Obliging Temper.

O oblige in the fact, and disoblige in the manner, is obliging by halves, ii. 284.

An obliging temper is evermore disobliging itself, ii. 322.

He that can oblige, can disoblige. It is happy for some people, that they have it not in their power to offend, Miss Howe, iii. 40.

Persons in a state of Obligation must not complain, iii. 47. How precious, to a beneficent mind, is the power of obliging! ibid. It is good to be easy of persuasion, in matters where one can oblige without endangering virtue and worthy habits, viii. 221.

See Friendship. Generosity.

Obstinacy. Perverseness. Frowardness. Pertness.

Erverseness will both miscall and misinterpret, i. 217, 218. It is better to be thought perverse, than infincere, i. 318. Frowardness often makes a girl object to proposals that come first from

a parent or guardian, and for no other reason, ii. 167.

Pert women-grown daughters think their parents old, yet pay them

nct the reverence due to their years, iv. 159.

To argue with a man who is convinced he is doing a wrong thing, is but to make him ingenious to find out excuses for himself, and to harden his heart, v. 203.

Men give not eafily up what they have fet their hearts upon, be it

ever fo unreasonable to be carried, vi. 312.

Obstinacy and implacableness are bad signs in a person declining in

health, vi. 374.

A pert daughter gives fair warning to a lover, of proving an unma-[See Duty. Parents and Children. nageable wife, viii. 169.

General

General Observations and Reflections.

HO will wonder at the intrigues and plots carried on by undermining courtiers against one another, when private families cannot be free from them? i. 83.

Every one can be good, who has no provocation to the contrary,

i. 176.

Prudence is too often called covetousness; covetousness, prudence;

profligacy, gallantry, &c. i. 217, 218.

Policy may make a man give up one half of his character to fave the other half, when the discussion might tend to detect him of being generally wicked, i. 273.

Over-doers frequently give the offence they mean to avoid, ii. 8.

All extraordinaries will foon subside, if. 61.

If our hearts do not harden and contract, as we experience ill-treatment from the world, we shall be upon very unequal terms with it, ii. 121.

It is very difficult for a person who would avoid one extreme,

to keep clear of another, ii. 163.

What we most delight in, is often made the instrument of our punishment, ii. 246.

He who will be bribed by one person to undertake a baseness, will be

overbribed by another to retort it, iii. 105.

To borrow of relations, is to subject one's felf to an inquisition into

one's life and actions, Lovel. iii. 122.

Traders are dealers in pins, and will be more obliged by a peny-cuftomer, than by a pound-present, because it is in their way; yet will resuse neither, Lovel. iii. 160. v. 164.

What likelihood is there of corrupting a man who has no ambition?

iii. 162.

The person who will obstinately vindicate a faulty step in another, seems to indicate, that, in the like circumstances, she would have been guilty of the same fault, iii. 197.

All the animal creation is more or less in a state of hostility, iii. 211. We are apt to regret what happens to our dislike, yet know not whether we should have been more happy in the enjoyment of our own wishes, iii. 271.

There is hardly any-thing that a man will scruple, who will break

the feal of a letter not defigned for him to fee, iii. 299.

It is easier to perfift in a denial given, than to give it at first, iii.

Be the motives to excess what they will, excess is excess, iii. 345. Most of the troubles that fall to the lot of common mertals, arise either from their large defires, or from their little deserts, iv. 63.

Never was there a cause so bad, but that either from pity to the offender, or ill-will to the injured, it found some advocates, iv. 134.

In the progress to any event we may have in view, our minds may be too much engaged to see things in the same light, in which they will appear to us when all obstacles are removed, and we have nothing to do but to chuse, iv. 151.

All our pursuits from childhood to manhood, are only trifles of different forts and fizes, proportioned to our years and views, iy. 263.

R 2

The lower class of people are ever aiming at the stupid wonderful, iv. 286.

It is very easy for a person to part with a secondary appetite, when, by fo doing, he can promote or gratify a first, iv. 318.

All human good and evil is comparative, iv. 361.

Ceremony is not civility. Civility is not ceremony, v. 63.

The mixtures which agreeable things generally come to us with, are great abatements of the pleasures they bring with them, v. 115. The greatest acquisition, even that of an imperial crown, is nothing,

when a man has been some time used to it, v. 161.

Appeals give pride and superiority to the person appealed to, and tend to lessen the appellants even in their own eyes, v. 208.

Opposition frequently cements friendship, and creates or confirms

love, v. 254.

A great difference will be generally found in the manners of the

fame man, as visitor and inmate, v. 272.

Every-body, and every-thing, has a black and a white fide, of which both well-willers and ill-willers may make advantage, vi. 159, 160. 212. See alfo v. 98. vii. 276.

Evils that are small in the beginning, and only confined to a fingle

person, frequently spread, and involve whose families, vi. 192.

Words of respect may be so pronounced, as to mean indignation and infult, vi. 209.

Those who can least bear a jest upon themselves, will be most diverted with one passed on others, vii. 141.

A bad cause gives a man great disadvantages, vii. 274.

Uncommon minds can hardly avoid doing things out of the common

way, vii. 310.

We must not expect that our roses will grow without thorns; but then they are useful and instructive thorns, which, by pricking the fingers of the too hafty plucker, teach future caution, vii. 339.

Difficulty gives poignancy to our enjoyments. Those which are eafily obtained, generally lose their relish with us, vii. 339, 340.

The absent generally bear the load, when the blame is apparently

due somewhere, vii. 347.

Actual distraction (take it out of its lucid intervals) must be an happier state, than the state of suspense and anxiety, which brings it on, vii. 363.

Resolutions depending upon suture contingencies, are best left to

future determinations, viii. 160.

The greatest punishment that can be inflicted on us, would often be

the grant of our own wishes, viii. 182.

Free-will enables us to do every-thing well; while restraint and imposition make a light burden heavy, viii. 217.

Oeconomy. Frugality. Housewifry.

Y Frugality we are enabled to be both just and generous, iv. 158. Without Oeconomy no estate is large enough; with it, the least is not too small, iv. 309.

The man who runs away from his accounts will in time be glad that

e could run away from himself, vi. 345.

Frugality is a necessary virtue, niggardliness an odious vice, viii. 206.

It is incredible what may be done by early-rifing, and by long days

well fill'd up, viii. 217.

Persons who rise early, and make good use of their hours, may be said to have lived more years at sixteen, than some others at twenty-fix, ibid.

Those who keep not a ftrict account, seldom keep any, viii. 221.

Palliation. Evafion. Excuse.

Artful Evafions are unworthy of a frank and open heart, iii. 202.

It is no wonder, that he who can fit down premeditatedly to do a bad action, will content himself with a bad excuse, vi. 388, 389.

No Palliation ought to be made for wilful and premeditated vileness,

viii. 200.

Parents. Children.

Severity in some cases is clemency, i. 51.

Needless watchfulness, and undue restraint, often produce artifice and contrivance, i. 53.

Parents, by violently fighting against a Lover, frequently fight for

him, i. 61. 173. 200. ii. 224.

Daughters, says James Harlowe, are chickens brought up for a stranger's table, i. 73.

Most unhappy is the situation of that worthy Child, who is obliged,

in her own defence, to expose a Parent's failings, i. 83.180.

It is impolitic in Parents to join two people in one interest, whom

they wish for ever to keep asunder, i. 85, 86.

Tho' the parental authority should be deemed facred, yet Parents

should have reason in what they do, i. 87.

Where the heart of a Child is fought to be engaged, the eye ought

not to be difgusted, i. 101.

A worthy Daughter would rather wish to appear amiable in the eyes of her own Friends and Relations, than in those of all the world besides, i. 165.

Difgraceful treatment will often bring about the very end which it

is intended to frustrate, i. 190. 276. viii. 179.

In family contentions, when every expedient to bring about a reconciliation is tried, whatever be the event, the person so trying has the

less to blame herself for, i. 192. iii. 45.

How great must be the comfort of that young Lady in an unhappy marriage, who can restect, that she followed the advice of her Friends, and owes not her unhappiness to her own headstrong will! i. 265. ii. 256.

The difference between the hard usage a Child receives from a severe Parent, and the obsequious regard paid to her by a flattering Lover, is enough to make her run all risks with the latter, in order to get out of the hands of the former, i. 272. 274.

Parents sometimes make not those allowances for Youth, which,

when young, they wished to be made for themselves, ii. 78.

Parents must not always expect, that advice should have the same force upon their Children, as experience has upon themselves, ii. 79.

R 3

In giving advice, and remonstrating, Parents and Guardians should proceed by patient reasoning and gentleness, that they may not harden where they wish to convince, it. 79.

Unkind circumstances on the Parent's part, and heedless ones on the Child's, in a debate where both mean well, will make small differences

great ones, ibid.

A Parent, by forcing a Child to marry the man she hates, may occasion an utter dislipation of the Child's morals, and of consequence, her everlasting perdition, ii. 95.

Aversion in a Child should be distinguished from wilfulness, ii. 183.

To endeavour to force a free mind, is to dishonour it, ii. 227.

Strings that are overstrained must either be relaxed, or break,

ii. 243.

The time may come for a Child to confider, as the highest benefit to herself, those measures of a Parent which at present she may think grievous, ii. 258.

The more obstinate a Child is in her opposition to a Parent's will, the more will a Parent be apt to think his authority concerned to

carry his point, ii. 267.

If Parents, by appeals or otherwise, needlessy expose a Child, she will be apt to think, that, do what she will, she cannot incur more disgrace than she already labours under, ii. 277.

Harsh and cruel treatment humbles a Child, and makes her scem

cheap in her own eyes, ibid.

[Is she not then in the way to become the easy prey of a man whom

otherwise she would have despised?

It is better for a good Child to be able to fay, her Parents were unkind to ber, than that she was undutiful to them, iii. 25. See also i. 125.

The exertion of a seasonable lenity may save a penitent Child

from utter destruction, iii. 49. 116. iv. 355. vi. 128. vii. 343.

The Father and Mother who would fecure to themselves the undivided love of their Children, should avoid such durable contentions with each other, as would distress their Children which side to take, when they would be glad to reverence both, iii. 189.

A good Parent must have greater pain in the necessary restraint of an headstrong Daughter, than she can give to such a Daughter, iii. 198.

At every age on this fide matrimony it will be found, that a Parent's wings are the most effectual safeguards of Daughters, from the villainous birds of prey that hover round them, iii. 198, 199.

A Parent, for a failure in her own duty, is not answerable to her

Child, iii. 199.

Reverence is too apt to be forgot by Children, when Parents forget

what belongs to their own characters, iv. 161.

Parents and Children, when separated, and seeing each other but seldom, like other lovers, shew their best sides to each other, iv. 172.

The bad qualities in which fond Parents too often indulge their Children when infants, not feldom, at riper years, prove the plague of their hearts, v. 115.

It is as necessary to direct Daughters in the choice of their female companions, and to watch against the intrigues of women-fervants, as it is to guard them against the designs of men, Lovel. v. 257, 258.

Parents

Parents the most indulgent in their own natures, often, from the errors of a Child, incur the censure of hardheartedness, vi. 128.

Doubly faulty is that Child, therefore, who, by a rash action, not only disgraces herself, but depreciates the most revered characters, ibid.

What confusion of mind must attend the restlections of a child, who, from the most promising outsetting, has brought ruin on herself, and distress on her Friends! ibid.

The voice of nature must at last be heard in favour of a Child truly

penitent, vi. 130. vii. 301.

When a Daughter is strongly set upon a point, it is better for a Mother (if the point be of no high consequence) to make herself of her party, than violently to oppose her, vi. 192.

Parents should take care that they do not weaken their authority,

by a needless exertion of it, vi. 318.

What an enormity is there in that crime of a Child, which can

turn the hearts of Parents before indulgent against her! vi. 20.

The refentment which Children, and even the World, may afcribe to cruelty in an offended Parent, may be owing to excess of love, and disappointed hopes, vi. 348.

It is to be hoped, fays Miss Howe, that unforgiving Parents were always good, dutiful, and passive Children to their Parents, vi. 407.

Parents who would cure a Child's impatience of spirit, should not betray a want of temper in themselves, ibid.

Children, depending on the weakness of their Parents tempers, too

often harden their own hearts, vii. 33.

While Parents think a Child in fault, as they have a right to judge for themselves, they ought to have great allowances made for them; especially if, till their displeasure took place, they had always been kind and indulgent, vii. 43.

Good Children make their Parents happy in each other, as well as

in them; bad Children unhappy in both, vii. 43, 44.

When the nearest Friends give up an unhappy Child, every one is ready to propagate slander against her, vii. 107.

A good Child will be careful of making a party against event

harsh and severe Parents, vii. 212.

It requires an high degree of understanding and discretion in a Daughter, when grown up, to let it be seen that she mingles reverence with her love to a Parent, who has talents visibly inferior to her own, viii. 169.

Parents, in order to preferve their Childrens veneration for them, should take great care not to let them see any-thing in their conduct, behaviour, or principles, which they themselves would not approve of in others, ibid.

Such Parents as have a visible narrowness of heart must needs

weaken their own authority with Children of spirit, viii. 170.

[See Advice to Women. Courtship. Controul. Duty. Marriage.
Love. Lover.

Partiality. Impartiality.

EN frequently give advice to others, when consulted, with an indirect view to something similar in their own case, i. 62.

R 4 Good-

Good-will, or Love, is often blind to real imperfections, i. 124. We are apt to praise our benefactors, because they are our benefactors; as if every-body did right or wrong, as they obliged or disobliged us, i. 153.

We should endeavour to judge of ourselves, and of every-thing that affects us, as we may reasonably imagine others will judge

of us, and of our actions, i. 181.

Were each person to tell his own story, and to be believed, there would not be a guilty person in the world, i. 252.

No one should plead the errors of another, in justification of

his own, ii. 82.

Human nature, fensible of its own defects, loves to be correcting; but chuses rather to turn its eye outward than inward, iii. 201.

We often look into ourselves with a resolution not fairly to try, but to acquit ourselves, iii. 261.

It is difficult for a woman to subscribe to a preference against herself in love-cases, tho' ever so visible, iii. 308.

Poor arguments will do, when brought in favour of what we

like, iv. 127.

An artful man, bringing a case home to the passions or interest of his judges, will be likely to succeed where he ought not, v. 96.

That cause must be well tried, where the offender takes his

feat upon the same bench with the judge, v. 184.

Whatever qualities we wish to find in one we love, we are ready to find, v. 307.

Partiality to Self is a dangerous misleader, vi. 130.

An impartial spirit, having run into a punishable error, will not forgive itself, tho' its friends should forgive it, vi. 177.

Those least bear disappointment, who love most to give it,

vi. 280. vii. 315.

Many men are apt to take their measures of right and wrong from what they themselves are, and cannot help being, vii. 8.

So aukwardness may be a perfection with the aukward, *ibid*. It is difficult to go out of ourselves to give a judgment against ourselves; and yet oftentimes, to pass a just judgment, we ought, vii. 103.

Suffering persons are apt to be partial to their own cause and

merits, vii. 298.

It is far from being difficult for a worthy heart to reject the man (however once favoured) whose actions it despites, vii. 338.

[See Prepossession.

Paffions.

THE command of her Passions was Clarissa's glory, and is one of the greatest glories of the human mind, i. 272, 276.

The

The manners and Passions of men and women are tobe seen in

miniature during their childhood, ii. 9, 10.

If the irascible passions cannot be overcome, how shall those be subdued, to which bad habit, joined to greater temptation, gives stronger force? ii. 122.

It is easy to make a passionate spirit answer all our views upon

it, ii. 216.

Turbulence and obsequiousness, used in turn, keep a woman's passions alive, and at last tire her into non-resistance, Miss Howe, iii. 268.

People in a Passion, tho' within a few yards of each other, hollow like travellers got out of their way, and wanting to get into it again, iii. 269, 270.

How univerfally engaging it is, fays Lovelace, to put a woman of fense in a Passion, let the reception given to the ranting scenes.

in Plays testify, iii. 328.

Those Passions in women, which they take no pains to subdue, may have one and the same source [and tendency] with those which hurry on the headstrong and violent of the other Sex to the commission of the most atrocious crimes, iii. 345. iv. 190.

Paffion gives bodily strength; Fear takes it away, iv. 51.
Paffion distorts the features, and makes even an handsome person ugly, iv. 194.

The Passions of the gentle, tho' flower to be moved than those of the quick, are generally the most flaming when raised, iv. 204.

It is both impudent and imprudent, fays Lovelace, for a wife to be in a Passion, iv. 220.

Paffion and ill-will are dreadful mifreprefenters, iv. 307.

Violence of Passion is too often admitted as a plea [at least as an extenuation] for violence and indecency of action, both by the semale sex, and by the world, iv. 326. vi. 51, 52.

To be able to arrest a woman's Passion in the height of its career [on an offence given to ber modesty] is, says Lovelace, a charm-

ing presage, v. 117.

A woman of a violent Spirit is often in more danger from an artful man, than one of a steadier disposition, v. 253, 254.

Paffionate women have high pulses, says Lovelace; and a clever fellow will make what sport he pleases with them, vi. 311.

Who can account for the workings and ways of a passionate and disappointed woman? Lovel. vi. 339.

Passion has different ways of working in different bosoms, as

humours or complexion induce, vi. 344.

The Passions of the Female Sex, if naturally drawn, will distinguish themselves from the masculine Passions, by a softness that will shine thro' rage and despair, vii. 124.

[See Anger. Violent Spirits.

Patience. Impatience.

PErsons unaccustomed to controul, are impatient of controul,

If afflictions are fent for corrective ends, Impatience may lead into more punishable errors, ii. 247.

An impatient spirit subjects itself to deserved humiliation,

iii. 142.

When a point is clear and felf-evident, it is difficult to find Patience, on being obliged to enter into an argument in proof of it, iii. 344, 345. See also i. 86.

Patience and perfeverance are able to overcome the greatest

difficulties, iv. 48.

No man ought to be impatient at imputations he is not ashamed to deferve, v. 197.

An innocent man will not be outrageous upon reports made to

his difadvantage; a guilty man ought not, ibid.

The injured has a right to upbraid; the injurer ought to be patient, vi. 24.

Persons who by their rashness have made a breach in their duty, should not enlarge it by their Impatience, vi. 128.

Impatience is generally the child of felf-partiality, vi. 130.

The person who is employed as a mediator, should not be himself over-ready to take offence, vi. 337. 341.

People new to misfortune are often too easily moved to Impa-

tience, vii. 107.

It is not just for two friends, more than for man and wife, to

be out of Patience at one time, vii. 117.

In a deep diffress, a man of an impatient spirit is apt to think that every face, and even the face of nature, should wear the marks of that woe which affects him, vii. 364.

Pedants. Colleges.

Youths raw from the Colleges are not fit prescribers to the gentler Sex, i. 189.

Colleges are too often classes of tyrants, ibid.

Young men of shallow parts, just come from College, are apt to despise those who cannot tell how an antient author expressed himself in Greek or Latin on a subject, upon which, however, they may know how, as well as the author, to express themselves in English, vii. 96.

[See Brand's Letters in the Hiftory, Vol. vii. p. 285--291. and

380--398.

Physic. Physicians.

PUnish and prescribe are synonymous terms in Physic, iv. 228. Why, asks Lorrelace, when Physicians can do no good, will they not study to gratify rather than nauseate the palates of their patients? ibid.

It is ill jesting with edged tools, and worse with physical ones,

Lovel. iv. 274.

Those who treat contemptuously the professors of the art of healing, generally treat higher institutions as lightly, Clariffa, iv. 279.

Sharp or acute mental organs frequently whet out the bodily

ones, vi. 76.

A generous physician, where he is hopeless of doing good, will

put on the Friend, and lay afide the Doctor, vi. 305.

When physical men, fays Belford, are at a loss what to prescribe to their patients, they enquire what it is they best like, or are most diverted with, and forbid them that, vi. 397.

Physicians, to do credit to their skill, will sometimes make a

flight disease important, Lovel. vii. 121.

We ought to begin early to ft.dy what our constitutions will-bear, vii. 189.

Physicians, when they find a case desperate, should generally decline the see, vii. 190.

Friendship and Physician are not absolutely incompatible, vii. 2582

A skilful operator will endeavour to be intelligible, and, if honest, to make every one a judge of his practice, viii. 57.

Generally, fays Belford, when the Physician enters, the air is

shut out, viii. 61.

Quantity in diet is more to be regarded than quality, viii. 213. A full meal is a great enemy both to study and industry, ibid.

A worthy Physician will pay a regular and constant attendance upon his patient, watching with his own eyes every change, and every new symptom, of his malady, viii. 227.

He will vary his applications as indications vary, ibid.

He will not fetter himself to rules laid down by the fathers of the art, who lived many hundred years ago, when diseases, and the causes of them, as also the modes of living, and climates, and accidents, were different from what they are now, *ibid*.

He should not be greedy of fees; but proportion his expectation of reward to the good in his conscience he thinks he does, ibid.

[See Health. Vapours.

Pity. Mercy.

Pity is a good preparative to Love, i. 12.

We should shew Mercy or Lenity to unhappy persons, whose calamities, in a like situation, might have been our own, i. 190.

Difgraces brought on perfons by themselves cught not to be pi-

In our attendances on a dying person, we pity him for what he suffers; and we pity ourselves for what we must one day in like manner suffer; and so are doubly affected, ii. 131.

The Pity which a rash child often meets with, when she has R 6 brought

brought upon herself an irreparable evil, should generally be transferred to her parents and friends, iv. 78, 79.

Pity from one often begets Pity from another, whether the oc-

casion for it be either strong or weak, iv. 141.

God wants not any-thing of us for Himself. He enjoins us works of mercy to one another, as the means to obtain His mercy, vi. 98.

The brave and the wife know both how to pity and excuse,

viii. 39.

[See Generofity. Goodness. Magnanimity.

Politeness. Travelling.

Politeness constrained, and not free, is to be suspected, i. 64.
A person may not be polite, and yet not characteristically unpolite, ii. 163.

A manly fincerity, and openness of heart, are very confistent

with true Politeness, iii. 67.

Politeness is, on the man's part, necessary to gain a footing in a woman's heart: But Miss Howe questions, whether a little intermingled infolence is not necessary to keep that footing, iii. 170.

A man's morality is often the price paid for travelling accom-

plishments, iv. 32.

A polite man, respecting a Lady, will not treat contemptuously.

any of her relations, iv. 337.

Men of parts and fortune frequently behave as if they thought they need not be gentlemen, v. 180.

Men in years too often think their age a dispensation from Po-

liteness, vi. 84.

Nothing can be polite, that is not just or good, vi. 294. [See Drefs.

Political Precepts.

A Man who thinks highly of himself, and lowly of his audience, is best qualified to speak in public, iv. 241.

An administration is entitled to every vote a man can with a

good conscience give it, ibid.

Drags should not needlesly be put to the wheels of government,

iv. 242.

Neither can an opposition, neither can a ministry, be always wrong, ibid.

A plumb man must therefore mean more or worse than he will

own, ibid.

The least trifles, says Lovelace, will set princes and children at loggerheads, iv. 315.

Poverty. Poor.

THE Almighty is very gracious to his creatures, in that he makes not much necessary to the support of life; since three parts

parts in four of them, if it were, would not know how to obtain that much, ii. 110.

Poverty is the mother of health, ibid.

The pleasures of the Mighty are obtain'd by the tears of the

Poor, ibid.

The man who is used to Poverty, and can enjoy it, not aiming to live better to-morrow than he does to-day, and did yesterday, is above temptation, unless it comes cloathed to him in the guise of truth and trust, Lovel. iii. 162.

Were it not for the Poor, and the Middling, Lovelace fays, the

world would deserve to be destroyed, iii. 321.

Common or bred beggars should be left to the public provision, iv.

219.

In the general scale of beings, the lowest is as useful, and as much a link in the great chain, as the highest, viii. 198.

Power. Independence.

EVery one, more or lefs, loves Power, i. 124.

Yet those, who most wish for it, are seldom the fittest to be trusted with it, i. 124. vii. 358.

An honest man will not wish to have it in his Power to do hurt,

iv. 357.

Power is too apt to make men both wanton and wicked, iv. 357. v. 259.

If our Power to do good is circumscribed, we shall have the

less to answer for, v. 51.

People who have money, or Power, never want affiftants, be

their views ever fo wicked, vi. 15.

Who that has it in his Power to gratify a predominant paffion, be it what it will, denies himself the gratification of it? Lovel. vii. 5.

Both Sexes too much love to have each other in their Power,

vii. 358.

Even women of fense, says Colonel Morden, on Miss Howe's behaviour to Mr. Hickman, are not to be trusted with too much Power, viii. 168. [See Controul. Prosperity.

Praise. Dispraise. Applause. Blame.

PRaife being the reward for good deeds, and Dispraise the punishment for bad, they ought not to be confounded in the application, ii. 13.

An ingenuous mind will hasten to entitle itself to the graces for which it is commended, if already it has them not, ii. 67. See

alfo i. 5. and vi. 131.

How foothing a thing is Praise from the mouths of those we

love! ii. 67.

Would every one give Praise and Dispraise only where due, shame, if not principle, would mend the world, iii. 208.

It is a degree of affectation to decline joining in the due Praise of our own children, because they are our own, iv. 72.

Those who are accustomed to Praise, will not be proud of it, ib.

A person too fond of Praise is apt to be missed by it, iv. 196,

Those are generally most proud of Praise, who least deserve it,

iv. 246.

Praise reproaches, when applied to the undeserving, iv. 278.

Praise will beget an emulation in a generous mind to deserve, or to continue to deserve it, vi. 131.

Those who praise with warmth the laudable actions of another, where they themselves are not benefited, may be supposed to have a spirit like that which they applaud, viii. 170. See also ii. 66.

Persons who find themselves heard with applause, ought to take care that they do not, by engrossing the conversation, lose the benefit of other peoples sentiments; and that they suffer not themselves to be praised into loquaciousness, viii. 215.

[See Censure. Generosity. Goodness. Merit. Virtue.

Prejudice. Prepoffession. Antipathy.

E Arly-begun Antipathies are not eafily eradicated, i. 20.

Those we dislike can do nothing to please us, i. 92. ii. 202.

An extraordinary Antipathy in a young Lady to a particular person, is generally owing to an extraordinary prepossession in favour of another, i. 112.

An eye favourable to a Lover, will not fee his faults thro' a

magnifying glafs, ii. 142.

Preposfession in a Lover's favour will make a Lady impute toill-will and prejudice all that can be said against him, ibid.

Old prejudices [tho' once feemingly removed] easily recur, iii. 52. To those we love not, fays Lovelace, speaking of Mr. Hickman, we can hardly allow the merit they should be granted, vi. 328.

Prejudices in disfavour generally fix deeper than Prejudices in

fawour, vii. 233.

Whenever we approve, we can find an hundred reasons to justify our approbation; and whenever we dislike, we can find a thousand to justify our dislike, viii. 181. [See Love. Lover.

Pride.

PRide, in people of birth and fortune, is not only mean, but needless, i. 193.

Distinction and quality may be prided in, by those to whom it.

is a new thing, ibid.

The contempt a proud great person brings on himself, is a counterbalance for his greatness, ibid.

It is fometimes easier to lay a proud man under obligation, than to get him to acknowlege it, i. 13.

Pride

Pride ever must, and ever will, provoke contempt, ii. 13.

There may be fuch an haughtiness in submission, as may en-

tirely invalidate the fubmission, ii. 162.

A Person who distinguishes not, may think it the mark of a great spirit to humour his Pride, even at the expense of his politeness, ii. 163.

It is to be feared there are more good and laudable actions ow-

ing to Pride, than to Virtue, ii. 291.

Pride and meanness are as nearly allied to each other, as the poets tell us wit and madness are, ii. 314.

Nothing more effectually brings down a proud spirit, than a

fense of lying under pecuniary obligations, iii. 121, 122.

Pride, when it is native, will shew itself sometimes in the midst of mortifications, iii. 177.

Pride frequently eats up a man's prudence, iv. 27.

Pride is an infallible fign of weakness, or something wrong, either in the heart or head, or in both, iv. 28.

It is possible for a person to be proud, in supposing she has no

Pride, iv. 196.

We ought not to value ourselves on talents we give not to ourselves, iv. 218. viii. 197.

How contemptible is that Pride which stands upon diminutive observances, and gives up the most important duties! iv. 219.

Some women have from Pride, what others [more laudably] have from principle. The Lord help the Sex, fays Lovelace, if they had not Pride! v. 257.

Pride or Arrogance invites mortification, vi. 301.

Haughty spirits, when they are convinced that they have carried their resentments too high, frequently want but a good excuse to condescend, vii. 301.

Pride in man or woman is an extreme, that hardly fails, fooner

or later, to bring forth its mortifying contrary, vii. 399.

Persons of accidental or shadowy merit may be proud; but inborn worth must be always as much above conceit as arrogance, viii. 197.

There is but one pride pardonable; that of being above doing

a base or dishonourable action, viii. 198. See also i. 193. [See Humility. Insolence. Little Spirits.

Procurefs. Profligate Woman.

Prople at vile houses, by producing sometimes to their wicked clients, wretches of pretended quality, cause people of degree to be thought more profligate than they are, iv. 45, 46.

Even a Lovelace refused to continue a commerce with profligate women, tho' they were first ruin'd by himself, iv. 266. vi. 45.

Men in bad company can think and fay things that they cannot fay or think in better, Lovel. v. 267.

Perfons

Persons may be led into crimes by the infection of bad company, which once they would have abhorred, vi. 24.

A profligate woman is more terrible to her own Sex, than even

a bad man, vi. 37.

If a married man, fays Lovelace, gives himself up to the company of wicked women, they will never let him rest, till he either suspect or hate his wise, vi. 46. viii. 34.

What can with-hold a jealous and already ruin'd woman?

vi. 47.

Little knows the public what villainies are committed in the houses of abandoned women, upon innocent creatures drawn into

their fnares, vi. 248. 269.

O Lovelace, fays Belford, describing the profligate creatures at Sinclair's in their morning dishabille, what company do we Rakes keep! and for such company, what society renounce, or endeavour to make like these! viii. 61.

What woman, nice in her person, and of purity in her mind and manners, did she know what miry wallowers the generality of men of our class are themselves, and trough and sty with, but would detest the thoughts of affociating with such filthy sensualists, whose favourite taste carries them to mingle with the dregs of stews, brothels, and common-sewers! Belf. ibid.

An high phrenfy must be the only happiness that woman, in her last hours, can know, who has acted the diabolical part of a

Procuress, viii. 63.

[See Advice to Women. Guilt. Libertine. Lover, &c.

Prosperity. Success. Riches.

PRosperity is the parent of impatience, i. 32.

Those who want the sewest earthly blessings, most regret that they want any, ibid.

Riches are valuable, in that they put it in our power to confer

favours on the deferving, ii. 12.

Success in unjustifiable devices often sets bad people above keeping decent measures, ii. 203.

In great Prosperity, as well as in great Calamity, we ought

to look into ourfelves, and fear, ii. 245.

Success has blown up, and undone many a man, iii. 118. Who is there that Wealth does not mislead? iii. 321.

Prosperity sets up merit as a mark for envy to shoot its shafts at, iv. 64.

The greatly Prosperous bear controul and disappointments with

difficulty, iv. 218.

Great acquirements are great fnares, ibid.

Those are generally most proud of Riches or Grandeur, who were not born to either, iv. 246.

Success

Success in projects is every-thing. Those schemes will appear foolish, even to the contriver of them, which are frustrated, and render'd abortive, vi. 66.

Prosperity and independence are much to be coveted, as they

give force to the counfels of a friendly heart, vi. 138.

People may be too rich to be either considerate or contented,

vii. 326.

A life of Prosperity is dangerous, in that it affords not the trials which are necessary to wean a person from a world that such will find too alluring, viii. 23.

Providence.

What have we to do, but to chuse what is right, to be steady in the pursuit of it, and leave the issue to Providence? i. 128.

It is more just to arraign ourselves, or our friends, than Providence, iv. 60.

The ways of Providence are unfearchable, viii. 29.

Various are the means made use of by Providence to bring sinners to a sense of their duty, ibid.

Some are drawn by love, others are driven by terrors, to that divine refuge, ibid. [See Infolence. Pride.

Prudence. Wisdom. Discretion.

THE trials of the Prudent are generally proportioned to their Prudence, i. 3.

Prudent persons will not put themselves in the power of a fervant's tongue, i. 88.

Prudence will oblige a woman to forbear comp'aining, or making an appeal, against her husband, i. 207.

Deeds, not words, will be the only evidence to a prudent

person of a good intention, ii. 70. 170.

A prudent woman, who is address'd by a man of suspected virtue, the hopeful of the best, will always, in doubtful points, be fearful of the worst, iii. 115.

We are often fatally convinced of the vanity of mere human

Prudence, iv. 60.

A prudent and good Person, who has been a little missed, will do all in her power to recover, as soon as possible, her lost path, iv. 61.

To avoid the supposed disgrace of retractation, a prudent perfon will be backward to give her opinion in company of per-

fons noted for their superior talents, iv. 62.

A wife woman, defpifing the imputation of prudery on one hand, and coquetry on the other, will form her conduct according to what her own heart tells her of the fit and unfit, and look

look upon the opinion of the world as matter only of fecondary con-

fideration, iv. 97.

Prudent persons will not need to be convinced, by their own misfortunes, of the truth of what common experience daily demonstrates. vii. 74.

Difficult situations are the tests of Prudence and Virtue, vii. 110. It is an happy art to know when one has faid enough, viii. 215,216. Prudent persons will always leave their hearers wishing them to fay more, rather than give them cause to shew, by their inattention and uneafiness, that they have said too much, viii. 216.

[See Advice to Women. Goodness. Generosity. Merit. Virtue.

Purity.

Adies who simper or smile, when they should refent the culpable freedom of speech in a bold man, render questionable the Purity of their hearts, iii. 332.

Purity of manners is the distinguishing characteristic of women,

Words are the body and drefs of thought, ibid.

A pure mind ought not to wish a connexion with one impure, iv.31. [See Goodness. Religion. Virtue.

Rapes.

THE Violation of a woman is a crime that a man can never atone for; especially when it is the occasion of destroying good habits, and corrupting the whole heart, v. 352.

The smallest concession made by a woman, resenting an Outrage actually made upon her honour, is as much to the purpose of the Vio-

lator as the greatest, vi. 77.

The woman who, from Modesty, declines profecuting a brutal Ravisher, and has his life in her hands, is answerable for all the mischiefs he may do in future, vi. 183.

Will it not be furmifed, that fuch a woman is apprehensive that fome weakness will appear against herfelf, if she brought the man to

a tryal for his life? vi. 183, 184.

[See Mrs. Howe's further arguments on this head, Vol.vi. p. 183,184. And also Dr. Lewen's, Vol. vii. p. 208 -- 211. And Clariffa's Answers, Vol. vi. p. 188. and Vol. vii. p. 212-215.

Indignities cannot be properly pardoned till we have it in our

power to punish them, vii. 210.

Injuries that are not refented, or honourably complained of, will not be believed properly to affect us, ibid.

No truth is immodest, that is to be utter'd in the vindicated cause

of innocence and chastity, ibid.

Little, very little difference is there between a suppressed evidence and a false one, ibid. See Libertine.

Reflections

Reflections on Women.

Designed principally to incite Caution, and inspire Prudence, &c. by letting them know what Libertines and free Speakers say and think of the Sex.

OR women to do and to love what they should not, is, according to old Antony Harlowe, meat, drink, and vesture to them,

The usefulness and expensiveness of modern women multiply Bache-

lors, i. 220.

There is a tragedy-pride in the hearts of young women, that will make them risque every-thing to excite pity, James Harlowe, i. 263.

make them risque every-thing to excite pity, James Harlowe, i. 263. Young creatures are often fond of a lover-like distress, Ja. Harl. ibid. Women-cowards love men of spirit, and delight in subjects of false heroism, Miss Howe, ii. 9.

Women, according to Miss Howe [some only she must mean] are mere babies in matrimony; perverse fools, when too much indulged and humour'd; creeping slaves, when treated with harshness, ii. 16.

Women love to trade in furprizes, ii. 20.

The man who can be fure of his wife's complaifance, tho' he has not her love, will be more happy than nine parts in ten of his married acquaintance, fays Solmes, ii. 62.

If love and fear must be separated in matrimony, the man who

makes himself feared, fares best, Solmes, ii. 63. See also i. 280.

Women always prefer bluftering men: They only wish to direct the blufter, and make it roar when and at whom they please, Miss Howe, ii. 129.

Women, where they favour, will make the flightest, and even but

a fansy'd merit, excuse the most glaring vice, ii. 142.

Women who have the rougher manners of men, may be faid to have the fouls of men, and the bodies of women, ii. 201, 202.

Women love to engage in knight-errantry themselves, as well as to

encourage it in men, ii. 242.

A Rake, fays Lovelace, has no reason to be an hypocrite, when he has found his views better answered by his being known to be a Rake, iii. 56. 320.

How greedily do the Sex swallow praise! Lovel. iii. 61.

Lovelace calls upon the Female Sex to account for the preference given by many modest women, as they are accounted, to a Rake, when the most impudent of Rakes, says be, love modesty in a woman, iii. 106.

It concerns every woman, instructively fays Lowelace, to prove by her actions, that this preference is not owing to a likeness in nature, ib.

There is, Lovelace fays, such a perversenes in the Sex, that when they ask your advice, they do it only to know your opinion, that they may oppose it, iii. 120. 167.

Women, fays Lovelace, love to be called cruel, even when they are

kindest, iii. 168.

The best of the Sex, fays Lovelace, wish to have the credit of reforming a Rake; and so draw themselves in with a very little of our help, iii. 320.

Rakes

Rakes and Libertines are the men, Miss Howe says, that women do not naturally dislike, iv. 113.

Opposition and contradiction give vigour to female spirits of a warm

and romantic turn, iv. 183.

Women love Rakes, fays Lovelace, because Rakes know how to

direct their uncertain wills, and to manage them, iv. 249.

Nothing on earth is so perverse as a woman, when she is set upon carrying a point, and has a meek man, or one who loves his peace, to deal with, Lovel. iv. 335.

Had I found that a character for virtue had been generally necessary to recommend me to the Sex, I would, fays Lovelace, have had a greater regard to my morals than I have had, iv. 361.

When you would have a woman report a piece of intelligence,

fays Lovelace, you must enjoin her to keep it as a secret, v. 80.

Women love to have their Sex, and their savours, appear of importance to men, Lovel. v. 109.

Most of the fair Romancers have, in their early womanhood, cho-

fen Love-names, fays Lovelace, v. 110.

Many a sweet dear, adds be, has answered me a Letter, for the sake

of owning a name which her godmother never gave her, ibid.

An innocent woman, Lovelace says, who has been little in the world, knows not what strange stories every woman living, who has had the least independence of will, could tell her, v. 117.

The whole Sex love plotting, and plotters too, fays Lovelace, v. 120.

Women like not novices, Lovel. v. 137.

They are pleased with a love of the Sex that is founded in the knowlege of it—Reason good— [He proceeds to give the reasons in the same flyle, very little to the credit of the Sex] v. 137, 138.

Women are the greatest triflers in the creation, rudely fays Love-lace, yet fansy themselves the most important beings in it! v. 168.

These tender doves, says Lovelace, speaking of young Ladies, know not, till put to it, what they can bear, especially when engag'd in love-affairs, v. 170.

The Sex love bufy fcenes, Lovel. ibid.

A woman will create a fform, rather than be without one, Lovel. ibid.

Most unhappy is the Woman, who is obliged to live in tumults, which she neither raised, nor can controul, ibid.

Women are used to cry without grief, and to laugh without reason,

Lozel. v. 176.

Any woman, fays Levelace, could I make good; because I could make her fear me, as well as bue me, v. 220, 221.

All wemen are born to intrigue, and practife it more or less,

Lovel. v. 244.

In love-affairs women are naturally expert, and much more quick-

witted, than men, Lovel. ibid.

Friendship in women, when a man comes in between the pair of friends, is given up, like their music, and other maidenly amusements, Lovel. v. 254.

The mother who would wish her daughter to have one man, would sometimes better succeed, if she proposed another, Lovel. v.

254, 255.

It is a common fault of the Sex, according to Lovelace, to aim at being young too long, v. 279.

Secrets of love, and secrets of intrigue, Lovelace fays, are the strong-

est cements of womens friendships, v. 318.

All women, Jays Lovelace, are cowards at heart: They are only violent where they may, vi. 83.

Women, fays Lovelace, love those best (whether men, women, or

children) who give them most pain, vi. 281.

Girls who are never out of temper but with reason, when that is given them, hardly ever pardon, or afford another opportunity of offending, Lovel. vi. 311.

Vestals, Says Lovelace, have been often warmed by their own fires,

Vi. 337.

Revenge and obstinacy will make the best of women do very unaccountable things, Lovel. vi. 339.

Women, rather than not put out both the eyes of a man they are mortally offended with, will put out one of their own, Lovel. ibid.

Vile men owe much of their vileness even to women of character, who hardly ever scruple to accompany and converse with them, tho' they have been guilty of ever so much baseness to others, vi.

414, 415.

Women being generally modest and bashful themselves, are too apt to consider that quality in the men, which is their own principal grace, as a defect; and finely do they judge, when they think of supplying that defect by chusing a man that cannot be ashamed! vi. 415.

Ladies, Lovelace bints, often give denials, only to be perfuaded to comply, in order to reconcile themselves to themselves, vii. 10.

No woman is homely in her own opinion, vii. 140.

[See Advice to Women. Courtship. Love. Libertine. Marriage. Men and Women.

Reformation. Conviction. Conversion.

Man can hardly be expected to reform, who refolves not to quit the evil company he has been accustomed to delight in,

Pretences to instantaneous Convictions are to be suspected, i. 245.

Conviction is half way to amendment, i. 270.

To reform by an enemy's malevolence, is the noblest revenge in the world, i. 275.

Very few convictions arise from vehement debatings, ii. 75.

The first step to Reformation is to subdue sudden gusts of passion,

and to be patient under disappointment, ii. 120.

The most abandon'd of Libertines generally mean one day to reform, iii. 111, 112. [Should they not therefore, even as Libertines, resolve against atrocious guilt, were it but to make their future compunction less pungent?

Reformation cannot be a sudden work, iii. 112. 124.

There is more hope of the Reformation of a man of fense, than of a fool, iii. 126. See also i. 272.

But this is a delusive hope, and has been the cause of great mif-

chief; for who thinks not the man she loves a man of sense? The observations that follow are more the truth, and deserve to be well considered.

A man who errs with his eyes open, and against conviction, is

the worse for what he knows, i.i. 151.

The man of parts and abilities, who engages in a baseness, knowing it to be so, is less likely to be reclaimed, than one who errs from want of knowlege, or due conviction, vi 125.

Women think, that the reclaiming of a man from bad habits, as Lovelace bimself observes, is a much easier task than in the nature of

things it can be, vi. 211.

[For Mr. Belford's scheme of Reformation, see Vol.viii. p.138—141. Little hope can there be of reclaiming a man, who is vile from

premeditation, vi. 376.

To what a bad choice is many a worthy woman betray'd, by that false and inconsiderate notion, raised and propagated no doubt by the author of all delusion, That a reformed Rake makes the best Husband! Belf. viii. 61.

Little do innocents think what a total revolution of manners, what a change of fixed habits, nay, what a conquest of a bad nature, and what a portion of divine grace, is required to make a profligate man a good husband, a worthy father, and a true friend, from PRINCIPLE, viii. 62.

It is an high degree of presumption for a woman to suppose her own virtue so secure, as that the may marry a profligate in hopes to re-

claim him, viii. 125.

The fincerity of that man's Reformation is hardly to be doubted, who can patiently bear being reminded of his past follies, and when he can occasionally express an abhorence of them, viii. 175.

[See Goodness. Religion. Repentance.

Religion. Piety. Devotion. Sabbath.

A Good man will not eafily be put out of countenance [by fcoffers], when the cause of Virtue and Religion is to be vindicated,

There are men who think themselves too wife to be religious, ii. 196.

There is fomething beautifully folemn in Devotion, fays even Love.

lace, 111. 324.

The Sabbath, fays be, is a most excellent institution to keep the

heart right, ibid.

It is a fine fight, adds be, to fee multitudes of well-appearing people all joining in one reverent act! an exercise how worthy of a rational being! ibid.

If, as religion teaches us, we shall be judged, in a great measure, by our benevolent or evil actions to one another, what must be the condemnation of those who have wilfully perpetrated acts of the most atrocious violence upon their innocent fellow-creatures? v. 306.

Libertines are generally for making a Religion to their practices; a

wickedness which nevertheless Lovelace disclaims, vi. 223.

Religion will teach us to bear inevitable evils with patience.

vi. 309.

Altho' I wish not for life, says Clariffa, yet would I not, like a poor coward, defert my post, when I can maintain it, and when it is my duty to maintain it, vi. 377, 378.

I will do every thing I can, continues she, to preserve my life, till

God, in mercy to me, shall be pleased to call for it, vi. 378.

Religious confiderations, timely enforced, will prevent the heart from being feized with violent and fatal grief, vi. 379.

Disappointments may bring on an indifference to this life; but a truly pious refignation to death requires a better and deeper root. vi. 385.

Enthusiasts often depreciate the Scriptures they mean to extol, by

abused and indiscriminate applications, vii. 7.

Even a Lovelace disclaims, as ill-manners, jesting upon Religion.

or religious men, vii. 10.

A person of innate piety cannot think of shortening her own life (whatever her calamities may be) even by neglect, much less by violence, vii. 14.

Our best prayer in affliction, in doubtful or critical situations, is, That God's will may be done, and that we may be refigned to it,

vii. 30.

Religion is the only refuge of an heart labouring under heavy and

unmerited calamities, vii. 93.

Religion enjoins us not only to forgive injuries, but to return good for evil; and Clariffa bleffes God for enabling her to obey its dictates, vii. 98.

Persons of Piety cannot permit resentment, passion, or anger, to appear, or have place, in the last disposition of their secular affairs,

vii. 335.

God will have no rivals in the hearts which he fanctifies, vii. 371. Persons of Education and Piety will distinguish themselves as such, even in their anger, viii. 19.

It is a great mistake to imagine, that Piety is not intirely con-

fiftent with good-nature and good-manners, viii. 188.

Religion, if it has taken proper hold of the heart, is, fays Lovelace, the most chearful countenance-maker in the world, ibid.

Sourness and moroseness indicate but a noviceship in Piety or Goodmess, Lovel, ibid. See Goodness. Virtue.

Remorfe.

HE troubles of the injured are generally at an end, when the injury is committed; but when the punishment of the injurer will be over, who can tell! Lovel. v. 343, 344.

How often, Jays Lovelace, do we end in occasions for the deep-

est Remorse, what we began in wantonness! v. 351.

The Remorfe that is brought on merely by disappointment cannot be

lafting, vi. 77.

Nothing, fays Lovelace, but the excruciating pangs which the condemned foul feels at its entrance into the eternity of the torments we

are taught to fear, can exceed what I now feel, and have felt for this week past, vii. 375.

What a dreadful thing is after-reflection upon a perverse and unnatu-

ral conduct ! viii. 68.

Heavy must be the restlections of those, who, on the loss of a worthy friend, have acts of unmerited unkindness to that friend to reproach themselves with, viii. 89.

Repentance. Contrition.

Hat is it that men propose, who put off Repentance and Amendment, but to live to fense, as long as sense can relish, and to reform when they can fin no longer? iii. 246.

That Contrition for a guilt, under which the guilty, till detected, was easy, is generally to be ascribed to the detection, and not to a due

sense of the heinousness of the guilt, vi. 58.

Repentance, I have a notion, fays Lovelace, should be set about while a man is in good health and spirits, vi. 315.

What is a man fit for [not a new work, furely!] when he is not himself, nor master of his faculties? Lovel, ibid.

Hence, as I apprehend, it is, that a death-bed repentance is supposed to be such a precarious and inestectual thing, Lovel. ibid.

As to myself, proceeds be, I hope I have a great deal of time before me, since I intend one day to be a reformed man, vi. 316.

Lovelace lived not to repent!

I have very ferious reflections now-and-then; yet am I afraid of what I was once told, that a man cannot repent when he will--- Not to hold it, I suppose is meant---I have repented by fits and starts a thousand times, Lovel. ibid.

Laugh at me, if thou wilt, fays Belford, but never, never more will I take the liberties I have done; but whenever I am tempted, think

of Belton's dying agonies, and what my own may be, vii. 192.

The most hopeful time for Repentance is when the health is sound, when the intellects are untouched, and while it is in a person's power to make some reparation to the injured or missed, vii. 194. See also iii. 114.

Reparation should always follow Repentance, vii. 263.

That Repentance, which precedes the fuffering that follows a wrong

flep, must generally be well-grounded and happy, viii. 28.

Repentance, to such as have lived only carelessly, and in the omisfion of their regular duties, is not so easy a task, nor so much in their power, as some imagine, viii. 124. See also v. 351.

No false colouring, no glosses, does a truly penitent man aim at, viii. 148.

[See Remorfe, Religion.

Reprehension. Reproof. Correction.

THE Reproof that favours more of the cautioning friend, than of the fatirizing observer, always calls for gratitude, i. 258.

Reproofs, to be efficacious, should be mild, gentle, and unreproaching, ii. 89.

How

How much more eligible is it to be corrected by a real friend, than, by continuing either blind or wilful, to expose one's felf to the censure of an envious and perhaps malignant world ! iii. 206.

The correction that is unfeafonably given, is more likely to harden.

or make an hypocrite, than to reclaim, iii. 240, 241.

A bad man reprehends a bad man with a very ill grace, iv. 359.

vi. 18.

is

Persons reprehending others should take care that, altho' they may not be guilty of the faults they condemn, they are not guilty of others as great, iv. 361.

The benevolence of our purpose should be very apparently seen in all See Cenfure.

our Reprehensions, viii. 207.

Reputation.

THE man who is careless of his Reputation, must be so either from an abandon'd nature, or from a consciousness that he deferves not the world's good opinion, i. 69.

It is just that a man should bear to be evil-spoken of who sets no

value upon his Reputation, i. 249.

The man who has been always chary of his Reputation, has an excellent Security to give to a woman for his good behaviour to her, See Men and Women. iv. 34.

Resentment.

DErsons who have carried their resentments too high, are not easily brought to retract or forgive, i. 27. If an injury be not wilfully done, or avow'd to be so, there can be no room for lafting Resentment, ii. 60.

The man who would refent as the highest indignity the imputation of a wilful falshood, ought furely to be above the guilt of one, ii, 80.

The presence even of a disliked person takes off the edge of Resentments, which absence frequently whets and makes keen, ii. 107.

Women who, when treated with indecency, have nothing to re-

proach themselves with, may properly refent, vi. 219.

Refentment and revenge ought ever to be separated, vi. 288. That Resentment which is express'd with calmness, and without passion, is most likely to last, vi. 349.

Paffion refuses the aid of expression sometimes, where the Resentment

prima facie declares expression to be needless, viii. 161.

See Anger. Passion. Revenge.

Respect. Reverence.

Erfons who deserve Respect will meet with it, without needing to require it, i. 193.

Persons who would exact Respect by an haughty behaviour, give a proof that they mistrust their own merit; and seem to confess that they know their actions will not attract it, ibid.

Familiarity destroys Reverence; but not with the prudent, the grate.

ful, and the generous, ii. 163. VOL. VIII. Persons

Persons in years expect the Reverence due to their years; yet many of them (having not merit) are ashamed of the years which can only intitle them to Reverence, ii. 176.

A studied Respectfulness or complaisance, is always to be suspected,

iii. 289. 297. vi. 84. See also iii. 24.

Even a wicked man will revere a woman that will withstand

his lewd attempts, v. 200.

It shall ever be a rule with me, says Miss Howe, that he that does not regard a woman with some degree of Reverence, will look upon her, and sometimes treat her, with contempt, vi. 416.

[See Advice to Women. Courtship. Love. Men and Women.

Revenge.

Evenge grafted upon disappointed Love, is generally the most vio-

lent of all our passions, i. 88.

The highest Revenge a low female spirit can take, is to prevent her rival's having the man she loves, and procuring her to be obliged to marry the man she hates, i. 88, 89.

Even the ties of relationship, in such a case, lose all their force,

i. 89.

Revenge will not wipe off guilt, i. 275.

What Revenge can be more effectual and more noble, than a generous and well distinguished forgiveness? viii. 116. [See Resentment.

Satire.

RUE Satire must be founded in good-nature, and directed by

a right heart, ii. 146.

When Satire is personal, and aims to expose rather than to amend the subject of it; how, tho' it were to be just, could it be useful? ii. 146. vi. 135.

Friendly Satire may be compared to a fine lancet, which gently breathes a vein for health-fake; the malevolent Satire to a broad fword, which lets into the gashes it makes, the air of public ridicule, ii. 146.

[See Anger. Paffion. Refentment.

Secrets. Curiofity.

Othing flies faster than a whisper'd scandal, v. 35. Listeners are generally conscious of demerit, v. 116.

It becomes not a modest man to pry into those secrets which a modeit man cannot reveal, v. 142.

People who mean well, need not affect Secrets, v. 171.

Few people who are fond of prying into the Secrets of others, are

fit to be trufted, v. 200.

Over-curious people will whisper a Secret about, till it become public, in the pride of shewing either their consequence or sagacity, ibid, Health and spirits (but not discretion or decency) allow busy people

to look out of themselves into the affairs of others, vi. 202.

Secrets to the prejudice of the innocent ought not to be kept, vi. 208. 301.

There

There may be occasions, where a breach of confidence is more excuseable than to keep the Secret, Lovel. viii. 150. See also vi. 298. 301.

I believe I should have kill'd thee at the time if I could, fays Lovelace to Belford, hadst thou betray'd me to my Fair one: But I am sure now that I would have thank'd thee for preventing my baseness to her, and thought thee more a father and a friend than my real father and best friend, viii. 150. [See Observations General.

Self. Self-interest. Selfishness.

HAT is the narrow Selfishness that reigns in us, but relationship remember'd against relationship forgot? i. 46. Self-Interest and Ambition too often cut asunder the bonds of relationly love, i. 84.

It is in the power of the flightest accident to blow up and destroy the

long-reaching views of the Selfish, ibid.

A man's own interest or convenience is a poor plea, if there be no better, on which to found expectations of favour from another, i. 215.

The address which is persisted in against the undoubted inclination

of the beloved object, is too selfish to be encouraged, i. 227.

What a low felfish creature must that child be, who is to be rein'd-in only by the hope of what a parent can, or will, do for her! ii. 71.

The felfish heart never wants an excuse for not doing the good

it has no inclination to do, ii. 239.

It is very low and felfish to form our judgments of the general merits of others, as they are kind or reserved to ourselves, ii. 295.

There must be great Selfishness and meanness in the love of a man, who can wish a young creature to facrifice her duty and conscience to oblige him, iii. 10.205.

The man who has no other plea for a woman's favour but that of his loving her, builds only on a compliment made to her Self-love by his own Selfishness, iii. 239.

To serve one's felf, and punish a villain at the same time, is serving

both public and private, Lovel. iv. 44.

Self-love will most probably give those who advise with us on their most intimate concerns, an interest in our hearts whether they deserve it or not, iv. 140.

Self is a grand misleader, iv. 197.

That man, or even that body of men, who prefer their private interest to the public, are forry members of society, v. 272.

Self is an odious devil, that reconciles to some people the most cruel and dishonest actions, vi. 395. [See Covetousness. Partiality.

Senfuality.

THE less of soul there is in man or woman, the more sensual are they, iv. 348.

Love gratified is love satisfied, and love satisfied is indifference be-

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gun, Belf. ibid.

This

This deified passion in its greatest altitude is not fitted to stand the day, iv. 348.

Shall fuch a fneaking passion as sensual love be permitted to debase the nobleft! ibid. See Love. Lovers.

Sickness. Infirmities.

Reat allowances ought to be made for the petulance of persons labouring under ill-health, i. 180.

When peoples minds are weakened by a fense of their own infirmi-

ties, they will be moved on the flightest occasions, vi. 217.

A fick person, tho' hopeless of recovery, should try every means that is properly prescribed to her for the satisfaction of her friends, both present and absent, vi. 303. 305.

Sickness palls every appetite, and makes us loath what we once

lov'd, vi. 359.

When fickness comes, free livers look round them, and upon one another, like frighted birds at the fight of a kite just ready to soule upon them, vi. 389.

Sickness enervates the mind as well as the body, vii. 179.

A long tedious fickness, fays Lovelace, will make a bugbear of anything to a languishing heart, vii. 181.

An active mind, tho' clouded by bodily illness, cannot be idle,

vii. 235.

Travelling is undoubtedly the best physic for all those disorders which owe their rife to grief or difappointment, vii. 359.

See Adverfity Health. Physic. Repentance. Vapours.

Suspicion. Doubt. Jealousy.

Person who labours hard to clear herself of a fault she is not charged with, renders herself suspectable, i. 123, 124. Persons who have been dipt in love themselves, are the readiest to

Suspect others, i. 257. iii. 87.

Suspicion, Watchfulness, Scolding, Miss Howe says, will not prevent a daughter's writing, or doing any-thing she has a mind to do.

When we doubt of a person's fincerity, we should observe whether

his aspect and his words agree, iii. III.

Where Doubts of any person are removed, a mind not ungenerous will endeavour to make the suspected person double amends, iii. 206. Jealoufy in woman is not to be concealed from woman, if both

are present, and in love with the same man, iii. 309.

Conflitutional Jealousy preys not on the health, iv. 48. Tealoufy in a woman accounts for a thousand seemingly unaccountable actions, Lovel. v. 98.

[See Apprehension. Love. Parents and Children.

Tears.

Beauty in Tears, is beauty heighten'd, Lovel. iv. 19.
Anatomists, fays the bard-bearted Lovelace, will allow that women have more watry heads than men, vi. 31.

Nothing dries woner than Tears, Lovel. vi. 265.

The man is to be honour'd who can weep for the distresses of others; and can such an one be insensible to his own? vii. 159, 160.

Tears ease the overcharged heart, which, but for that kindly and natural relief, would burst, vii. 160.

Tears are the prerogative of a man, ibid.

It cannot be a weakness to be touch'd at great and concerning events, in which our humanity is concern'd, ibid.

[See Beauty. Cruelty. Eyes. Heart.

Theory.

Nowlege by Theory, is a vague uncertain light, which as often misseads the doubting mind as puts it right, v. 115.

The knowlege that is obtained by Theory without experience, generally fails the person who trusts to it, v. 317.

Theory and practice must be the same with a truly worthy person,

vii. 22.

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Thoughtfulness. Sensibility.

A Thoughtful mind is not a bleffing to be coveted, unless it has such an happy vivacity join'd with it as may enable a person to enjoy the present, without being over-anxious about the suture, it. 181.

A thoughtful woman, who has given her lover an undue power over her, will be apt to behold him with fear, and look upon herself with contempt, iii. 25.

The difference which fuch a one will find in the looks and behavi-

our of her lover, will very foon convince her of her error, ibid.

The finer Sensibilities make not happy, iii. 254.

Some people are as sensible of a scratch from a pin, as others are from a push of a sword, vii. 180.

Tyranny.

I T is an high act of Tyranny, to infift upon obedience to an unreafonable command, iii. 193.

Tyranny in all shapes is odious; but Fathers and Mothers who are

Tyrants can have no bowels, iv. 71.

The woman who beforehand behaves to a man with Tyranny, will make a poor figure in a man's eyes afterwards, Mrs. Howe, iv. 171.

Call Tyranny an ungenerous pleasure, if thou wilt, fays Lovelace a Softer hearts than mine have known it. Women to a woman know it, and shew it too, whenever they are trusted with power, v. 115.

See Husband and Wife. Parents and Children. Reflections on Women.

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Vanity.

Vanity. Conceit. Affectation.

A Vain man will be apt to conftrue to his advantage any particularity shewn him by a Lady, mean by it what she will, i. 17. 19.

The person who is vain of exterior advantages, gives cause to doubt his interior, i. 103, 256.

The outfide of a vain man generally runs away with him, i. 278.

Some persons are not able to forego the oftentation of sagacity, the they sacrifice to it the tenderness due to friendship and charity, ii. 289.

Men who have a Conceit of their own volubility, love to find ears

to exert their talents upon, iii, 66.

Men of parts may, perhaps, think they have a privilege to be vain; yet they have the least occasion of any to be so, fince the world is ready to find them out and extol them, iii. 117.

The man who is disposed immoderately to exalt himself, must despise

every-body else in proportion, iii. 185.

The man who in conversation takes, knowingly, the wrong side of an argument, shews Vanity in the high compliment he pays to his own abilities, ibid.

Men vain of their learning and acquirements, parading with one another before the other Sex, may probably have women prefent, who, tho' fitting in smiling silence, may rather despite than admire them, iii. 336.

The man who wants to be thought wifer, or better, or abler, than he is, does but provoke a ferutiny into his pretentions, which feldom

ends to his advantage, iv. 28.

He that exalts himself insults his neighbours, who are then provoked to question even the merit, which otherwise might have been allow'd to be his due, ibid.

A too great consciousness of superiority often brings on contempt,

iv. 60.

Old bachelors, when they like a woman, frequently think they have

nothing to do but to perfuade themselves to marry, iv. 83.

Affectation will make a woman feem not to understand indecent freedoms of speech in men; but modesty, if the freedoms are gross, will make her resent them, iv. 224.

It is generally the confcious overfulness of Vanity or Conceit that makes the vain man most upon his guard to conceal his Vanity, Lovel.

. ...

Opinionative women are in danger, when they meet with a man who will magnify their wisdom in order to take advantage of their folly, Lovel. v. 317.

Self-sufficiency makes a weak person the fittest of all others for the

artful and defigning to work upon, vi. 193.

An open-mouth'd Affectation to shew white teeth, Lovelace confiders

as an invitation to amorous familiarity, vi. 201.

The darkest and most contemptible ignorance, is that of not knowing one's self; and that all we have, and all we excel in, is the gift of God, viii, 197. [See Heart, Human Nature, Men and Women.

Vapours.

Apourish people are perpetual subjects for physicians to work upon, Lovel. iv. 228.

Low-spirited people are the physical tribe's milch cows, Lovel. ibid. Vapourish people draw out fearful bills of indictment against themfelves. Lovel. ibid.

If persons of low spirits have not real unhappiness, they can make it even from the overslowings of their good fortune, v. 147. vii. 339. The mind will at any time run away with the body, vi. 396.

The mind that busies itself to make the worst of every disagreeable

occurrence, will never want woe, vii. 297.

The distempers we make to ourselves, and which it is in our power to lessen, ought to be our punishment if we do not lessen them, vii. 339.

[See Health. Physic.

Veracity. Truth.

HOSE persons have profited little by a long course of heavy afflictions, who will purchase their relief from them at the expence of their Veracity, iv. 300.

It is prefumed, that no man ever ruined a woman but at the expence

of his Veracity, iv. 358.

t

A departure from truth was hardly ever known to be a fingle departure, v. 100.

Were I to live a thousand years, says Clarissa, I would always su-spect the Veracity of a swearer, vi. 284.

How glorious is it for a child to be able to fay with Clariffa, that the never, to the best of her knowlege, told her mother a wilful untruth!

I never lyed to man, fays Lovelace, and hardly ever said Truth to Woman: The first is what all free livers cannot say; the second, what every Rake can, viii. 135.

See Advice to Women. Courtship. Love. Lover. Vows.

Violent Spirits.

Thement and obstinate Spirits, by tiring out opposition, will make themselves of importance, i. 31.

People who allow nothing, will be granted nothing, i. 59.

Those who aim to carry too many points, will not be able to carry any, ibid.

We are too apt to make allowances for fuch tempers as early indul-

gence has made uncontroulable, ii. 140.

If a boisterous Spirit, when it is under obligation, is to be allowed for, what, were the tables to be turn'd, would it not expect? ibid.

Too great allowances made for an impetuous Spirit, are neither happy for the person, nor for those who have to deal with him, ibid.

Providence often makes hostile Spirits their own punishers, ii. 238. While a gentle Spirit will suffer from a base world, a violent one keeps imposition at distance, iii. 208.

Imposing Spirits and forward Spirits have a great advantage over courteous ones, iii. 284.

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Violent

Violent Spirits provoked, will quarrel with the first they meet, iii, 342. iv. 51.

Violent Spirits want some great sickness or heavy misfortune to befall them, to bring them to a knowlege of themselves, vii. 357.

The man who is violent in his refentments, when he thinks himself right, would oftener be so, but for that violence, viii. 26.

He is guilty of great injustice, who is more apt to give contradiction than able to bear it, viii. 27.

Impetuofity of temper generally brings on abasement, ibid.

[See Anger. Infolence. Passion. Pride. Prosperity. Re-

Virtue. Virtuous. Principle.

WHAT a mind must that be, which, tho' not virtuous itself, admires not virtue in another! i. 197.

No woman can be lovely that is not virtuous, ii. 157.

If persons pretending to Principle bear not their testimony against unprincipled actions, what check can they have? ii. 163.

In a general corruption a stand must be made by somebody, or Virtue will be lost: And shall it not be I, will a worthy mind ask, who shall make this stand? ii. 165.

Provocations and temptations are the test of Virtue, iii. 85.

Honouts next to divine are due to a woman whose Virtue is superior to trial or temptation, iii. 89.

Lively women feldom know the worth of a virtuous man, iii. 130. Sound Principles, and a good heart, are the only bases on which the hopes of an happy suture, with respect to both worlds, can be built, iv. 106.

The Virtue of a woman tried, and approved, procures for her not only general respect, but an higher degree of love when proved, even from the tempter, vi. 67.

A virtuous woman will conquer her affection for a man who is capa-

ble of infulting her modefty, vi. 97.

What virtuous woman can submit to make that man her choice, whose actions were and ought to be her abhorrence? vi. 375.

[See Generosity. Goodness. Innocence. Merit. Magnanimity. Molesty. Prudence. Purity.

Vivacity.

PErsons of active spirits, and a pleasurable turn, seldom take pains to improve themselves, i. 67.

Lively talents are oftener snares than advantages, i. 194.

That is an happy Vivacity which enables a person to enjoy the present,

without being anxious about the future, ii. 181.

Persons of Vivacity do not always content themselves with saying what they think may be said; but, to shew their penetration or sagacity, will indulge themselves in saying all that can be said on a subject, ii. 295, 296.

It is difficult for persons of lively dispositions so to behave, as to avoid

censure, vi. 159.

It

It is impossible to share the delights which very lively spirits gives without partaking of the inconveniencies that will attend their volatility, vi. 384.

Vows. Curses. Oaths. Promises. Protestations.

A Promise ought not to preclude better consideration, ii. 299. What must be that man who would be angry at a woman, whom he hopes one day to call his wise, for dispensing with a rash Promise when she is convinced it was rash? ibid

The Vows of a maiden may be dispensed with by her Father when

he hears them, Num. xxx. 3, 4, 5. ibid.

In like manner the Vows of a wife may be dispensed with by her Husband, ibid.

Could the Curfer punish as he speaks, he would be a fiend, iii. 21.

The Almighty gives not his affent to rash and inhuman Curses,
iii. 260.

To pray for those that curse us, is to perform a duty, and thereby

to turn a Curse into a blessing, iii. 261.

The man that is very ready to promife, is seldom equally ready to perform, iii. 295.

It is a shame for grown persons to have frequent need to make pro-

mifes of amendment, iv. 90.

The most immaculate Virtue is not safe with a man who has no regard to his own honour, and makes a jest of the most solemn Vews and Protestations, iv. 117.

One continued string of Oaths, Vows and Protestations, varied only

by time and place, fill the mouth of a libertine, vi. 35.

Men, who gain their dishonourable ends by perjuries, no less profane and defy heaven, than deceive and injure their fellow creatures, vi. 177.

The man who binds his Promises by Oaths, indirectly confesses that

his word is not to be taken, vi. 284. See also ii. 7c.

Is it likely, that he who makes free with his God, will scruple anything that may ferve his turn with his fellow-creatures? vi. 284.

The affertions of a libertine, who is not allow'd to swear to what

he avers, will lofe their principal force, Lovel. vii. 6.

Those men who are most ready to resent the Lye given them by a man, least scruple generally to break the most solemn Oath to a wo-man, vii. 268. 270.

[See Advice to Women. Courtship. Libertine. Love. Lover. Veracity.

Widow.

T is ill trusting to the discretion of a Widow, whose fortune is in her own hands, iv. 157.

That Widow is far engaged, who will quarrel with her child for

treating with freedom the man who courts herfelf, iv. 167.

A Widow's refusal of a lover is seldom so explicit as to exclude

hope, iv. 170.

The Widow who wants nothing but superfluities, is easily attracted by those gewgaws that are rare to be met with, ibid.

Widows should be particularly careful, with whom they trust themfelves at public entertainments and parties of pleasure, v. 316, 317.

To be a Widow in the first twelve months is, Lovelace fays, one of the greatest felicities that can be fall a fine woman, vii. 117.

[See Reflections on Women.

Wills. Testators. Executors, &c.

O one, that can avoid it, should involve an Executor in a Lawfuit, vii. 48.

It ought to be a Testator's study, to make his Executors work as

light as possible, vii. 205. viii. 109.

Survivors cannot more charitably bestow their time, than in a faith-

ful performance of Executorship, viii. 94.

This last act ought not to be the last in composition or making, but should be the result of cool deliberation; and is more frequently than justly said, of a sound mind and memory; which too seidom are to be met with but in sound health, viii. 96. 194.

When a Testator gives his reasons in his last Testament for what he wills, all cavils about words are obviated; the obliged are assured, and those enjoy the benefit for whom the benefit was intended, viii.

96. 172.

I have for some time past, says Clarissa, employ'd myself in putting down heads of my last Testament, which, as reasons offer'd, I have alter'd and added to; so that I never was absolutely destitute of a Will, had I been taken off ever so suddenly, viii. 96.

The first reading of a Will, where a person dies worth any-thing considerable, generally a stords a true test of the relations love to the de-

ceased, viii. 115.

Of all last Wills, those of monarchs are generally least regarded,

viii. 117.

What but a fear of death (a fear, unworthy of a creature who knows that he must one day as furely die as he was born) can hinder any one from making his last Will while he is in health? viii. 172.

Persons, in making their last Wills, should consider the pleasure as well as the ease of their Executors, and not put a generous man upon

doing what would give him pain, viii. 193.

Wit. Talents. Conversation.

HERE is no glory in being proud of Talents, for the abuse of which a man is answerable, and in the right use of which he can have no merit, Lovel. i. 199.

Men who make a jest of sacred or divine institutions, would often

forbear, if they did not think their licentiousness Wit, ii. 196.

Wit with gay men is one thing, with modest women another, it.

That cannot be Wit, that puts a modest woman out of countenance, iv. 345.

There is not so much Wit in wickedness, as Rakes are apt to imagine, iv. 346.

The Wit of Libertines confifts mostly in saying bold and shocking things,

things, with such courage as shall make the modest blush, the impudent laugh, and the ignorant stare, iv. 346. See alfo i. 269.

Men who affect to be thought witty, are apt to treat the most seri-

ous subjects with levity, vi. 342.

Free livers are apt to mistake wickedness for Wit, vi. 357.

All the little nibblers in Wit, whose writings will not stand the test of criticism, make it a common cause to run down critics, vii. 12.

Many things in conversation occasion a roar of applause, when the heart is open, and men are resolved to be merry, which will neither bear repeating nor thinking on afterwards, Belf. viii. 186.

Common things in the mouth of a man we admire, and whose Wit has pass'd upon us for sterling, become, in a gay hour, uncommon, ibid.

[See Imagination.

Writers.

HE inflaming descriptions of Poets and Romance-writers often put a youthful mind upon the scent for an object to exert its fancy upon.

In other words -- Often create beauty, and place it where nobody else

can find it. i. 197. 198.

Romance-writers never forget to give their Heroine a Cleanthe, a Violetta, a Clelia, or some such pretty-named confidante, an old nurse at least, to help them out at a dead lift, it. 163.

Unnatural fimilies, drawn by poetical lovers to illustrate beauty, ra-

ther depreciate than exalt it, iii. 27.

A person may not be a bad critic, tho' not himself a very excellent

Writer, iii. 201.

Our poets, Mr. Belford fays, hardly know how to create a diffress without horrer, murder, and fuicide, and think they must shock your fouls to bring tears from your eyes, vii. 124.

Female words, the of uncertain derivation, have generally very fignificant meanings, vii. 408, 409.

Early familiar Letter-writing is one of the greatest openers and improvers of the mind that man or woman can be employed in, viii. 167.

It is to be lamented that many eminent Writers, who are capable of exalting virtue, and of putting vice out of countenance, throw away their time upon subjects merely speculative, difinteresting, and unedifying, viii. 214.

The ingenious authors of pieces of a light or indecent turn, which have a tendency to corrupt the morals of youth, to convey polluted images, or to wound religion, are dishonest to their own talents, and

ungrateful to the God who gave them those talents, ibid.

Youth.

Ittle inducement has an headstrong Youth to correct a temper which gives him consequence at home, i. 78. Young persons should be careful in giving advice to a young friend, in

cases where passion and prudence are concerned, ii. 83.

Young persons, whose minds are not engaged by acts of kindness and condescension, will be put upon contrivances, ii. 150. Youth

Youth is the time of life for imagination or fancy to work in: A Writer therefore, who wou'd wish to please a judicious eye, will lay by his works written at that time, till experience shall direct the fire to glow rather than blaze out, ii. 152.

Youth not qualified to judge for itself, is often above advice, ii. 167. Young folks are fometimes very cunning in finding out contrivances

to cheat themselves, ii. 322. iii. 258.

It is a most improving exercise, as well with regard to fivle as to morals, to accustom ourselves early to write down every-thing of moment that befals us, iii. 203.

There is not so much bravery in youthful choler as young men ima-

gine, iv. 200.

In company where there are strangers, it is right for young gentle-men, who would wish to be thought well of, to hear every one speak men, who would win to be thought, vii. 13. before they allow themselves to talk, vii. 13. Learning, Wit. Writers.





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